

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTIETH.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVING-
TON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN,
M. WHITE, G. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN,
B. LAW, S. AND C. DILEY, J. DODDLEY, H. BALDWIN,
J. WILKIE, J. ROSSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES,
W. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS,
J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERRY, T. EVANS, J. RID-
LEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND
SOTHEY, J. HEW, M. COMANT,
J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXIX.

2

7

1

1

22

10

1

100

2

10

11

5

3

12

91

1

22

41

13



11

1

THE
P O E M S
O F
G A R T H
AND
K I N G.

THE
P O E M S
OF
G A R T H
K G



THE
DISPENSARY.

A
POEM
IN
SIX CANTO'S.

BY SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

"— Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim."

HOR. de Arte Poet.



[3]

T O

ANTHONY HENLEY, ESQ.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you, should be but justice, and to tell you so, should be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues; and, to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart, can be consistent with so much faintness in the expression; but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgements would be ungrateful to a person, who even seems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions; those more polite arts, which, till of late, have languished and decayed, would appear under their present advantages, and own you for one of their generous restorers; insomuch, that Sculpture now breathes, Painting speaks, Music ravishes; and as you help to refine our taste, you distinguish your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgement, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself: but you are resolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To say more, would be uneasy to you; and to say less, would be unjust in

Your humble Servant.

PRE-

P R E F A C E.

SINCE this following Poem in a manner stole into the world, I could not be surprized to find it uncorrect: though I can no more say I was a stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the Publisher's precipitation in doing it: for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leisure in reflexion; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the ofteneft. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but say the same of the defects of the author, he would need no justification against the cavils of some furious critics, who, I am sure, would have been better pleased if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the Fury Disease is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of present writers: but though I had the authority of some Greek and Latin Poets, upon parallel instances, to justify the design; yet that I might not introduce any thing that seemed inconsistent, or hard, I started this objection myself, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this sort of criticism, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a Fury as well as Envy: she is imagined to be forced by an incantation from her recess;

and, to be revenged on the Exorcist, mortifies him with an introduction of several persons eminent in an accomplishment he has made some advances in.

Nor is the compliment less to any great genius mentioned there; since a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confess how happily they have all succeeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monsieur Boileau. I must own, I am proud of the imputation; unless their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Moleffe, Canto II. and in one in his first Canto; the sense of which line is entirely his, and I could wish it were not the only good one in mine.

I have spoke to the most material objections I have heard of, and shall tell these gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I will undertake to shew them two. One of these curious persons does me the honour to say, he approves of the conclusion of it; but I suppose it is upon no other reason, but because it is the conclusion. However, I should not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amusement I have very little practised hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost; its pursuit is painful, and its possession unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the animosities among the

Men ber:

Members of the College of Physicians increasing daily (notwithstanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy President to the contrary) I was persuaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to raily some of our disaffected Members into a sense of their duty, who have hitherto most obstinately opposed all manner of union; and have continued so unreasonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the College, to reinforce the observance of the statutes by a bond, which some of them would not comply with, though none of them had refused the ceremony of the customary oath; like some that will trust their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was sorry to find there could be any constitution that was not to be cured without poison, and that there should be a prospect of effecting it by a less grateful method than reason and persuasion.

The original of this difference has been of some standing, though it did not break out to fury and excess, until the time of erecting the Dispensary, being an apartment in the college, set up for the relief of the sick poor, and managed ever since with an integrity and disinterest, suitable to so charitable a design.

If any person would be more fully informed about the particulars of so pious a work, I refer him to a Treatise, set forth by the authority of the President and Censors, in the year 97. It is called, "A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the sick Poor." The reader may there not only be informed of the rise and progress of this so public an undertaking, but also of the concurrence and

encouragement it met with from the most, as well as the most ancient Members of the Society, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of a few men, who thought it their interest to defeat so laudable a design.

The intention of this preface is not to persuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being censured of taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the satire may appear directed at any particular person, it is at such only as are presumed to be engaged in dishonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, against the dignity of their own profession. But if there be no such, then these characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give nobody offence.

✓ The description of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the Dispensary, betwixt a member of the College with his retinue, and some of the servants that attended there to dispense the medicines; and is so far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope nobody will think the author too undecently reflecting through the whole, who, being too liable to faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the miscarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular person: it is a reflection which I should be sorry should give offence; being no more than what may be said of any physician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is so trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the least impression, either upon the reader, or the person it is applied to; being one that I think in my conscience

P R E F A C E.

conscience a very able phyfician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but ſome worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing ſomething of their own.

I confeſs, thoſe ingenious gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they deſign an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themſelves; and by ſaying how much this ſmall performance exceeds ſome others, they convince the world how far it falls ſhort of theirs.

T H E
C O P Y O F A N I N S T R U M E N T

Subscribed by the President, Censor, most of the
Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of
the COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, in
relation to the SICK POOR.

WHEREAS the several orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing medicines *gratis* to the poor sick of the cities of London and Westminster, and parts adjacent; as also proposals made by the said College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council, of London, in pursuance thereof; have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furnish the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reasonable rates; we therefore whose names are here under-written, fellows and members of the said College, being willing effectually to promote so great a charity, by the counsel and good-liking of the President and College declared in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourselves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, fellow and elect of the said College, the sum of ten pounds apiece of lawful money of England, by such proportions, and at such times, as to the major part of the subscribers here shall seem most convenient: which money, when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell,

is

is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinsic value, in such manner, and at such times, and by such orders and directions, as by the major part of the subscribers hereto shall in writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals, this twenty-second day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, Præses.	Thomas Gibson.
Tho. Burwell, Elect. and Censor.	Charles Goodall.
Sam. Collins, Elect.	Edm. King.
Edw. Browne, Elect.	Sam. Garth.
Rich. Torlefs, Elect. and Censor.	Barnh. Soame.
Edw. Hulse, Elect.	Denton Nicholas.
Tho. Gill, Censor.	Joseph Gaylard.
Will. Dawes, Censor.	John Woollaston.
Jo. Hutton.	Steph. Hunt.
Rob. Brady.	Oliver Horseman.
Hans Sloane.	Rich. Morton, Junr.
Rich. Morton.	David Hamilton.
John Hawys.	Men. Morelli.
Ch. Harel.	Walter Harris.
Rich. Robinson.	William Briggs.
John Bareman.	Th. Colladon.
Walter Mills.	Martin Lister.
Dan. Coxe.	Jo. Colbatch.
Henry Sampson.	Bernard Connor.
	W. Cockburn.
	J. le Feure.

B. Syl-

P. Sylvestre.
 Cha. Morton.
 Walter Charlton.
 Phineas Fowke.
 Tho. Alvery.
 Rob. Gray.
 John Wright.

James Drake.
 Sam. Morris.
 John Woodward.
 — — Norris.
 George Colebrook.
 Gideon Harvey.

The design of printing the subscribers names, is to shew, that the late undertaking has the sanction of a College act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or six members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.

TO

D R. G A R T H,

UPON THE

D I S P E N S A R Y.

OH that some genius, whose poetic vein
 Like Montague's could a just piece sustain,
 Would search the Grecian and the Latin store,
 And thence present thee with the purest ore:
 In lasting numbers praise thy whole design,
 And manly beauty of each nervous line!
 Shew how your pointed satire's sterling wit,
 Does only knaves or formal blockheads hit;
 Who 're gravely dull, *inspidly serene*,
 And carry all their wisdom in their mien;
 Whom thus expos'd, thus stripp'd of their disguise,
 None will again admire, most will despise!
 Shew in what noble verse Nassau you sing,
 How such a poet 's worthy such a king!
 When Somers' charming eloquence you praise,
 How loftily your tuneful voice you raise!
 But my poor feeble Muse is as unfit
 To praise, as imitate what you have writ.
 Artists alone should venture to commend
 What Dennis can't condemn, nor Dryden mend:
 What must, writ with that fire and with that ease,
 The beaux, the ladies, and the critics, please.

C. BOYLE.

TO

T O

MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR,
DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

ASK me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
 Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
 I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
 I read thee over with a lover's eye;
 Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
 Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
 Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaste,
 Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past,
 Must judge by rules what they want force to taste.
 I would a poet, like a mistress, try,
 Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye;
 But by some nameless power, to give me joy.
 The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,
 If with resistless fires my soul she warms,
 With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.
 Such is thy genius, and such art is thine,
 Some secret magic works in every line;
 We judge not, but we feel the power divine.
 Where all is just, is beauteous, and is fair,
 Distinctions vanish of peculiar air.
 Lost in our pleasure, we enjoy in you
 Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montague.
 And yet 'tis thought, some critics in this town,
 By rules to all, but to themselves, unknown,
 Will damn thy verse, and justify their own.

Why

Why let them damn : were it not wondrous hard
 Facetious Mirmil * and the City Bard,
 So near ally'd in learning, wit, and skill,
 Should not have leave to judge, as well as kill ?
 Nay, let them write ; let them their forces join,
 And hope the motley piece may rival thine.
 Safely despise their malice, and their toil,
 Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will defile.
 Be it thy generous pride to please the best,
 Whose judgement, and whose friendship, is a test.
 With learned Hans thy healing cares be join'd ;
 Search thoughtful Ratcliffe to his inmost mind ;
 Unite, restore your arts, and save mankind :
 Whilst all the busy Mirmils of the town
 Envy our health, and pine away their own.
 Whene'er thou would'st a tempting Muse engage,
 Judicious Walsh can best direct her rage.
 To Somers and to Dorset too submit,
 And let their stamp immortalize thy wit.
 Consenting Phœbus bows, if they approve,
 And ranks thee with the foremost bards above.
 Whilst these of right the deathless laurel send,
 Be it my humble business to commend
 The faithful, honest man, and the well-natur'd friend.

CHR. CODRINGTON.

* Dr. Gibbons.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,
THE AUTHOR OF THE DISPENSARY.

TO praise your healing art, would be in vain ;
The health you give, prevents the poet's pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the town.
That let me waive, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire :
Which its diffusive virtue does dispense,
In flowing verse, and elevated sense.

The town, which long has swallow'd foolish verse,
Which poetasters every where rehearse,
Will mend their judgement now, refine their taste,
And gather up th' applause they threw in waste.
The play-house shan't encourage false sublime,
Abortive thoughts, with *decoration-rhyme*.

The satire of vile scribblers shall appear
On none, except upon themselves, severe :
While yours condemns the gall of vulgar spite ;
And when you seem to smile the most, you bite.

THO. CHURCH.

TO MY FRIEND,
UPON THE DISPENSARY.

AS when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they see the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night :

Thus we, who lately, as of summer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful shore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full lustre shine ;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day ;
And reach'd perfection in your first essay.
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the sun, and towers it to the sky.

Others proceed to art by slow degrees,
Aukward at first, at length they faintly please ;
And still, whate'er their first efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive, or an infant Muse :
Whilst yours, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
Steps out full-grown, with noblest pace to move.
What ancient poets to their subjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you :
You found it little, but have made it great,
They could describe, but you alone create.

Now let your Muse rise with expanded wings,
 To sing the fate of empires and of kings;
 Great William's victories she 'll next rehearse,
 And raise a trophy of immortal verse:
 Thus to your art proportion the design,
 And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
 A second Namur, or a future Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.

POEMS

P O E M S

By SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

THE DISPENSARY.

C A N T O I.

SPEAK, Goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell,
 How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
 And why Physicians were so cautious grown
 Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
 How by a journey to th' Elyfian plain
 Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again. 5

Not far from that most celebrated place,
 Where angry * Justice shews her awful face;
 Where little villains must submit to fate,
 That great ones may enjoy the world in state; 10
 There stands a † dome, majestic to the fight,
 And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;

* Old Bailey.

† College of Physicians.

A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
 Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill :
 This pile was, by the pious patron's aim, 15
 Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame ;
 Nor did the learn'd society decline
 The propagation of that great design ;
 In all her mazes, Nature's face they view'd,
 And, as she disappear'd, their search pursued. 20
 Wrapt in the shade of night the Goddess lies,
 Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
 But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes. }

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
 Of infant atoms kindling into life ; 25
 How ductile matter new meanders takes,
 And slender trains of twisting fibres makes ;
 And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
 By just degrees to harden into bone ;
 While the more loose flow from the vital urn, 30
 And in full tides of purple streams return ;
 How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
 And dart in emanations through the eyes ;
 How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
 To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers ; 35
 Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim ;
 How great their force, how delicate their frame ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 19. —they still pursued.
 They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
 Here she's too sparing; there profusely vain.

How

How the same neryes are fashion'd to sustain
 The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
 Why bilious juice a golden light puts on, 40
 And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
 How the dim speck of entity began
 T' extend its recent form, and stretch to man;
 To how minute an origin we owe
 Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Naffau; 45
 Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
 And why chill virgins redden into flame;
 Why envy oft' transforms with wan disguise,
 And why gay mirth fits smiling in the eyes;
 All ice why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire; 50
 Why Scarfdale rages to survive desire;
 When Milo's vigour at th' Olympick's shown,
 Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
 How matter, by the vary'd shape of pores,
 Or idiots frames, or solemn senators. 55

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
 How body acts upon impassive mind;
 How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
 Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
 Why our complexions oft' our soul declare, 60
 And how the passions in the feature are;
 How touch and harmony arise between
 Corporeal figure, and a form unseen;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53. Why Atticus polite, Brutus severe,
 Why Methwin muddy, Montagu why clear.

How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
 And act at every summons of the will; 65
 With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
 Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand enquiries are descry'd,
 Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside, }
 Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aside. 70
 Thus synods oft' concern for faith conceal,
 And for important nothings shew a zeal:
 The drooping sciences neglected pine,
 And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
 No readers here with hectic looks are found, 75
 Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd;
 The lonely edifice in sweats complains
 That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.

This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
 The God of Sloth for his asylum chose; 80
 Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
 Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
 Indulging dreams his Godhead lull to ease,
 With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
 The poppy and each numbing plant dispense 85
 Their drowzy virtue, and dull indolence;
 No passions interrupt his easy reign,
 No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
 But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
 And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head. 90

As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
 Battering in ease, and slumbering life away;

A spiteful

A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn * flint engage, 95

Till, urg'd by blows, it sparkles into rage :

Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move ;

These furnaces erect, and those approve ;

Here phials in nice discipline are set,

There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet. 100

In this place, magazines of pills you spy :

In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie ;

While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,

Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.

Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend, 105

And aromatic clouds in spires ascend.

So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,

And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat,

From the volcanos gross eruptions rise,

And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies. 110

The slumbering God, amaz'd at this new din,

Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again.

Littlest he stretch'd and gaping rubb'd his eyes,

Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs :

How impotent a deity am I ! 115

With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die !

Through my indulgence, mortals hourly share

A grateful negligence, and ease from care.

Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held

The northern monarchs from the dusty field ! 120

* The building of the Dispensary.

C. 4.

How

How have I kept the British fleet at ease,
 From tempting the rough dangers of the seas?
 Hibernia owns the mildness of my reign,
 And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
 I swains to sylvan solitudes convey, 125
 Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away }
 In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
 What marks of wondrous clemency I've shown,
 Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:
 Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace, 130
 Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.
 How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
 When big thy strut behind a double chin!
 Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
 Aspiring to be venerably dull; 135
 No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
 Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
 But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
 So wither green, and blossom in decay;
 Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care, 140
 Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
 And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of prayer. }
 † Urim was civil, and not void of sense,
 Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
 So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks, 145
 The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox:
 He pass'd his easy hours, instead of prayer,
 In madrigals, and phyllising the fair;

* See Boil. Lut. † Dr. Atterbury.

Constant

Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
 And, soon as the desert appear'd, withdrew; 150
 Always obliging, and without offence,
 And fancy'd, for his gay impertinence,
 But see how ill-mistaken parts succeed;
 He threw off my dominion, and would read;
 Engag'd in controversy, wrangled well; 155
 In convocation-language could excel;
 In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
 By nothing guarded but by Providence;
 How grace and moderation disagree;
 And violence advances charity. 160
 Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
 A wretched scribbler, of a rare buffoon.
 Mankind my fond propitious power has try'd,
 Too oft' to own, too much to be deny'd.
 And all I ask are shades and silent bowers, 165
 To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.
 Oft' have my fears some distant villa chose,
 O'er their *quietus* where fat judges dose,
 And lull their cough and conscience to repose: }
 Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore, 170
 Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 170.

Sometimes among the Caspian cliffs I creep,
 Where solitary bats and swallows sleep;
 Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore,
 Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
 Still Naisau's arms a soft repose deny,
 Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

The peals of * Nassau's arms these eyes unclose,
 Mine he molests, to give the world repose.
 That ease I offer with contempt he flies,
 His couch a trench, his canopy the skies. 175
 Nor climes nor seasons his resolves control,
 Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole.
 With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
 And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies.

But, as the slothful God to yawn began, 180
 He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on :

'Twas in this reverend dome I sought repose,
 These walls were that asylum I had chose.
 Here have I ru'd long undisturb'd with broils,
 And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils. 185
 My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
 With easy insignificance of thought.

VARIATIONS.

Since he has bless'd the weary world with peace,
 And with a nod has bid Bellona cease;
 I sought the covert of some peaceful cell,
 Where silent shades in harmless raptures dwell;
 That rest might past tranquillity restore,
 And mortal never interrupt me more.

Ver. 183.

Nought underneath this roof but damps are found,
 Nought heard but drowsy beetles buzzing round.
 Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and dust the floors,
 And midnight silence guards the noiseless doors.

* See Boil. Lat.

But

THE DISPENSARY. CANTO I.

27

But now some busy, enterprizing brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to dissolve my easy reign.

190

With that, the God his darling Phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this message falls:

Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
Who has the greatest empire, they or I.

Find Envy out, some prince's court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd fiend;
Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;

195

Or where stale maids, or meagre eunuchs, dwell;
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign,

Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what th' event, unless the strait inclines
To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs.

200

More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
And with their silken cords tie down his eyes.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 196.

Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
Or where ill poets pennylefs confer,
Or in the senate-house at Westminster.

THE

THE
DISPENSARY.

CANTO II.

SOON as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds;
Whilst sickening flowers drink up the silver dew,
And beaux for some assembly dress anew;
The city faints to prayers and play-house haste;
The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest;
Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
To slide on tender pinions through the air.
Oft' he attempts the summit of a rock,
And oft' the hollow of some blasted oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay,
The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.

Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
That taints the grafs with sickly sweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the sight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.

But

THE DISPENSARY. CANTO II. 29

But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
 When Accius has applause, Dorfennus shews. 30
 The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forsook,
 And basilisks fate brooding in her look;
 A bald and bloated toad-stool rais'd her head;
 The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
 From her chapp'd nostrils scalding torrents fall, 35
 And her sunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
 Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
 Whilst seas of melted ore lay waste the plains.

Around the fiend in hideous order sate
 Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate; 30
 Gruff Discontent, through ignorance mis-led,
 And clamorous Faction at her party's head;
 Restless Sedition still dissembling fear,
 And sly Hypocrisy with pious leer.

Glouting with sullen spite the fury shook 35
 Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look;
 Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant scrolls,
 Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrolls;
 And, as the rent-records in pieces fell,
 Each scrap did some immortal action tell. 40

This shew'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus stood,
 That, the fam'd passage of the Granic flood;
 The Julian eagles, here, their wings display,
 And there, like setting stars, the Decli lay;
 This does Camillus as a God extol, 45
 That points at Manlius in the capitol;
 How Cocles did the Tiber's surges brave,
 How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.

Great

Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Persians join,
And, there, th' immortal battle of the Boyne. 50

As the light messenger the fury spy'd,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide :
Confusion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue :
At length, assuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he shrunk into a shade. 55

The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The blest event of such an embassy :
Then blazons in dread smiles her hideous form ;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm. 60

Thus

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 60.

Then she : alas ! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at these noble ills the fates deny ?
Within this isle for ever must I find
Disasters to distract my restless mind ?
Good Tenison's celestial piety
At last has rais'd him to the sacred see.
Somers does sickening equity restore,
And helpless orphans are oppress'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endless blessings brings ;
He spoke ; and Peace clapp'd her triumphant wings.
Great Ormond shines illustriously bright
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal fire
Inspires the generous breast of Devonshire.
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.
Like Leda's radiant sons divinely clear,
Portland and Jersey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemisphere.

Worth

Thus she—Mankind are blest, they riot still
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devastation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten most when famine reigns;
For sickly seasons the physicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of state;
The Lover's easy when the fair-one sighs,
And Gods subsist not but by sacrifice.

Each other being some indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My present pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.

A heroine shall Albion's sceptre bear,
With arms shall vanquish earth, and heaven with prayer.
She on the world her clemency shall shower,
And only to preserve exert her power.
Tyrants shall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.

Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprizes of the great,
I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd snakes have teeth or stings.

She said; and straight shrill * Colon's person took,
In morals loose, but most precise in look.

VARIATIONS.

Worth in distress is rais'd by Montague;
Augustus listens if Mæcenæ sue;
And Vernon's vigilance no slumber takes,
Whilst faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes.

* Lee, an apothecary.

Black

Black-friars annals lately pleas'd to call 35
 Him warden of Apothecaries-hall;
 And, when so dignify'd, did not forbear
 That operation which the learn'd declare }
 Gives colics ease, and makes the ladies fair.
 In trifling show his tinsel talent lies; 90
 And form the want of intellects supplies.
 In aspect grand and goodly he appears,
 Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
 Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
 A barren superfluity of words; 95
 The patient's ears remorseless he assails,
 Murders with jargon where his medicine fails.
 The Fury thus assuming Colon's grace,
 So slung her arms, so shuffl'd in her pace.
 Onwards she hastens to the fam'd abodes, 100
 Where * Horoscope invokes th' infernal gods;
 And reach'd the mansion where the vulgar run,
 For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
 This visionary various projects tries,
 And knows, that to be rich is to be wise. 105
 By useful observations he can tell
 The sacred charms that in true sterling dwell;
 How gold makes a patrician of a slave,
 A dwarf an Atlas, a Therfites brave.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 95.

In haste he strides along, to recompense
 The want of business with its vain pretence.

* Dr. Barnard.

It cancels all defects, and in their place 110
 Finds sense in Brownlow, charms in lady Grace;
 It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
 No bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.

So truly Horoscope its virtues knows,
 To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows; 115
 And fancies such bright heraldry can prove,
 The vile Plebeian but the third from Jove.

Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
 Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply.

His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs 120
 With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys.

Here mummies lay most reverently stale;

And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail;

Not far from some huge Shark's devouring head

The flying fish their finny pinions spread; 125

Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were strung,

And near, a scaly alligator hung;

In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd;

In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.

An inner room receives the numerous shoals 130

Of such as pay to be reputed fools.

Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,

And planetary schemes amuse the eye.

The sage, in velvet chair, here lolls at ease,

To promise future health for present fees; 135

Then, as from tripod, solemn shame reveals,

And what the stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks how soon Panthea may be won,

And longs to feel the marriage-fetters on:

Vol. I.

D

Others,

Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof, 140
 Enquire when courteous fates will strike them off.
 Some, by what means they may redress their wrong,
 When fathers the possession keep too long.
 And some would know the issue of their cause,
 And whether gold can solder up its flaws. 145
 Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
 To lose by art what fruitful Nature gave;
 And Portia, old in expectation grown,
 Laments her barren curse, and begs a son:
 Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try, 150
 To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
 Some ask for charms, and others philtres choose,
 To gain Corinna, and their quartans lose.
 Young Hylas, botch'd with stains too foul to name,
 In cradle here renews his youthful frame: 155
 Cloy'd with desire, and surfeited with charms,
 A hot-house he prefers to Julia's arms.
 And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
 Of kindling in cold veins the sparks of love.
 Bleak Envy these dull frauds with pleasure sees, 160
 And wonders at the senseless mysteries.
 In Colon's voice she thus calls out aloud
 On Horoscope environ'd by the croud:
 Forbear, forbear, thy vain amusements cease,
 Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile release; 165
 And to that dire misfortune listen well,
 Which thou should'st fear to know, or I to tell.
 'Tis true, thou ever wast esteem'd by me
 The great Alcides of our company.

When

THE DISPENSARY. CANTO II.

35

When we with noble scorn resolv'd to ease

170

Ourselves from all parochial offices;

And to our wealthier patients left the care

And draggled dignity of scavenger;

Such zeal in that affair thou didst express,

Nought could be equal, but the great success.

175

Now call to mind thy generous prowess past,

Be what thou should'st, by thinking what thou wast:

The faculty of Warwick-lane design,

If not to storm, at least to undermine.

Their gates each day ten thousand night-caps croud,

And mortars utter their attempts aloud.

If they should once unmask our mystery,

Each nurse, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;

Our art expos'd to every vulgar eye;

And none, in complaisance to us, would die.

185

What if we claim their right t' assassinate,

Must they needs turn apothecaries straight?

Prevent it, Gods! all stratagems we try,

To croud with new inhabitants your lky.

'Tis we who wait the Destinies' command,

190

To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.

And dare the college insolently aim

To equal our fraternity in fame?

Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,

Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie;

195

So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,

And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's streams.

Our manufactures now they meanly sell,

And their true value treacherously tell;

D a

Nay,

Nay, they discover too, their spite is such, 200
 That health, than crowns more valued, cost not much;
 Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,
 To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools.

At this fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and straight
 In silence tumbled from his chair of state: 205
 The croud in great confusion sought the door,
 And left the Magus fainting on the floor;
 Whilst in his breast the fury breath'd a storm,
 Then sought her cell, and re-assum'd her form.
 Thus from the sore although the insect flies, 210
 It leaves a brood of maggots in disguise.

Officious Squirt * in haste forsook his shop,
 To succour the expiring Horoscope.
 Oft' he essay'd the Magus to restore,
 By salt of Succinum's prevailing power; 215
 Yet still supine the solid lumber lay,
 An image of scarce-animated clay;
 Till Fates, indulgent when disasters call,
 By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.
 The wight no sooner did the steam receive, 220
 But rouz'd, and bless'd the stale restorative.
 The springs of life their former vigour feel;
 Such zeal he had for that vile utensil.

So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
 He knew the sea-weed scent, and th' azure Goddess own'd.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 202. Whilst we, at our expence, must persevere,
 And for another world, be ruin'd here.

* Dr. Barnard's man.

THE
DISPENSARY.

C A N T O III.

ALL night the sage in pensive tumults lay,
Complaining of the slow approach of day;
Oft' turn'd him round, and strove to think no more
Of what shrill Colon said the day before.
Cowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But those bless'd opiates still in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breast,
And thus his anxious thoughts the Sage exprest.
Oft' has this planet roll'd around the sun,
Since to consult the skies I first begun:
Such my applause, so mighty my success,
Some granted my predictions more than guess.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This faith, there can be no mistake in gain.
For the dull world must honour pay to those,
Who on their understanding most impose.
First man creates, and then he fears the elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself;

He loaths the substance, and he loves the show;
 You 'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so:
 He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
 And still the only pleasure 's the deceit,
 So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye,
 Which no existence has, but in the eye.

25

As distant prospects please us, but when near
 We find but desert rocks and fleeting air;
 From stratagem to stratagem we run,
 And he knows most, who latest is undone.

30

Mankind one day serene and free appear;
 The next, they 're cloudy, fullen, and severe:
 New passions new opinions still excite;
 And what they like at noon, they leave at night.
 They gain with labour what they quit, with ease;
 And health, for want of change, becomes disease.
 Religion's bright authority they dare,
 And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.

35

They counsel others, but themselves deceive;
 And though they 're cozen'd still, they still believe.

40

So false their censure, fickle their esteem,
 This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.

Shall I then, who with penetrating sight
 Inspect the springs that guide each appetite;
 Who with unfathom'd searches hourly pierce
 The dark recesses of the universe;
 Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppress;
 Or fear their fury, or their name care?

45

If all the fiends that in low darkness reign
 Be not the fictions of a sickly brain,

50

That

That project, the Dispensary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, shall fall.

With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the crystal kingdoms of the skies.
The savage kind in forests cease to roam, 55

And sots, o'ercharg'd with nauseous loads, reel home;
Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the slumbering pair;
Whilst bridegroom sighs, and thinks the bride less fair;
Light's chearful smiles o'er th' azure waste are spread,
And Mifs from inns of court bolts out unpaid; 60

The Sage, transported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had access,
His trust was great, his vigilance no less.
To him thus Horoscope: 65

My kind companion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, since you assume a share;
Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,
When clyster was in danger to be cold;
With expedition on the beadle call, 70
To summon all the company to th' hall.

Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial steams of harts-horn rise.
The Magus in the interim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to some infernal power, 75 }
And draws mysterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring spright
Ascends, to blast the tender bloom of light.
No mystic sounds from hell's detested womb
In dusky exhalations upwards come. 80

And

And now to raise an altar he decrees,
 To that devouring harpy called Disease:
 Then flowers in canisters he hastes to bring,
 The wither'd product of a blighted spring;
 With cold solanum from the Pontic shore, 85
 The roots of mandrake and black hellebore;
 The griper fenna, and the puker rue,
 The sweetener sassafras, are added too;
 And on the structure next he heaps a load
 Of sulphur, turpentine, and mastic wood; 90
 Gums, fossils too, the pyramids increas'd;
 A mummy next, once monarch of the east;
 Then from the compter he takes down the file,
 And with prescriptions lights the solemn pile.

Feebly the flames on clumsy wings aspire, 95
 And smothering fogs of smoke benight the fire.
 With sorrow he beheld the sad portent,
 Then to the hag these orisons he sent:

Disease! thou ever most propitious power,
 Whose kind indulgence we discern each hour! 100
 Thou well canst boast thy numerous pedigree,
 Begot by sloth, maintain'd by luxury.
 In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns,
 But flies the humble sheds of cottage swains.
 To you such might and energy belong, 105
 You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 101.

Thou that would'st lay whole states and regions waste,
 Sooner than we thy cormorants should fast.

The

The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vassals only kind.

If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your sway, 110
Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-street end, to fam'd St. Giles's Pound;
Behold this poor libation with a smile,
And let auspicious light break through the pile.

He spoke; and on the pyramid he laid 115
Bay-leaves and vipers-hearts, and thus he said;
As these consume in this mysterious fire,
So let the curs'd Dispensary expire!
And as those crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its vessels burst, and glasses fly! 120

But a sinister cricket straight was heard;
The altar fell, the offering disappear'd.
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the company was met.

Nigh where Fleet-ditch descends in sable streams, 125
To wash his footy Naiads in the Thames;
There stands a structure on a rising hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in these dreadful shambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Python fell; 130
And how Medea did the philtre brew,
That could in Æson's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hysteric matrons still with tears;
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more, 135
Revive in sacred plants, and health restore;

How

How sanguine swains their amorous hours repent,
 When pleasure 's past, and pains are permanent ;
 And how frail nymphs oft', by abortion, aim
 To lose a substance, to preserve a name.

140

Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
 The assembly Diasenna * thus address'd :

My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
 As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,

We here had met on some more safe design,
 And on no other business but to dine ;

145

The Faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
 And interest then had bid us but obey ;

This only emulation we had known,

Who best could fill his purse, and thin the town. 150

But now from gathering-clouds destruction pours,

Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours :

Mists from black jealousies the tempest form,

Whilst late divisions reinforce the storm.

Know, when these feuds, like those at law, were past, 155

The winners will be losers at the last.

Like heroes in sea-fights we seek renown ;

To fire some hostile ship, we burn our own.

Whoe'er throws dust against the wind, descries

He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.

160

That juggler which another's sleight will show,

But teaches how the world his own may know.

Thrice happy were those golden days of old,

When dear as burgundy, ptisans were sold ;

* Gilstop, an apothecary.

When

THE DISPENSARY. CANTO III.

43

When patients chose to die with better will,
 Than breathe, and pay th' apothecary's bill;
 And, cheaper than for our assistance call,
 Might go to Aix or Bourbon, spring and fall.
 Then priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
 Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
 Their lives and doctrine slaves and atheists made.
 The laws were but the hireling judge's sense;
 Juries were sway'd by venal evidence.
 Fools were promoted to the council-board,
 Tools to the bench, and bullies to the sword.
 Pensions in private were the senate's aim;
 And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
 But now no influencing art remains,
 For Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns.
 And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow,
 And suffer by a reformation too.
 For now late jars our practices detect,
 And mines, when once discover'd, lose effect.

165

170

175

180

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 182.

But now late jars our practices detect,
 For mines, when once discover'd, lose th' effect.
 Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
 Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.
 So lines that from their parallel decline,
 More they advance, the more they still disjoin.
 'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
 And beg the Faculty to be our friend.
 As he revolving stood to say the rest,
 Rough Colocynthus thus his rage express.

Dissen-

Diffensions, like small streams, are first begun,
 Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run : 185
 So lines that from their parallel decline,
 More they proceed, the more they still disjoin.
 'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
 And beg the Faculty to be our friend;
 Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end. 190 }
 So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
 Straight turn familiar, and their fasces quit.
 In vain we but contend, that planet's power
 Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before.

As he prepar'd the mischief to recite, 195
 Keen Colocynthus * paus'd, and foam'd with spite.
 Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
 Work up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim :
 Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
 Cr nose should redden in the drawing-room ; 200
 Or lovers that mistake th' appointed hour,
 Or in the lucky minute want the power.

Thus he — Thou scandal of great Pæan's art,
 At thy approach the springs of nature start,
 The nerves unbrace : nay, at the sight of thee, 205
 A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy.
 Could'st thou propose, that we, the friends of fates,
 Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
 Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
 Whilst Russel †, as we please, or starves, or thrives, 210

* Dare, an apothecary.

† A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

Should

Should e'er submit to their despotic will,
 Who out of consolation scarce can kill?
 The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
 And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
 Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel, 215
 And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal!
 Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
 And Monmouth-street; Versailles with riding-hoods!
 The Sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
 And change the Gravel-pits for Kentish air! 220
 Our properties must on our arms depend;
 'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
 'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
 The ill we feel is only in our fears.

To die, is landing on some silent shore, 225
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er. }
 The wise through thought th' insults of death defy;
 The fools, through blest insensibility.
 'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave; 230
 Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave.
 It eases lovers, sets the captive free;
 And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
 Our force increases, as our funds grow less; 235
 And what requir'd such industry to raise,
 We'll scatter into nothing as we please.
 Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
 Shews no less wondrous power than to create.

We'll

We 'll raise our numerous cohorts, and oppose 240

The feeble forces of our pygmy foes;

Legions of quacks shall join us on the place,

From great Kirleus down to doctor Case.

Though such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;

Directors still secure the greatest prize. 245

Such poor supports serve only like a stay;

The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.

So patriots, in time of peace and ease,

Forget the fury of the late disease :

On dangers past serenely think no more, 250

And curse the hand that heal'd the wound before.

Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;

Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall!

To this the session seem'd to give consent,

Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event. 255

At length, the growing difference to compose,

Two brothers, nam'd Ascarides *, arose.

Both had the volubility of tongue,

In meaning faint, but in opinion strong.

To speak they both assum'd a like pretence; 260

The elder gain'd his just pre-eminence.

Thus he : 'Tis true, when privilege and right

Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.

But ere we once engage in honour's cause,

First know what honour is, and whence it was. 265

Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave,

The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave ;

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

Born

Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air,
 And both exists by hope and by despair;
 Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain, 270
 And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.

It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies:
 But when his safety he consults, it dies.
 Bigoted to this idol, we disclaim
 Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name. 275

Then let us, to the field before we move,
 Know, if the gods our enterprize approve.
 Suppose th' unthinking Faculty unveil
 What we, through wiser conduct, would conceal:
 Is 't reason we should quarrel with the glass 280
 That shews the monstrous features of our face?
 Or grant some grave pretenders have of late
 Thought fit an innovation to create;
 Soon they 'll repent what rashly they begun:
 Though projects please, projectors are undone. 285
 All novelties must this success expect,
 When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect:
 If reason could direct, ere now each gate
 Had borne some trophy of triumphal state;
 Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe 290
 Troy and Namur to Jove and to Nassau.

Then, since no veneration is allow'd,
 Or to the real, or th' appearing good;
 The project that we vainly apprehend
 Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end. 295
 Some members of the Faculty there are,
 Who interest prudently to oaths prefer.

Our

GARTH'S POEMS.

Our friendship with feign'd airs they poorly court,
And boast, their politics are our support :
Them we 'll consult about this enterprize, 300
And boldly execute what they advise.

But from below, while such resolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric shook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their safety, and their rage forget. 305

So when at Bathos earth's big offspring strove
To scale the skies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the ass of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confusion fled.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 288. If things of use were valued, there had been
Some workhouse where the Monument is seen.

[49]

THE
DISPENSARY.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buskins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread;
Where Bentley *, by old writers, wealthy grew, 5
And Briscoe * lately was undone by new;
There triumphs a physician of renown,
To none, but such as rust in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
His known experience, and his healing art. 10
When Burge's deafens all the listening press
With peals of most seraphic emptiness;
Or when mysterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his parish to a lethargy;
This Æsculapius waits hard by, to ease 15
The martyrs of such christian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town,
For lewdness, wit, and gallantry, been known.

* Two booksellers.

E

AN

All sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er degree,
 To blend and jumble into harmony.
 The critics each adventurous author scan,
 And praise or censure as they like the man.
 The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
 So nicely tasteless, so correctly dull!

The politicians of Parnassus prate,
 And poets canvass the affairs of state;
 'The cits ne'er talk of trade and stock, but tell
 How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
 The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
 First find a spark, and after lose a nose.

The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
 He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
 And in the cloister pensive Strephon waits,
 Till Cloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
 And if th' ungenerous nymph a shaft lets fly,
 More fatally than from a sparkling eye,
 Mirmillo *, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.

The trading tribe oft' thither throng to dine,
 And want of elbow-room supply in wine.
 Cloy'd with variety, they surfeit there,
 Whilst the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
 'Twas here the champions of the party met,
 Of their heroic enterprize to treat.

Each hero a tremendous air put on,
 And stern Mirmillo in these words begun:

'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
 No grievance you can know, but I must share.

* Dr. Gibbons.

'Tis

'Tis plain, my interest you 've advanc'd so long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have strove to rend
Those statutes, which on oath I should defend;
Such arts are trifles to a generous mind:
Great services, as great returns should find.

And you 'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandish arms as well as urinals. 55

Oxford and all her passing-bells can tell,
By this right-arm what mighty numbers fell.

Whilst others meanly ask'd whole months to slay,
I oft' dispatch'd the patient in a day:

With pen in hand I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee. 60

Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill.

For, save or slay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit suffers, the reward 's the same. 65

What though the art of healing we pretend,
He that designs it least, is most a friend.

Into the right we err, and must confess
To oversights we often owe success.

Thus Bessus got the battle in the play;
His glorious cowardice restor'd the day. 70

So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its desert
To chance, and not the labour'd strokes of art.

Physicians, if they 're wise, should never think
Of any arms but such as pen and ink: 75

But th' enemy, at their expence, shall find
When honour calls, I 'll scorn to stay behind.

He said; and seal'd th' engagement with a kiss,
 Which was return'd by younger Ascaris *;
 Who thus advanc'd: Each word, Sir, you impart,
 Has something killing in it, like your art. 85
 How much we to your boundless friendship owe,
 Our files can speak, and your prescriptions show.
 Your ink descends in such excessive showers,
 'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
 Whilst poor pretenders puzzle o'er a case, 85
 You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.
 O that near Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
 When Ilium first Achaian fury felt!
 The horned river then had curs'd in vain
 Young Releus' arm, that chok'd his stream with slain; 90
 No trophies you had left for Greeks to raise;
 Their ten years toil, you'd finish'd in ten days.
 Fate smiles on your attempts; and, when you list,
 In vain the cowards fly, or brave resist.
 Then let us arm, we need not fear success; 95
 No labours are too hard for Hercules.
 Our military ensigns we'll display;
 Conquest pursues, where courage leads the way.
 To this design thrill Querpo † did agree,
 A zealous member of the faculty; 100
 His fire's pretended pious steps he treads,
 And where the Doctor fails, the Saint succeeds.
 A conventicle flesh'd his greener years,
 And his full age the righteous rancour shares.

* Mr. Parrot.

† Dr. Howe.

Thus

THE DISPENSARY. CANTO IV. 53

Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey, 105
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.

Slow * Carus next discover'd his intent,
With painful pauses muttering what he meant.
His sparks of life, in spite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat. 110

In his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his fable brows.
Legions of lunaticks about him press;
His province is, lost reason to redress.

So when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er, 115
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, restore.

When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books besieg'd around.

The gazing throng acknowledge their surprize,
And, deaf to reason, still consult their eyes. 120

Well he perceives, the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.

Thus a weak state by wise distrust inclines
To numerous stores, and strength in magazines.

So fools are always most profuse of words, 125
And cowards never fail of longest swords.

Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world to dust and worms retreat.

Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign,
Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane. 130

And up these walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiss philosophy, and Runic rhymes.

* Dr. Tyson.

E 3

Hither,

Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
 Mede's works entire, and endless reams of Blome.
 Where would the long-neglected Collins fly, 135
 If bounteous Carus should refuse to buy?
 But each vile scribbler's happy on this score:
 He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er.

Nor must we the obsequious * Umbra spare,
 Who soft by nature, yet declar'd for war. 140
 But when some rival power invades a right,
 Flies set on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
 Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
 Demurely meek, insipidly serene.

With him, the present still some virtues have; 145
 The vain are sprightly; and the stupid, grave;
 The slothful, negligent; the foppish, neat;
 The lewd are airy; and the sly, discreet;
 A Wren, an Eagle; a Baboon, a Bean;
 † Colt, a Lycurgus; and a Phocion, ‡ Rowe. 150

Heroic ardour now th' assembly warms,
 Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
 For future glory while the scheme is laid,
 Fam'd Horoscope thus offers to dissuade:

Since of each enterprize th' event's unknown, 155
 We'll quit the sword, and hearken to the gown.
 Nigh lives § Vagellius, one reputed long
 For strength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.

* Dr. Gould.

† Sir H. Dutton Colt.

‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe.

§ Sir Barth. Shower.

For fees, to any form he moulds a cause,
 The worst has merits, and the best has flaws. 160
 Five guineas make a criminal to-day;
 And ten to-morrow wipe the stain away.
 Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
 Milo's the Lecher, Clodius th' Homicide;
 Cato pernicious, Catiline a saint, 165
 Orford suspected, Duncomb innocent.
 To law then, friends, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
 Vagellius, and our money, shall succeed.
 Know, when I first invok'd Disease by charms
 To prove propitious to our future arms, 170
 Ill omens did the sacrifice attend,
 Nor would the Sibyl from her grot ascend.

As Horoscope urg'd farther to be heard,
 He thus was interrupted by a * Bard:

In vain your magic mysteries you use, 175
 Such sounds the Sibyl's sacred ears abuse.
 These lines the pale divinity shall raise,
 Such is the power of sound, and force of lays.

“ † Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fauchions
 “ clash,
 “ And sparks of fire struck out from armour flash. 180
 “ Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise,
 “ ‡ And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
 “ Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
 “ Some massy balls of brass, some mighty tubs
 “ Of cinders bore.— 185

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

† King Arthur, p. 307.

‡ King Arthur, p. 327.

" * Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck

" Affright the skies, and fry the ocean's back "

As he went rumbling on, the Fury straight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could scarce support her weight.
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound, 190
And faintly her furr'd lips these accents found:

Mortal, how dar'st thou with such lines address
My awful fear, and trouble my recess ?
In Essex marthy hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell : 195
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And shivering quartans shake the sickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, some silent hours I pass,
And substitute Physicians in my place.

Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse 200
The dissonance of such untuneful verse;
But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound.
Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None please the fancy, who offend the ear. 205

In sense and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, consider Dryden well.
In one, what vigorous turns of fancy shine !
In th' other, Syrens warble in each line.
If Dorset's sprightly Muse but touch the lyre, 210
The Smiles and Graces melt in soft desire,
And little Loves confess their amorous fire. }

After ver. 212. these lines are omitted :

The Tiber now no gentle Gallus sees,
But smiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

* Prince Arthur, p. 130.

The

The gentle Ifis claims the ivy crown,
 To bind th' immortal brows of Addison.
 As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
 Pan quits the woods, the listening Fawns the plains;
 And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
 And Britain, since * Pausanias was writ,
 Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
 When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
 Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior sings;
 The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention show,
 And silver Sequana forgets to flow.

Such just examples carefully read o'er;
 Slide without falling; without straining, soar.
 Oft' though your strokes surprize, you should not choose
 A theme so mighty for a virgin Muse.
 Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline;
 His Alexander was his last design.
 'Tis Montague's rich vein alone must prove,
 None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove.

The Fury paus'd, till with a frightful sound
 A rising whirlwind burst th' unhallow'd ground.
 Then she—The Deity we Fortune call,
 Though distant, rules and influences all.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 232.

The Fury said; and vanishing from sight,
 Cry'd out, To arms; so left the realms of light.
 The combatants to th' enterprize consent,
 And the next day smil'd on the great event.

* Pausanias, written by Mr. Norton.

Straighr

Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embassies ask wings of air.

Each wondering stood; but Horoscope's great foul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind, 240
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.

The evening now with blushes warms the air,
The steer resigns the yoke, the hind his care.
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refresh the earth below. 245

The bat with sooty wings flits through the grove,
The reeds scarce rustle, nor the aspines move. }
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.

Through the transparent region of the skies,
Swift as a wish, the missionary flies : 250

With wonder he surveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors sporting there;
How lambent jellies, kindling in the night,
Shoot through the æther in a trail of light;
How rising steams in th' azure fluid blend, 255

Or fleet in clouds, or soft in showers descend;
Or, if the stubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail;
How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luscious sweats adorn ; 260

How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze;
Why nimble corruscations strike the eye,
And bold Tornados bluster in the sky ;

Why

THE DISPENSARY. CANTO IV. 19

Why a prolific Aura upwards tends, 265
 Ferments, and in a living shower descends ;
 How vapours hanging on the towering hills
 In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills ;
 Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
 And river-gods their thirsty urns supply. 270

The wondering sage pursues his airy flight,
 And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night :
 He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
 To settle seasons here, and fates above ;
 The bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas, 275
 The stormy Kids, the weeping Hyades ;
 The shining Lyre with strains attracting more
 Heaven's glittering mansions now than Hell's before ;
 Glad Cassiopeia circling in the sky,
 And each fair Churchill of the galaxy. 280

Aurora, on Etesian breezes borne,
 With blushing lips breathes out the sprightly morn :
 Each flower in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps,
 And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps.
 As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way, 285
 Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day ;
 Dim he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
 And bend beneath the burden of the skies ;
 His towering brows aloft no tempests know,
 Whilst lightning flies, and thunder rolls below. 290

Distant from hence beyond a waste of plains,
 Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns ;
 With breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow,
 As from his sides he shakes the fleecy snow.

Around this hoary prince, from watery beds, 295
 His subject islands raise their verdant heads;
 The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
 The land seems floating, and the ocean still.

Eternal Spring with smiling verdure here
 Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
 From crystal rocks transparent rivulets flow;
 The tuberosc ever breathes, and violets blow.
 The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears,
 The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
 Blossoms and fruit at once the citron shows, 305
 And, as she pays, discovers still she owes.
 The orange to her sun her pride displays,
 And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
 No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky,
 The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh. 310
 The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,
 And warbling dirges die on every note.
 Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
 And scatters odours from his purple wings;
 Whilst birds from woodbine bowers and jasmine groves
 Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.
 Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent dales,
 Cool grottos, silver brooks, and flowery vales,
 Groves fill'd with balmy shrubs, in pomp appear,
 And scent with gales of sweets the circling year. 320

These happy isles, where endless pleasures wait,
 Are stil'd by tuneful bards—The Fortunate.
 On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort,
 The hoodwink'd Goddess keeps her partial court.

Upon

Upon a wheel of amethyst she fits, 325
 Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
 In this still labyrinth, around her lie
 Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry:
 A figil in this hand the gypsy bears,
 In th' other a prophetic sieve and sheers. 330

The Dame, by divination, knew that soon
 The Magus would appear — and then begun:
 Hail sacred feer! thy embassy I know:
 Wars must ensue, the fates will have it so.
 Dread feats shall follow, and disasters great, 335
 Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
 Both sides shall conquer, and yet both shall fail;
 The mortar now, and then the urinal.

To thee alone my influence I owe;
 Where Nature has deny'd, my favours flow. 340
 'Tis I that give, so mighty is my power,
 Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
 I am the wretch's wish, the rook's pretence,
 The sluggard's ease, the coxcomb's providence.
 Sir Scrape-quill, once a supple smiling slave, 345
 Looks lofty now, and insolently grave;
 Builds, settles, purchases, and has each hour
 Caps from the rich, and curses from the poor.
 Spadillio, that at table serv'd of late,
 Drinks rich Tockay himself, and eats in plate; 350
 Has levees, villas, mistresses in store,
 And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heavenly-born my faithless boons defy;
 The brave is to himself a deity

Though

Though blest Astrea's gone, some soil remains 355
Where Fortune is the slave, and Merit reigns.

The Tiber boasts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Nassau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
Iberia, yet for future sway design'd,
Shall, for a Hesse, a greater Mordaunt find. 360
Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She lost a hero, and she found a god.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO V.

WHEN the still night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
 Had spread her shady pinions o'er the ground;
 And slumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
 While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme;
 The furies gently dash against the shore,
 Flocks quit the plains, and gally-slaves the oar;
 Sleep shakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;
 Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;
 He finds no respite from his anxious grief;
 Then seeks from this soliloquy relief.

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
 Oppress'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.

None e'er could die with due solemnity,
 Unless his passport first was sign'd by me.

My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd;
 I give reversions, and for heirs provide.

None could the tedious nuptial state support,
 But I, to make it easy, make it short.

I set

I set the discontented matrons free,
 And ransom husbands from captivity.
 Shall one of such importance then engage
 In noisy riot, and in civil rage?

20

No: I'll endeavour straight a peace, and so
 Preserve my character, and person too.

But Discord, that still haunts with hideous mien
 Those dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
 O'erheard Mirmillo's anguish; then begun
 In peevish accents to express her own:

25

Have I so often banish'd lazy peace
 From her dark solitude, and lov'd recess?
 Have I made South and Sherlock disagree,
 And puzzle truth with learn'd obscurity?
 And does the faithful Ferguson profess
 His ardour still for animosities?

30

Have I, Britannia's safety to ensure,
 Expos'd her naked, to be most secure?

35

Have I made parties opposite, unite,
 In monstrous leagues of amicable spite,
 To curse their country, whilst the common cry
 Is freedom; but their aim, the ministry?

40

And shall a dastard's cowardice prevent
 The war, so long I've labour'd to foment?

No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
 Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.

With that, the Hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
 And, taking Querpo's meagre shape, she said:

45

At noon of night I hasten, to dispel
 Those tumults in your pensive bosom dwell.

I dreamt

I dreamt but now I heard your heaving sighs,
 Nay, saw the tears debating in your eyes. 50
 O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
 Lur in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
 Speak, whence it is this late disorder flows,
 That shakes your soul, and troubles your repose.
 Mistakes in practice scarce could give you pain; 55
 Too well you know, the dead will ne'er complain.

What looks discover, said the homicide,
 Would be a fruitless industry to hide.
 My safety first I must consult, and then
 I'll serve our suffering party with my pen. 60

All should, reply'd the Hag, their talent learn;
 The most attempting oft' the least discern.
 Let Peterborough speak, and Vanbrugh write,
 Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight:
 Such must succeed; but, when th' enervate aim 65
 Beyond their force, they still contend for shame.
 Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
 He had not been the Saffold of the town.
 Asses and owls, unseen, their kind betray,
 If these attempt to hoot, or those to bray. 70
 Had Wesley never aim'd in verse to please,
 We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
 Still censures will on dull pretenders fall;
 A Codrus should expect a Juvenal.
 Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd, 75
 To set off, and to recommend the good.
 So diamonds take a lustre from their foil;
 And to a Bentley 'tis, we owe a Boyle.

Consider well the talent you possess ;
 To strive to make it more, would make it less : 80
 And recollect what gratitude is due,
 To those whose party you abandon now.
 To them you owe your odd magnificence,
 But to your stars your magazine of sense.
 Hast in a tombril, aukward have you shin'd, 85
 With one fat slave before, and none behind.
 Then haste and join your true intrepid friends,
 Success on vigour and dispatch depends.
 Labouring in doubts Mirmillo stood ; then said,
 'Tis hard to undertake, if gain dissuade ; 90
 What fool for noisy feuds large fees would leave ?
 Ten harvests more would all I wish for give.
 True man ! reply'd the elf ; by choice diseas'd,
 Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
 A present good they slight, an absent choose ; 95
 And what they have, for what they have not, lose.
 False prospects all their true delights destroy,
 Resolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
 In restless hurries thoughtlessly they live,
 At substance oft' unmov'd, for shadows grieve. 100

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 87—104. Originally thus,
 But soon what they've exalted they'll discard,
 And set up Carus or the city Bard.
 Alarm'd at this the Hero courage took,
 And storms of terror threaten'd in his look.
 My dread resolves, he cry'd, I'll straight pursue ;
 The Fury, satisfy'd, in smiles withdrew.

Children at toys, as men at titles, aim ;
And in effect both covet but the same.

This Philip's son prov'd in revolving years ;
And first for rattles, then for worlds shed tears.

The Fury spoke ; then in a moment fir'd 105
The hero's breast with tempests, and retir'd.

In boding dreams Mirmillo spent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his sight,
Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light. }

At length gay morn glows in the eastern skies, 110

The larks in raptures through the æther rise,

The azure mists scud o'er the dewy lawns,

The chaunter at his early matins yawns,

The amaranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,

And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells. 115

As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn descries,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, where honour calls, he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their post ;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the most.

His arms were made, if we may credit fame, 120

By Mulciber, the Mayor of Birmingham.

Of temper'd stibium the bright shield was cast,

And yet the work the metal far surpass'd.

A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,

Grav'd round the brim, the wondering sight deceives.

Around the centre Fate's bright trophies lay,

Probes, saws, incision-knives, and tools to slay.

Emboss upon the field, a battle stood

Of leeches spouting hæmorrhoidal blood.

The artist too express'd the solemn state 130
 Of grave physicians at a consult met;
 About each symptom how they disagree,
 But how unanimous in case of fee.
 Whilst each assassin his learn'd colleague tires
 With learn'd impertinence, the sick expires. 135

Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo shone,
 Himself an Atlas, and his shield a moon.
 A pestle for his truncheon led the van,
 And his high helmet was a close-stool pan.
 His crest an Ibis, brandishing her beak, 140
 And winding in loose folds her spiral neck.
 This when the young Querpoïdes beheld,
 His face in nurse's breast the boy conceal'd;
 Then peep't, and with th' effulgent helm would play,
 And as the monster gap'd, would shrink away. 145
 Thus sometimes joy prevail'd, and sometimes fear;
 And tears and smiles alternate passions were.

As Querpo towering stood in martial might,
 Pacific Carus sparkled on the right.
 An Oran Outang o'er his shoulders hung, 150
 His plume confess'd the capon whence it sprung.
 His motley mail scarce could the hero bear,
 Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war:

Fam'd chiefs,
 For present triumphs born, design'd for more, 155
 Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
 If battle be resolv'd, you'll find this hand
 Can deal out Destiny, and Fate command.

Our foes in throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
And their Apollo interpose in vain. 160

Though Gods themselves engage, a Diomed
With ease could show a deity can bleed.

But war's rough trade should be by fools profest,
The truest rubbish fills a trench the best.

Let quinsies throttle, and the quartan shake, 165

Or dropfies drown, and gout and colics rack;

Let sword and pestilence lay waste, while we

Wage bloodless wars, and fight in theory.

Who wants not merit, needs not arm for fame;

The dead I raise, my chivalry proclaim; 170

Diseases baffled, and lost health restor'd,

In Fame's bright list my victories record.

More lives from me their preservation own,

Than lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown.

Your cures, shrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell, 175

But wisely your miscarriages conceal.

Zeno, a priest, in Samothrace of old,

Thus reason'd with Philopidas the bold:

Immortal Gods you own, but think them blind.

To what concerns the state of human kind. 180

Either they hear not, or regard not prayer;

That argues want of power, and this of care.

Allow that wisdom infinite must know;

Power infinite must act. "I grant it so."

Haste straight to Neptune's fane; survey with zeal 185

The walls. "What then?" reply'd the infidel.

Observe those numerous throngs, in effigy,

The gods have sav'd from the devouring sea.

" 'Tis true, their pictures that escap'd you keep,
 " But where are theirs that perish'd in the deep?" 190

Vaunt now no more the triumph of your skill,
 But, though unfeed, exert your arm, and kill.
 Our scouts have learn'd the posture of the foe;
 In war, surprises surest conduct show.

But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals, 195
 That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
 How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendish, reigns,
 Varro's magnificence with Maro's strains;
 But how at church and bar all gape and stretch
 If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
 On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
 And what the enemy intends, declares.
 Confusion in each countenance appear'd,
 A council's call'd, and * Stentor first was heard;
 His labouring lungs the throng'd prætorium rent, 205
 Addressing thus the passive president:

† Machaon, whose experience we adore,
 Great as your matchless merit, is your power.
 At your approach, the baffled tyrant Death
 Breaks his keen shafts, and grinds his clashing teeth.
 To you we leave the conduct of the day;
 What you command, your vassals must obey.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 205.

True to extremes, yet to dull forms a slave,
 He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
 With indignation, and a daring air,
 He paus'd awhile, and thus address'd the chair.

* Dr. Goodall.

† Sir Thomas Millington.

If

If this dread enterprize you would decline,
 We'll send to treat, and stifle the design.
 But, if my arguments had force, we'd try 215
 To humble our audacious foes, or die :
 Our spite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;
 The end is good, no matter for the means.
 So modern casuists their talents try,
 Uprightly for the sake of truth to lye. 220

He had not finish'd, till th' out-guards descry'd
 Bright columns move in formidable pride ;
 The passing pomp so dazzled from afar,
 It seem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
 Though wide the front, though gross the phalanx grew,
 It look'd less dreadful, as it nearer grew.

The adverse host for action straight prepare ;
 All eager to unveil the face of war.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 221.

What Stentor offer'd was by most approv'd :
 But several voices several methods mov'd.
 At length th' adventurous heroes all agree
 'T' expect the foe, and act defensively.
 Into the shop their bold battalions move,
 And what their chief commands, the rest approve.
 Down from the walls they tear the shelves in haste,
 Which on their flank for palisades are plac'd ;
 And then behind the compter rang'd they stand,
 Their front so well secur'd, t' obey command.

And now the scouts the adverse host descry,
 Blue aprons in the air for colours fly :
 With unresisted force they urge their way,
 And find the foe embattled in array.

Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
 And to their trusty Squire resign the shield : 230
 To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,
 Would ask the Muse that sung the frogs in arms.

And now the signal summons to the fray ;
 Mock falchions flash, and paltry ensigns play.
 Their patron God his silver bow-strings twangs ; 235
 Tough harness rustles, and bold armour clangs ;
 The piercing caustics ply their spiteful power ;
 Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics, scour ;
 The deadly drugs in double doses fly ;
 And pestles peal a martial symphony. 240

Now from their level'd syringes they pour
 The liquid volley of a missive shower.
 Not storms of fleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
 Push'd on by northern gusts, such horror give.
 Like spouts in southern seas the deluge broke, 245
 And numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous stroke.

So when Leviathans dispute the reign
 And uncontrol'd dominion of the main ;
 From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
 And isles of sea-weed on the waves are borne ; 250
 Such watery stores from their spread nostrils fly,
 'Tis doubtful which is sea, and which is sky.

And now the staggering braves, led by Despair,
 Advance, and, to return the charge, prepare.
 Each seizes for his shield a spacious scale, 255
 And the brass weights fly thick as showers of hail.
 Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
 With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd ;
 Whilst empty jars the dire defeat resound.

}
 Thus

Thus when some storm its crystal quarry rends, 260
 And Jove in rattling showers of ice descends;
 Mount Athos shakes the forests on his brow,
 Whilst down his wounded sides fresh torrents flow,
 And leaves and limbs of trees o'erspread the vale }
 below.

But now, all order lost, promiscuous blows 265
 Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
 From * Stentor's arm a massy opiate flies,
 And straight a deadly sleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
 At † Colon great Sertorius Buckthorn flung,
 Who with fierce gripes, like those of Death, was stung;
 But with a dauntless and disdainful mien
 Hurl'd back steel pills, and hit him on the spleen.
 ‡ Chiron attack'd Talthibius with such might,
 One pass had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
 Who straight retreated to evade the wound, 275
 But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
 This § Psylas saw, and to the victor said,
 Thou shalt not long survive th' unwieldy dead,
 Thy fate shall follow; to confirm it, swore,
 By th' image of Priapus, which he bore: 280
 And rais'd an eagle-stone, invoking loud
 On Cynthia, leaning o'er a silver cloud:

Great queen of night, and empress of the seas,
 If, faithful to thy midnight mysteries,

* Dr. Goodall against Dr. Tyson.

† Dr. Birch.

‡ Dr. Gill against Dr. Ridley.

§ Dr. Chamberlain.

If,

If, still observant of my early vows, 285
 These hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throws,
 Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
 So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light.
 He said, and let the ponderous fragment fly
 At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by. 290

Though the haranguing God survey'd the war,
 That day the Muses' sons were not his care;
 Two friends, adepts, the Trismegists by name,
 Alike their features, and alike their flame;
 As simpling near fair Tweed each sung by turn, 295
 The listening river would neglect his urn.
 Those lives they fail'd to rescue by their skill,
 Their Muse could make immortal with her quill;
 But learn'd enquiries after Nature's state
 Dissolv'd the league, and kindled a debate. 300
 The one, for lofty labours fruitful known,
 Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
 At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,
 That from his birth had slept unseen till now;
 Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd Bard retir'd, 305
 Sunk down, and in a simile expir'd.

And now the cohorts shake, the legions ply,
 The yielding flanks confess the victory.
 Stentor, undaunted still, with noble rage
 Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage. 310
 Fierce was the onset, the dispute was great,
 Both could not vanquish, neither would retreat;
 Each combatant his adversary mauls,
 With batter'd bed-pans, and stav'd urinals.

On Stentor's crest the useful crystal breaks, 315
 And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks :
 But whilst the champion, as late rumours tell,
 Design'd a sure decisive stroke, he fell :
 And as the victor hovering over him stood,
 With arms extended, thus the suppliant sued : 320

When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die ;
 Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.
 But, to the lost if pity might be shown,
 Reflect on young Querpoïdes thy son ;
 Then pity mine, for such an infant grace 325
 Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
 If he was near, compassion he'd create,
 Or else lament his wretched parent's fate.
 Thine is the glory, and the field is thine ;
 To thee the lov'd Dispensary I resign. 330

At this the victors own such extasies,
 As Memphian priests if their Osiris sneeze :
 Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd ;
 Or simpering prudes with sprightly Nantz inspir'd ;
 Or Sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown, 335
 Or fasting zealots when the sermon's done.

Awhile the chief the deadly stroke declin'd,
 And found compassion pleading in his mind.
 But whilst he view'd with pity the distress'd,
 He spy'd * Signetur writ upon his breast. 340
 Then tow'rd the skies he toss'd his threatening head,
 And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, said :

* Those members of the college that observe a late
 statute, are called by the apothecaries "*Signetur* men."

Sooner

Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge desist,
 His Holiness shall turn a Quietist;
 Jansenius and the Jesuits agree, 345
 The inquisition wink at heresy.
 Warm convocations own the church secure,
 And more consult her doctrine than her power.

With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
 To puncture the still supplicating sage. 350
 But, while his thoughts that fatal stroke decree,
 Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.

The Chief great Pæan's golden tresses knew,
 He own'd the God, and his rais'd arm withdrew.

Thus often at the Temple-stairs we've seen 355
 Two Tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
 Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
 With knuckles bruised, and face besmear'd in blood;
 But, at the first appearance of a fare,
 Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair. 360

The Hero so his enterprize recalls,
 His fist unclincheth, and the weapon falls.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 342.

Faith stand unmov'd through Stillingfleet's defence;
 And Locke for mystery abandon sense.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the shrill clangor of the battle rings,
 Auspicious Health appeared on Zephyr's wings;
 She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,
 More soft than air, more gay than morning-light.
 A charm she takes from each excelling fair, 5
 And borrow's Carlisle's shape, and Grafton's air.
 Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams dispense,
 With Churchill's bloom, and Berkeley's innocence;
 On Iris thus the differing beams bestow
 The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow; 10
 From the fair nymph a vocal music falls,
 As to Machaon thus the goddess calls:

Enough th' atchievement of your arms you've shown,
 You seek a triumph you should blush to own.

Haste to th' Elysian fields, those bless'd abodes, 15
 Where Harvey sits among the demi-gods.
 Consult that sacred sage, he'll soon disclose
 The method that must mollify these woes.

Let

Let Celfus * for that enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the shades shall be my care. 20

Aghast the heroes stood dissolved in fear,
A form so heavenly bright they could not bear;
Celfus, alone unmov'd, the sight beheld,
The rest in pale confusion left the field.

So when the pygmies, marshal'd on the plains, 25
Wage puny war against th' invading cranes;
The puppets to their bodkin spears repair,
And scatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
But, when the bold imperial-bird of Jove
Stoops on his sounding pinions from above, 30
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian squadron seeks the clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below;
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough. 35
Thrice did the goddess with her sacred wand
The pavement strike; and straight at her command
The willing surface opens, and descends
A deep descent that leads to nether skies.

Hygeia to the silent region tends; 40
And with his heavenly guide the charge descends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inspir'd.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie, 45
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.

* Dr. Bateman.

Hence

Hence Pancies trick themselves in various hue,
 And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
 Hence the Carnation and the bashful Rose
 Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose;
 Hence the chaste Lily rises to the light,
 Unveils her snowy breasts, and charms the sight;
 Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
 T' oblige complaining lovers with their shade;
 And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
 Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Nassau.

The insects here their lingering trance survive:
 Benumb'd they seem'd, and doubtful if alive.
 From winter's fury hither they repair,
 And stay for milder skies and softer air.
 Down to these cells obscurer reptiles creep,
 Where hateful Nutes and painted Lizards sleep.
 Where shivering snakes the summer solstice wait;
 Unfurl their painted folds, and slide in state.
 Here their new form the numb'd Erucae hide
 Their numerous feet, in slender bandage ty'd:
 Soon as the kindling ear begins to rise,
 This upstart race their native clod despise,
 And proud of painted wings attempt the skies.

Now those profounder regions they explore,
 Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore.
 Here, sullen to the sight, at large is spread
 The dull unweildy mass of lumpish lead.
 There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are seen
 The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin.

The

30 GARTH'S POEMS.

The copper sparkles next in ruddy streaks ;
 And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
 The silver then, with bright and burnish'd grace,
 Youth and a blooming lustre in its face, 80
 To th' arms of those more yielding metals flies,
 And in the folds of their embraces lies.
 So close they cling, so stubbornly retire ;
 Their love's more violent than the chemist's fire.

Near these the Delegate with wonder spies 85
 Where floods of living silver serpentine ;
 Where richest metals their bright looks put on,
 And golden streams through amber channels run ;
 Where light's gay god descends, to ripen gems,
 And lend a lustre brighter than his beams. 90

Here he observes the subterranean cells,
 Where wanton nature sports in idle shells.
 Some helicoids, some conical appear :
 These, mitres emulate, those turbans are.
 Here marcasites in various figure wait, 95
 To ripen to a true metallic state :
 Till drops that from impending rocks descend
 Their substance petrify, and progress end.
 Nigh, livid seas of kindled sulphur flow,
 And, whilst enrag'd, their fiery surges glow, 100
 Convulsions in the labouring mountains rise,
 And hurl their melted vitals to the skies.

He views with horror next the noisy cave,
 Where with hoarse dins imprison'd tempests rave ;
 Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight, 105
 Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.

The

THE DISPENSARY. CANTO VI. 81

The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celsus fear'd.
Andromeda so, whilst her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot. 110

And now the goddess with her charge descends,
Where scarce one chearful glimpse their steps befriends.
Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps;
And, undisturb'd by form, in silence sleeps;
A grisly wight, and hideous to the eye, 115
An aukward lump of shapeless anarchy.
With sordid age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waste.
To these dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton safe in silence sleeps, 120
Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, soon as born, like other monsters, die.
Upon a couch of jet, in these abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy consort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ; 125
But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.

Nigh this recess, with terror, they survey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic sway.
In the close covert of a cypress grove,
Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove, 130
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the Monarch's triumphs are descry'd;
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie;
Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow; 135
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;

Restless Anxiety, forlorn Despair,
 And all the faded family of Care;
 Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and distress,
 Make up the frightful horror of the place. 140

Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
 Which execute the harsh decrees of Fate.
 Febris is first: the hag relentless hears
 The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears.
 In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign; 145
 And restless ferments revel in each vein.

Then Hydrops next appears amongst the throng;
 Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along.
 But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,
 And pines for thirst amidst her watery store. 150

Now loathsome Lepra, that offensive spright,
 With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight;
 Still deaf to Beauty's soft persuading power;
 Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.

Whilst meagre Pthisis gives a silent blow, 155
 Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow:
 No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults, are shown;
 She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
 Behind flood crowds of much inferior name,
 Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name; 160
 The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
 Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.

Now Celsus, with his glorious guide, invades
 The silent region of the fleeting shades;
 Where rocks and rueful deserts are descri'd, 165
 And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;

Then shews the ferry-man the plant he bore,
 And claims his passage to the further shore.
 To whom the Stygian pilot, smiling, said,
 You need no passport to demand our aid. 170

Physicians never linger on this strand:
 Old Charon's present still at their command.
 Our awful monarch and his consort owe
 To them the peopling of their realms below.
 Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar, 175
 Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from shore.

Now, as the goddess and her charge prepare
 To breathe the sweets of soft Elysian air,
 Upon the left they spy a pensive shade,
 Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head: 180
 Pale grief sate heavy on his mournful look;
 To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke:

Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why sighs
 Burst from your breast, and torrents from your eyes:
 And who those mangled Manes are, which show 185
 A sullen satisfaction at your woe?

Since, said the ghost, with pity you'll attend,
 Know, I'm Guaium*, once your firmest friend;
 And on this barren beach in discontent
 Am doom'd to stay, 'till th' angry powers relent. 190
 Those spectres, seam'd with scars, that threaten there,
 The victims of my late ill-conduct are.
 They vex with endless clamours my repose:
 This wants his palate; that demands his nose:

* Dr. Morton.

And here they execute stern Pluto's will,

193

And ply me every moment with a pill.

Then Celsus thus: O much-lamented state!

How rigid is the sentence you relate!

Methinks I recollect your former air,

But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!

Insipid as your late ptisans you lie,

That once were sprightlier far than mercury.

At the sad tale you tell, the poppies weep,

And mourn their vegetable souls asleep;

The unctuous larix, and the healing pine,

205

Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.

But still the offspring of your brain shall prove

The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove:

When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works shall rise

In rockets, till they reach the wondering skies.

210

If mortals e'er the Stygian powers could bend,

Intreaties to their awful seats I'd send.

But, since no human arts the Fates dissuade,

Direct me how to find blest'd Harvey's shade.

In vain th' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay;

215

Then, rising from the ground, he shew'd the way.

Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,

That with a dreadful frown survey'd the flood.

Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;

No frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone.

220

To gain the summit the bright goddess try'd;

And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.

Th' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tower on high,

And taste th' indulgence of a milder sky.

Loose

THE DISPENSARY. CANTO VI.

85

Loose breezes on their airy pinions play, 225 }
Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay, }
And roses blush their fragrant lives away. }

Cool streams through flowery meadows gently glide ;
And, as they pass, their painted banks they chide.

These blissful plains no blights nor mildews fear, 230
The flowers ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles here.

The morn awakes the tulip from her bed ;
Ere noon in painted pride she decks her head,
Rob'd in rich dye she triumphs on the green,
And every flower does homage to their queen. 235

So, when bright Venus rises from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd ;
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,
And every grace unsung, the waves conceal.

The Delegate observes, with wondering eyes, 240
Ambrosial dews descend, and incense rise ;

Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
The silent mansion of disastrous love.
Here Jealousy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears. 245

The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.
No winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears ;
Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears.

Their wounded bark records some broken vow, 250
And willow-garlands hang on every bough.

Olivia here in solitude he found,
Her down-cast eyes fix'd on the silent ground :

Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
She seem'd the dying image of despair. 253

How lately did this celebrated *thing*
Blaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring;
Till the green-sickness and love's force betray'd,
To Death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid!

All o'er confus'd the guilty lover stood, 260
The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror shiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he spoke:

Tell me, dear shade, from whence such anxious care,
Your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare? 265
Why thus you languish like a drooping flower,
Crush'd by the weight of some relentless shower?
Your languid looks, your late ill-conduct tell;
Oh that, instead of trash, you 'd taken steel!

Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conscious maid
Thus to her late insulting lover said:

'When ladies listen not to loose desire,
You stile our modesty, our want of fire.
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You still find reasons to believe we love; 275

Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peevish things we say.
Few are the fair-ones of Rufilla's make,
Unask'd she grants, uninjur'd she 'll forsake:

But several Cælia's, several ages boast, 280
That like, where reason recommends the most.
Where heavenly truth and tenderness conspire,
Chaste passion may persuade us to desire.

Your

TITE DISPENSARY. CANTO VI. 27

Your sex, he cry'd, as custom bids, behaves;
 In forms the tyrant ties such haughty slaves. 285
 To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
 Impulses are but weak, where reason's strong.
 Some want the courage; but how few the sense!
 They like the thing, that startle at the name;
 The lonely Phoenix, though profess'd a nun, 290
 Warms into love, and kindles at the sun;
 Those tales of spicy urns and fragrant fires
 Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires.

Then, as he strove to clasp the fleeting fair,
 His empty arms confess'd th' impassive air. 295
 From his embrace th' unbody'd spectre flies,
 And, as she mov'd, she chid him with her eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful plain,
 Where the glad manes of the blest'd remain:
 Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow 300
 Immortal youth on heroes' shades below.
 Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
 The venerable sage her presence knew:
 Thus he —

Hail, blooming goddess! thou propitious power, 305
 Whose blessings mortals more than life implore!
 With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
 That cottages are courts where those appear.
 Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
 Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown. 310

With just resentments and contempt you see
 The soul dissensions of the Faculty;

How your sad sickening art now hangs her head,
 And, once a science, is become a trade.
 Her sons ne'er rifle her mysterious store, 315
 But study nature less, and lucre more.
 Not so when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
 A temple, where devoted incense blaz'd.
 Oft' father Tiber views the lofty fire,
 As the learn'd son is worship'd like the fire; 320
 The sage with Romulus like honours claim;
 The gift of life and laws were then the same.

I shew'd of old, how vital currents glide,
 And the meanders of the reflux tide.
 Then, Willis, why spontaneous actions here, 325
 And whence involuntary motions there:
 And how the spirits, by mechanic laws,
 In wild careers tumultuous riots cause.
 Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Gliffon, lie
 In the abyss of blind obscurity. 330
 But now such wondrous searches are forborn,
 And Pæan's art is by divisions torn.
 Then let your Charge attend, and I'll explain
 How her lost health your science may regain.

Haste, and the matchless Atticus address, 335
 From Heaven and great Nassau he has the mace.
 'Th' oppress'd to his asylum still repair;
 Arts he supports, and learning is his care.
 He softens the harsh rigour of the laws,
 Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws;
 And graciously he casts a pitying eye
 On the sad state of virtuous poverty.

When-

Whene'er he speaks, Heaven! how the listening throng
Dwells on the melting music of his tongue!

His arguments are emblems of his mien, 345

Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though serene;

And, when the power of eloquence he'd try,

Here lightning strikes you; there soft breezes sigh.

To him you must your sickly state refer,

Your charter claims him as your visiter, 350

Your wounds he'll close, and sovereignly restore

Your science to the height it had before.

Then Nassau's health shall be your glorious aim;

His life should be as lasting as his fame.

Some princes' claims from devastations spring; 355

He condescends in pity to be king:

And, when amidst his olives plac'd he stands,

And governs more by candour than commands;

Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,

Than when his laurel-diadem he wears. 360

Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inspire

Their sacred vehemence of poetic fire;

To celebrate in song that god-like power,

Which did the labouring universe restore:

Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the strain, 365

And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain

The earth's repose, and empire o'er the main. }

Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,

To make his blessings endless as they're great:

Whilst malice and ingratitude confess 370

They've strove for ruin long without success.

When

When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile shall rise
 To bear the victor to the boundless skies,
 Awhile the god puts off paternal care,
 Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a star. 375
 Near thee, Alcides, shall the hero shine;
 His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.

Had some fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
 Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
 But thus preserv'd the Latian liberties, 380
 Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies:
 Loud Io's the proud capitol had shook,
 And all the statues of the gods had spoke.

No more the Sage his raptures could pursue:
 He paus'd; and Celsus with his Guide withdrew. 385

CLARE.

CLAREMONT.

Addressed to the Right Honourable the Earl of
CLARE, afterwards Duke of NEWCASTLE.

“ —Dryadum sylvas, saltusque sequamur
“ Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia jussa.” VIRG.

P R E F A C E.

THEY that have seen those two excellent poems of Cooper's-hill and Windsor-forest; the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written upon giving the name of Claremont to a villa, now belonging to the earl of Cläre. The situation is so agreeable and surprizing, that it inclines one to think some place of this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of Narcissus and Echo. It is probable he had observed some spring arising amongst woods and rocks, where echos were heard; and some flower bending over the stream, and by consequence reflected from it. After reading the story in the third book of the Metamorphosis,

phosis, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had dispossessed her,

“ — vox tantum atque ossa supersunt,”

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare say the gentleman who is meant, would have been well pleased to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can say the same of: experience shews us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother should succeed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconsiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their priests, may consult Pliny, Ovid, and the other classic authors that have mentioned them.

C L A R E M O N T.

WHAT frenzy has of late possess'd the brain!
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.

So rank our soil, our bards rise in such store,

Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more,

The last indulge the fault the first commit;

5

And take off still the offal of their wit.

So shameless, so abandon'd, are their ways;

They poach Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.

None

None ever can without admirers live,
 Who have a pension or a place to give. 10
 Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts;
 The herald gives them blood; the poet, parts.
 Sense is of course annex'd to wealth and power;
 No Muse is proof against a golden shower.
 Let but his lordship write some poor lampoon, 15
 He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own:
 Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
 False Fame cries—Athens; honest Truth—Moorfields.
 Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods of ink;
 Flags with full-sail; and rises but to sink. 20

Some venal pens so prostitute the bays,
 Their panegyrics lash; their satires praise.
 So nauseously, and so unlike, they paint,
 N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a saint.
 Metius with those fam'd heroes is compar'd, 25
 That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
 But such a shameless Muse must laughter move,
 That aims to make Salmonius vie with Jove.

To form great works, puts Fate itself to pain;
 Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty man, 30
 And, to perpetuate her Hero's fame,
 She strains no less a Poet next to frame.
 Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's rage;
 Churchills and Drydens rise but once an age.
 With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun; 35
 And an eclipse produc'd Alcmena's son.
 The fire of Gods o'er Phœbus cast a shade;
 But, with a hero, well the world repaid.

No

No bard for bribes should prostitute his vein;
 Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign. 40
 To grant big Thrafo valour, Phormio sense,
 Should indignation give, at least offence.

I hate such mercenaries, and would try
 From this reproach to rescue poetry.
 Apollo's sons should scorn the servile art, 45
 And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part.

What then—You'll say, Must no true sterling pass,
 Because impure allays some coin debase?
 Yes, praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow;
 And, when I meet with merit, scribble too. 50
 The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
 Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend;
 Forgiving others, to himself severe;
 Though earnest, easy; civil, yet sincere;
 Who seldom but through great good-nature errs; 55
 Detesting fraud as much as flatterers;
 'Tis he my Muse's homage should receive;
 If I could write, or Holles could forgive.

But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
 A name so lov'd by me, so lately thine. 60
 When Pelham you resign'd, what could repair
 A loss so great, unless Newcastle's heir?
 Hydaspes, that the Asian plains divides,
 From his bright urn in purest crystal glides;
 But, when new-gathering streams enlarge his course, 65
 He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
 In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
 And wealth on nations, as he runs, bestows.

Direct

Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler Muse,
 That for her theme thy late recess may choose;
 Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress,
 Such vary'd scenes, such pleasing images,
 That swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs their
 bowers,

And quit Arcadia for a seat like yours.

But say, who shall attempt th' adventurous part
 Where Nature borrows dress from Vanbrugh's art?
 If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
 Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
 And rocks are animated with his fire.

'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills,
 Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills;
 Close groves, and opening glades with verdure spread,
 Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed;
 With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
 And all the bright Horizon smiling round.
 Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient Fame
 Records from whence the Villa took its name.

In times of old, when British nymphs were known
 To love no foreign fashions like their own;
 When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
 And quality put on no paint but woad;
 Of Spanish red unheard was then the name
 (For cheeks were only taught to blush by shame);
 No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
 Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves;
 Not yet lead-comb was on the toilet plac'd;
 Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste;

No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade
 To mend the work wise Providence had made;
 Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom, 100
 And thrifty silkworms spun for times to come;
 Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
 All like Diana were below the knee.

The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
 Surly in show, unfashion'd in address; 105
 Upright in actions, and in thought sincere;
 And strictly were the same they would appear.
 Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
 For villains had no titles but their own.
 None travel'd to return politely mad; 110
 But still what fancy wanted, reason had,
 Whatever Nature ask'd, their hands could give;
 Unlearn'd in feasts, they only eat to live.
 No cook with art increas'd physicians' fees:
 Nor serv'd up Death in soups and fricasees: 115
 Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
 For looks were then the language of the mind.

Ere right and wrong, by turns, set prices bore;
 And conscience had its rate like common whore;
 Or tools to great employments had pretence; 120
 Or merit was made out by impudence;
 Or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs;
 And humble friends grew haughty ministers;
 In those good days of innocence, here stood
 Of oaks, with heads unshorn, a solemn wood, 125
 Frequented by the Druids, to bestow
 Religious honours on the Mistletoe.

The

The naturalists are puzzled to explain,
 How trees did first this stranger entertain;
 Whether the busy birds ingraft it there; 130
 Or else some deity's mysterious care,
 As Druids thought; for, when the blasted oak
 By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke.
 So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
 And flames drove forward with outrageous waite, 135
 Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd stood:
 So sacred was the mansion of a God.

Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose,
 Here, for the bleeding victims, altars rose.
 To Hermes oft' they paid their sacrifice; 140
 Parent of arts, and patron of the wise.
 Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd;
 Their lives confirming what their lectures said.
 None violated truth, invaded right;
 Yet had few laws, but will and appetite. 145
 The people's peace they studied, and profess'd
 No politicks but public interest.
 Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
 For all their luxury was doing good.

No mitre'd priest did then with princes vie, 150
 Nor o'er his master claim supremacy;
 Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
 For being several centuries obscure.
 None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
 For not believing what none understood. 155
 Nor simony, nor sine-cure, were known;
 Nor would the Bee work honey for the Drone.

Nor was the way invented, to dismiss
Frail Abigails with fat Pluralities.

But then, in fillers bound, a hallow'd band 160
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;
Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the seasons travel'd with the sun;
When his dim orb seem'd wading through the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near; 165
And that the winds their bellowing throats would try,
When reddening clouds reflect his blood-shot eye:
All their remarks on Nature's laws require
More lines than would even Alpin's readers tire.

This sect in sacred veneration held 170
Opinions, by the Samian Sage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from these tenements to those;
For when the plastic particles are gone,
They rally in some species like their own; 175
The self-same atoms, if new-jumbled, will
In seas be restless, and in earth be still;
Can, in the truffle, furnish out a feast,
And nauseate, in the scaly squill, the taste.
Those falling leaves that wither with the year, 180
Will, in the next, on other stems appear.
The sap, that now forsakes the bursting bud,
In some new shoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jasmine blows,
Will, when the season offers, scent the rose. 185
And those bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a snow.

They

They hold that matter must be still the same,
 And varies but in figure and in name ;
 And that the soul not dies, but shifts her seat, 190
 New rounds of life to run, or past repeat.
 Thus, when the brave and virtuous cease to live,
 In beings brave and virtuous they revive.

Again shall Romulus in Nassau reign ;
 Great Numa, in a Brunswick prince, ordain 195
 Good laws ; and Halcyon years shall hush the world
 again. }

The truths of old traditions were their theme ;
 Or Gods descending in a morning dream.
 Past'd acts they cited ; and to come, foretold ;
 And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold : 200
 Beneath the shady covert of an oak,
 In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they spoke.
 Attend then, Clare ; nor is the legend long ;
 The story of thy villa is their song.

The fair Montano, of the sylvan race, 205
 Was with each beauty blest'd, and every grace.
 His sire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood ;
 His mother, a swift Naiad of the flood.
 Her silver urn supply'd the neighbouring streams,
 A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames. 210

Not lovelier seem'd Narcissus to the eye ;
 Nor, when a flower, could boast more fragrantcy :
 His skin might with the down of swans compare,
 More smooth than pearl ; than mountain-snow more fair :
 In shape so poplars or the cedars please ; 215
 But those are not so straight, nor graceful these :

His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung:
 Tuneful his voice, persuasive was his tongue;
 The haughtiest fair scarce heard without a wound,
 But sunk to softness at the melting sound. 220

The fourth bright lustre had but just begun
 To shade his blushing cheeks with doubtful down.
 All day he rang'd the woods, and spread the toils,
 And knew no pleasures but in sylvan spoils.
 In vain the nymphs put on each pleasing grace: 225
 Too cheap the quarry seem'd, too short the chase:
 For, though possession be th' undoubted view,
 To seize is far less pleasure than pursue.
 Those nymphs, that yield too soon, their charms impair,
 And prove at last but despicably fair. 230
 His own undoing glutton Love decrees;
 And palls the appetite, he meant to please:
 His slender wants too largely he supplies;
 Thrives on short meals, but by indulgence dies.

A grot there was, with hoary moss o'ergrown, 235
 Rough with rude shells, and arch'd with mouldering stone;
 Sad silence reigns within the lonesome wall;
 And weeping rills but whisper as they fall;
 The clasping ivies up the ruin creep,
 And there the bat and drowsy beetle sleep. 240

This cell sad Echo chose, by love betray'd,
 A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
 Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the Sylvan flies,
 To shun the calenture of sultry skies;
 But feels a fiercer flame: Love's keenest dart 245
 Finds through his eyes a passage to his heart.

Penfive the virgin fate with folded arms,
 Her tears but lending lustre to her charms.
 With pity he beholds her wounding woes ;
 But wants himself the pity he bestows. 250

Oh whether of a mortal born, he cries ;
 Or some fair daughter of the distant skies ;
 That, in compassion, leave your crystal sphere,
 To guard some favour'd charge, and wander here :
 Slight not my suit, nor too ungente prove ; 255
 But pity one, a novice yet in love.
 If words avail not ; see my suppliant tears ;
 Nor disregard those dumb petitioners.

From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
 Asserting all the empire of her eyes. 260

Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
 Nor seeks from sleep, or sustenance, relief.
 The lamp of life now casts a glimmering light ;
 The meeting lids his setting eyes benight.
 What force remains, the hapless lover tries ; 265
 Invoking thus his kindred deities :

Haste, parents of the flood, your race to mourn ;
 With tears replenish each exhausted urn ;
 Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
 Fall a just victim to an injur'd shade. 270
 More he endeavour'd ; but the accents hung
 Half form'd, and stopp'd unfinished on his tongue.

For him the Graces their sad vigils keep ;
 Love broke his bow, and wish'd for eyes to weep.
 What Gods can do, the mournful Faunus tries ; 275
 A mount erecting where the Sylvan lies.

The rural powers the wondrous pile survey,
 And piously their different honours pay.
 Th' ascent with verdant herbage Pales spread;
 And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their shade.
 Her stream a Naiad from the basis pours;
 And Flora strows the summit with her flowers.
 Alone Mount Latmos claims preeminence,
 When silver Cynthia lights the world from thence.

Sad Echo now laments her rigour, more
 Than for Narcissus her loose flame before.
 Her flesh to sinew shrinks, her charms are fled;
 All day in rifted rocks she hides her head.

Soon as the evening shews a sky serene,
 Abroad she strays, but never to be seen.

And ever, as the weeping Naiads name
 Her cruelty, the Nymph repeats the same;
 With them she joins, her lover to deplore,
 And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.

Her sex's privilege she yet retains;
 And, though to nothing wasted, voice remains.

So sung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
 Thus utter what the Delphick God inspir'd:

Ere twice ten centuries shall fleet away,
 A Brunswick prince shall Britain's sceptre sway.
 No more fair Liberty shall mourn her chains;
 The Maid is rescued, her lov'd Perseus reigns.
 From Jove he comes, the captive to restore;
 Nor can the thunder of his Sire do more.
 Religion shall dread nothing but disguise;
 And Justice need no bandage for her eyes.

Britannia smiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
 Her safety to secure, two powers accord,
 Her Neptune's trident, and her Monarch's sword.
 Like him, shall his Augustus shine in arms,
 Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
 Ages with future heroes she shall bless;
 And Venus once more found an Alban race.

}

310

Then shall a Clare in honour's cause engage:
 Example must reclaim a graceless age. 315
 Where guides themselves for guilty views mis-lead;
 And laws even by the legislators bleed;
 His brave contempt of state shall teach the proud,
 None but the virtuous are of noble blood:
 For Tyrants are but Princes in disguise, 320
 Though sprung by long descents from Ptolemies.
 Right he shall vindicate, good laws defend;
 The firmest patriot, and the warmest friend.
 Great Edward's order early he shall wear;
 New light restoring to the sully'd star. 325
 Oft' will his leisure this retirement chuse,
 Still finding future subjects for the Muse;
 And, to record the Sylvan's fatal flame,
 The place shall live in song, and Claremont be the name.

TO THE LADY LOUISA LENOX:
WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

IN moving lines these few Epistles tell
What fate attends the Nymph that likes too well :
How faintly the successful lovers burn ;
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The Fair you'll find, when soft intreaties fail,
Assert their uncontested right, and rail.
Too soon they listen, and resent too late ;
'Tis sure they love, whene'er they strive to hate.
Their sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves ;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding slaves.

In differing breasts what differing passions glow !
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.
The fire we boast, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns :
But yours, like incense, mounts by soft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame consumes to please.

Your sex, in all that can engage, excel ;
And ours in patience, and persuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees :
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Though form'd to conquer, yet too oft' you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.

But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.

Though

TO LADY LOUISA LENOS.

105

Though infant graces sooth your gentle hours,
More soft than sighs, more sweet than breathing flowers;
Let rash admirers your keen lightning fear;
'Tis bright at distance, but destroys if near.

The time ere long, if verse presage, will come,
Your charms shall open in full Brudenell bloom.
All eyes shall gaze, all hearts shall homage vow,
And not a lover languish but for you.
The Muse shall string her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright Nymph shall sicken at the sound.

So, when Aurora first salutes the sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But, when with ripper red she warms the skies,
In circling throngs the wing'd Musicians rise:
And the gay groves rejoice in symphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted Beauty shines;
And every star its fading fire resigns.

TO RICHARD EARE OF BURLINGTON,
WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

MY LORD,

OUR Poet's rules, in easy numbers, tell,
He felt the passion he describes so well.
In that soft art successfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæsar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love, than tyrants malice, flow;
Jove's thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's bow.

Ovid

Ovid both felt the pain, and found the ease :
 Physicians study most their own disease.
 The practice of that age in this we try,
 Ladies would listen then, and lovers lye.
 Who flatter'd most the fair were most polite,
 Each thought her own admirer in the right :
 To be but faintly rude was criminal,
 But to be boldly so, aton'd for all.
 Breeding was banish'd for the fair-one's sake,
 The sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours should take.

Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring;
 The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming spring.
 Though you possess all Nature's gifts, take care;
 Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her snare.

On all that Goddesses her false smiles bestows;
 As on the seas she reigns, from whence she rose.
 Young Zephyrs sigh with fragrant breath, soft gales
 Guide her gay barge, and swell the silken sails :
 Each silver wave in beauteous order moves,
 Fair as her bosom, gentle as her doves ;
 But he that once embarks, too surely finds
 A sullen sky, black storms, and angry winds ;
 Cares, fears, and anguish, hovering on the coast,
 And wrecks of wretches by their folly lost.

When coming Time shall bless you with a bride,
 Let passion not persuade, but reason guide ;
 Instead of gold, let gentle Truth endear ;
 She has most charms who is the most sincere.
 Shun vain variety, 'tis but disease ;
 Weak appetites are ever hard to please.

The

TO RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON. 107

The nymph must fear to be inquisitive ;
'Tis for the sex's quiet, to believe.
Her air an easy confidence must show,
And shun to find what she would dread to know ;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

To the Dutches of BOLTON, on her staying all
the Winter in the Country.

CEASE rural conquests, and set free your swains,
To Dryads leave the groves, to Nymphs the plains.
In pensive dales alone let Echo dwell,
And each sad sigh she hears with sorrow tell.
Haste, let your eyes at Kent's pavilion * shine,
It wants but stars, and then the work's divine.
Of late, Fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive generals, and protected crowns :
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, states vanquish'd, provinces o'er-run,
And all Alcides' labour summ'd in one. }

The brave must to the fair now yield the prize,
And English arms submit to English eyes :
In which bright list among the first you stand ;
Though each a Goddess, or a Sunderland.

* A Gallery at St. James's.

TO

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,
ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

GO, mighty prince, and those great nations see,
Which thy victorious arms before made free ;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd
Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd,
Point out that marble where thy worth is shown,
To every grateful country but thy own.
O censure undeserv'd ! unequal fate !
Which strove to lessen him who made her great :
Which, pamper'd with success and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault's in the beholder's eye ;
Yet he, untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domestic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry Envy shakes,
And only fears for Her whom he forsakes :
He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,
Blushing to see our blood no better lost ;
Didstains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in absence most Britannia's friend.
So the great Scipio of old, to shun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cause requir'd,
To shine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

TO THE
EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And where the sword destroys not, famine kills;
Our isle enjoys, by your successful care,
The pomp of peace, amidst the woes of war.
So much the publick to your prudence owes,
You think no labours long for our repose:
Such conduct, such integrity are shown,
There are no coffers empty, but your own.

From mean dependance, merit you retrieve,
Unask'd you offer, and unseen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increase bestows,
And yet conceals the source from whence it flows.
No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve:
A people at their ease is what you love:
To lessen taxes, and a nation save,
Are all the grants your services would have,
Thus far the state-machine wants no repair,
But moves in matchless order by your care;
Free from confusion, settled and serene;
And, like the universe, by springs unseen.

But now some star, sinister to our prayers,
Contrives new schemes, and calls you from affairs:
No anguish in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to steer.
Thus, like a victim, no constraint you need,
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.

Ingra-

Ingratitude 's a weed of every clime,
 It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
 The god of day, and your own lot 's the same;
 The vapours you have rais'd, obscure your flame:
 But though you suffer, and awhile retreat,
 Your globe of light looks larger as you set.

ON
 HER MAJESTY'S STATUE,
 IN
 ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
 Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name;
 With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
 An awful form that glads a nation's eyes:
 Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
 And with due reverence pay their homage there.
 Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
 And even wild India wears a smiling face.

But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,
 The sad attendant of so good a Queen:
 Ungrateful country! to forget so soon,
 All that great Anna for thy sake has done:
 When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
 Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws;
 For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword,
 For thee she broke her General — and her word:

For

ON HER MAJESTY'S STATUE.

111

For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
And learn'd to speak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what could she more?
She lost the honour she had gain'd before;
Lost all the trophies, which her arms had won
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son);
Resign'd the glories of a ten years' reign,
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.
For thee in annals she 's content to shine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

ON THE

NEW CONSPIRACY. 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—how high
Will your fond folly and your madness fly?
Are scenes of death, and servile chains so dear,
To sue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curst,
To court a change — though certain of the worst?

There is no climate which you have not sought,
Where tools of war, and vagrant kings, are bought;
O! noble passion, to your country kind,
To crown her with — the refuse of mankind.
As if the new Rome, which your schemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her asylum openly provides
For every ruffian every nation hides.

Will

Will you still tempt the great avenger's blow,
 And force the bolt — which he is leath to throw?
 Have there too few already bit the plains,
 To make you seek new Prestons and Dumblains?
 If vengeance loses its effects so fast,
 Yet those of mercy sure — should longer last.

Say, is it rashness or despair provokes
 Your harden'd hearts to these repeated strokes?
 Reply: — Behold, their looks, their souls declare,
 All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep despair.

Hear then, you sons of blood, your destin'd fate,
 Hear, ere you sin too soon — repent too late.
 Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
 And stem the stream of Providence in vain.
 By right, by worth, by wonders, made our own,
 The hand that gave it shall preserve his throne.
 As vain your hopes to distant times remove,
 To try the second, or the third from Jove;
 For 'tis the nature of that sacred line,
 To conquer monsters, and to grow divine.

ON THE
 KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, destructive to the Trojan line,
 Raz'd their proud walls, though built by hands
 divine:

But Love's bright goddess, with propitious grace,
 Preserv'd a hero, and restor'd the race.
 Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
 Fell by Eliza, and by Anna rose.

VERSES

V E R S E S

WRITTEN FOR

THE TOASTING-GLASSES

OF THE

KIT-CAT-CLUB. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every Muse inspire;
 To Carlisle fill the glass, and tune the lyre.
 With his lov'd bays the God of Day shall crown
 A wit and lustre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the Sun and Carlisle took their way,
 To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
 The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
 Their virtues he, their beauties she bestow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

THE bravest hero, and the brightest dame,
 From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
 One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
 The awful thunder, and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Essex fill the sprightly wine;
The health 's engaging and divine.
Let purest odours scent the air,
And wreaths of roses bind our hair:
In her chaste lips these blushing lie,
And those her gentle sighs supply.

LADY HYDE.

THE God of Wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The Queen of Love looks on, and smiles to see
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

HYDE, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thousand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offspring is the chearful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

WHEN Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toasting pass'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bless'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feast.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E,

DESIGNED FOR

T A M E R L A N E.

TO-DAY a mighty hero comes, to warm
 Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm.
 To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
 He fights to save, and conquers to restore.
 He strains no texts, nor makes dragoons persuade;
 He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
 Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
 Their property is his prerogative.
 His sword destroys less than his mercy saves;
 And none, except his passions, are his slaves.
 Such, Britons, is the prince that you possess,
 In council greatest, and in camps no less:
 Brave, but not cruel; wise, without deceit;
 Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
 But you, disdain to be too secure,
 Ask his protection, and yet grudge his power.
 With you a monarch's right is in dispute;
 Who give supplies, are only absolute.
 Britons, for shame! your factious feuds decline;
 Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line:
 Assert lost rights; an Austrian prince alone
 Is born to nod upon a Spanish throne.
 A cause no less could on great Eugene call;
 Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:

He shows you your lost honour to retrieve;
 Our troops will fight, when once the senate give.
 Quit your cabals and factions, and in spite
 Of Whig and Tory in this cause unite.
 One vote will then send Anjou back to France;
 There let the meteor end his airy dance :
 Else to the Mantuan soil he may repair,
 Ev'n abdicated gods were Latium's care,
 At worst, he 'll find some Cornish borough here.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

MUSICK-MEETING IN YORK-BUILDINGS.

WHERE musick and more powerful beauties reign,
 Who can support the pleasure, and the pain?
 Here their soft magick those two Syrens try,
 And if we listen, or but look, we die.
 Why should we then the wondrous tales admire,
 Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre;
 Of walls erected by harmonious skill,
 How mountains mov'd, and rapid streams stood still !
 Behold this scene of beauty, and confess
 The wonder greater, and the fiction less.
 Like human victims here we stand decreed
 To worship those bright altars where we bleed.
 Who braves his fate in fields, must tremble here;
 Triumphant Love more vassals makes than Fear.

No

No faction homage to the fair denies;
The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
That empire's fix'd, that's founded in desire;
Those flames, the vestals guard, can ne'er expire.

P R O L O G U E
T O
THE CORNISH SQUIRE,
A COMEDY.

WHO dares not plot in this good-natur'd age?
Each place is privileg'd except the stage;
There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
Their ears so sanctify'd, no scenes can please,
But heavy hymns, or pensive homilies:
Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
Young rakes must, like old patriarchs, expound;
The painted punk the proselyte must play,
And bawds, like *fille-devotes*, procure and pray.
How nature is inverted! soon you'll see
Senates unanimous, and sects agree,
Jews at extortion rail, and Monks at mystery.
Let characters be represented true,
An airy Sinner makes an awkward Prue,
With force and fitting freedom vice arraign;
Though pulpits flatter, let the stage speak plain.

If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
 Call that the robber, this the parasite.
 Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl;
 Cinna's a statesman; Sydrophel, a tool.
 Our censurers with want of thought dispense,
 But tremble at the hideous sin of sense.
 Who would not such hard fate as ours bemoan,
 Indicted for some wit, and damn'd for none?
 But if, to-day, some scandal should appear,
 Let those precise Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
 Poet, and Papist too, they 'll surely maul,
 There's no indulgences at Hicks's hall.
 Gold only can their pious spite allay,
 They call none criminals that can but pay:
 The heedless shrines with victims they invoke,
 They take the fat, and give the gods the smoke.

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE

QUEEN'S THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

SUCH was our builder's art, that, soon as nam'd,
 This fabrick, like the infant-world, was fram'd.
 The architect must on dull order wait,
 But 'tis the Poet only can create.
 None else, at pleasure, can duration give:
 When marble fails, the Muses' structures live.

The

The Cyprian fane is now no longer seen,
Though sacred to the name of love's fair queen.
Ev'n Athens scarce in pompous ruin stands,
Though finish'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
More sure presages from these walls we find,
By Beauty * founded, and by Wit design'd.

In the good age of ghostly ignorance,
How did cathedrals rise, and zeal advance !
The merry monks said orisons at ease,
Large were their meals, and light their penances ;
Pardons for sins were purchas'd with estates,
And none but rogues in rags dy'd reprobates.
But, now that pious pageantry 's no more,
And stages thrive, as churches did before ;
Your own magnificence you here survey,
Majestic columns stand, where dunghills lay,
And carrs triumphal rise from carts of hay. }
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here.
Descending goddesses adorn our scenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He 'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Though to the sun his towering eagles rise,
They scarce could bear the lustre of these eyes.

* Lady Sunderland.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do !
 Who would not listen when young lovers woo? }
 What ! die a maid, yet have the choice of two !
 Ladies are often cruel to their cost :
 To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
 Vows 'of virginity should well be weigh'd ;
 Too oft' they 're cancel'd, though in convents made.
 Would you revenge such rash resolves — you may
 Be spiteful — and believe the thing we say ; }
 We hate you, when you 're easily said nay.
 How needless, if you knew us, were your fears !
 Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
 Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would choose,
 Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse :
 We give to merit, and to wealth we sell ;
 He sighs with most success that settles well.
 The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix ;
 'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
 Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
 Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you :
 Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
 But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms.
 What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
 To swell in show, and be a wretch in state !

At

EPILOGUE TO CATO. 121

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
 Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now;
 There golden idols all your vows receive;
 She is no goddess who has nought to give.
 Oh may once more the happy age appear,
 When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
 And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
 And constancy feel transport in its chains;
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And beauty fear no enemy but time:
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

NOW Glaucus, with a lover's haste, bounds o'er
The swelling waves, and seeks the Latian shore.
Messena, Rhegium, and the barren coast
Of flaming *Ætna*, to his sight are lost :
At length he gains the Tyrrhene seas, and views
The hills where baneful philtres *Circe* brews ;
Monsters in various forms around her press ;
As thus the God salutes the Sorcerers :
O *Circe*, be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-sick deity relief.
Too well the mighty power of plants I know,
To those my figure and new fate I owe.
Against Messena, on th' *Aufonian* coast,
I *Scylla* view'd, and from that hour was lost.
In tenderest sounds I sued; but still the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitiless to prayer.
If numbers can avail, exert their power;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.

I ask

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. Book XIV. 123

Ask no cure; let but the virgin pine
 With dying pangs, or agonies, like mine.

No longer Circe could her flame disguise,
 But to the suppliant God Marine, replies:

When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view;
 Leave those that fly; but those that like, pursue.

If love can be by kind compliance won;
 See, at your feet, the Daughter of the Sun.

Sooner, said Glaucus, shall the ash remove
 From mountains, and the swelling farges love;
 Or humble sea-weed to the hills repair;
 E'er I think any but my Scylla fair.

Straight Circe reddens with a guilty shame,
 And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
 Fierce liking oft' a spite as fierce creates;
 For love refus'd, without aversion, hates.
 To hurt her hapless rival, she proceeds;
 And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.

Some fascinating beverage now she brews,
 Compos'd of deadly drugs and baneful juice.
 At Rhegium she arrives; the ocean braves,
 And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.
 Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
 Shelter'd from seas, and shaded from the skies:
 This station Scylla chose; a soft retreat
 From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.
 The vengeful Sorceress visits this recess;
 Her charm infuses, and infects the place.
 Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
 Turn into dogs; then at herself she starts.

A ghastly horror in her eyes appears;
 But yet she knows not who it is she fears;
 In vain she offers from herself to run,
 And drags about her what she strives to shun.

Oppress'd with grief the pitying God appears,
 And swells the rising surges with his tears;
 From the distressed Sorcerers he flies;
 Her art reviles, and her address denies:
 Whilst hapless Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
 Destruction to those barks, that beat the seas.

THE

VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS continued.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulysses' fleet;
 But good Æneas 'scap'd the fate he met.
 As to the Latian shore the Trojan flood,
 And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood:
 He weather'd fell Charybdis: but ere-long
 The skies were darken'd, and the tempest strong.
 Then to the Libyan coast he stretches o'er;
 And makes at length the Carthaginian shore.
 Here Dido, with an hospitable care,
 Into her heart receives the wanderer.
 From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies;
 The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
 Then to her folly falls a sacrifice.

Æneas now sets sail, and, plying, gains
 Fair Eryx, where his friend Acestes reigns:

First

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. BOOK XIV. 115

First to his fire does funeral rites decree,
Then gives the signal next, and stands to sea;
Out-runs the islands where volcano's roar;
Gets clear of Syrens, and their faithless shore:
But loses Palinurus in the way;
Then makes Inarime, and Prochyta.

THE
TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS
INTO APES.

The gallies now by Pythecusa pass;
The name is from the natives of the place.
The Father of the Gods, detesting lies,
Oft', with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beasts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd; with grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin:
Merry in make, and busy to no end;
This moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this species of their past retains;
Though lost the language, yet the noise remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

Now, on his right, he leaves Parthenope:
His left, Misenus jutting in the sea:
Arrives at Cuma, and with awe survey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid;

Begs leave through black Avernus to retire;
 And view the much-lov'd manes of his fire.
 Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes;
 And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:

O thou, whose worth thy wondrous works proclaim;
 The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame;
 Though great be thy request, yet shalt thou see
 Th' Elysian fields, th' infernal monarchy;
 Thy parent's shade: this arm thy steps shall guide:
 To suppliant virtue nothing is deny'd.

She spoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
 Which in th' Avernian grove refulgent grew,
 Seize that, she bids: he listens to the maid;
 Then views the mournful mansions of the dead;
 The shade of great Anchises, and the place
 By Fates determin'd to the Trojan race.

As back to upper light the hero came,
 He thus salutes the visionary dame:

O, whether some propitious deity,
 Or lov'd by those bright rulers of the sky!
 With grateful incense I shall stile you one,
 And deem no godhead greater than your own.
 'Twas you restor'd me from the realms of night,
 And gave me to behold the fields of light:
 To feel the breezes of congenial air;
 And nature's blest benevolence to share.

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

I am no deity, reply'd the Dame,
 But mortal; and religious rites disclaim.
 Yet had avoided Death's tyrannic sway,
 Had I consented to the God of Day.
 With promises he sought my love, and said,
 Have all you wish, my fair Cumæan maid.
 I paus'd; then, pointing to a heap of sand,
 For every grain, to live a year, demand.
 But ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,
 Forgot to covenant for youth, and prime.
 The smiling bloom, I boasted once, is gone,
 And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
 Seven centuries have I liv'd; three more fulfil
 The period of the years to finish still.
 Who'll think, that Phœbus, dress'd in youth divine,
 Had once believ'd his lustre less than mine?
 This wither'd frame (so Fates have will'd) shall waste
 To nothing, but prophetic words, at last.

The Sibyl mounting now from nether skies,
 And the fam'd Nian prince, at Cumæ rise.
 He sail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
 Since call'd Cæjæta, from his nurse's name.
 Here did the luckless Mæcæus, a friend
 To wife Ulysses, his long labours end.
 Here, wandering, Achæmenides he meets,
 And sudden thus his late associate greets.
 Whence came you here, O friend, and whither bound?
 All gave you lost on far Cyclopean ground;
 A Greek's at last aboard a Trojan found.

THE
ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides—With thanks I name
 Æneas, and his piety proclaim.
 I 'scap'd the Cyclops through the Hero's aid,
 Else in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
 When first your navy under sail he found,
 He rav'd, till Ætna labour'd with the sound.
 Raging, he stalk'd along the mountain's side,
 And vented clouds of breath at every stride.
 His staff a mountain ash; and in the clouds
 Oft', as he walks, his grisly front he shrouds.
 Eyeless he grop'd about with vengeful haste,
 And jostled promontories, as he pass'd.
 Then heav'd a rock's high summit to the main,
 And bellow'd, like some bursting hurricane:
 Oh! could I seize Ulysses in his flight,
 How unlamented were my loss of sight!
 These jaws should piece-meal tear each panting vein,
 Grind every crackling bone, and pound his brain.
 As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror shook;
 The tide of blood my chilling heart forsook.
 I saw him once disgorge huge morsels, raw,
 Of wretches undigested in his maw.
 From the pale breathless trunks whole limbs he tore,
 His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
 My anxious hours I pass'd in caves; my food
 Was forest fruits, and wildings of the wood.

At

At length a sail I wafted, and aboard
My fortune found an hospitable lord.

Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, since first you put to sea, befel.

T H E

ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

Then Macareus—There reign'd a prince of fame
O'er Tuscan seas, and Æolus his name.
A largess to Ulysses he consign'd,
And in a steer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
Nine days before the swelling gale we ran;
The tenth, to make the meeting land, began:
When now the merry mariners, to find
Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind
Forthwith out-rush'd a gust, which backwards bore
Our gallies to the Læstrigonian shore,
Whose crown Antiphates the tyrant wore. }
Some few commission'd were with speed to treat;
We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
Two friendly flight preserv'd; the third was doom'd,
To be by those curs'd cannibals consum'd.
Inhumanly our hapless friends they treat;
Our men they murder, and destroy our fleet.
In time the wise Ulysses bore away,
And dropp'd his anchor in yon faithless bay.
The thoughts of perils past we still retain,
And fear to land, till lots appoint the men.

Polites true, Elpenor given to wine,
 Euryloclus, myself, the lots assign.
 Design'd for dangers, and resolv'd to dare,
 To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

THE

ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

Before the spacious front, a herd we find
 Of beasts, the fiercest of the savage kind.
 Our trembling steps with blandishments they meet,
 And fawn, unlike their species, at our feet.
 Within upon a sumptuous throne of state,
 On golden columns rais'd, th' Enchantress sate.
 Rich was her robe; and amiable her mien,
 Her aspect awful, and she look'd a queen.
 Her maids not mind the loom, nor household care,
 Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war;
 But cull in canisters disastrous flowers,
 And plants from haunted heaths, and fairy bowers,
 With brazen sickles reap'd at planetary hours.
 Each dose the Goddess weighs with watchful eye;
 So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
 Entering she greets us with a gracious look,
 And airs that future amity bespoke.
 Her ready Nymphs serve up a rich repast;
 The bowl she dashes first, then gives to taste.
 Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
 Her power we prove, and shew the forcery.

Soon,

Soon, in a length of face, our head extends;
 Our chin stiff bristles bears, and forward bends.
 A breadth of brawn new burnishes our neck;
 Anon we grunt, as we begin to speak.
 Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taste,
 Nor to a beast obscene the man debas'd.
 Hither Ulysses hastes (so Fates command)
 And bears the powerful Moly in his hand;
 Unsheaths his scymitar, assaults the dame,
 Preserves his species, and remains the same.
 The nuptial right this outrage straight attends;
 The dower desir'd is his transfigur'd friends.
 The incantation backwards she repeats,
 Inverts her rod, and what she did defeats,
 And now our skin grows smooth, our shape upright;
 Our arms stretch up, our cloven feet unite.
 With tears our weeping general we embrace;
 Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face;
 Twelve silver moons in Circe's court we stay,
 Whilst there they waste th' unwilling hours away.
 'Twas here I spy'd a youth in Parian stone;
 His head a pecker bore; the cause unknown
 To passengers. A Nymph of Circe's train
 The mystery thus attempted to explain.

THE STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

Picus who once th' Ausonian sceptre held,
 Could rein the steed, and fit him for the field:
 So like he was to what you see, that still
 We doubt if real, or the sculptor's skill.
 The Graces in the finish'd piece, you find,
 Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
 Four lustres scarce the royal youth could name,
 Till every love-sick nymph confess'd a flame.
 Oft' for his love the mountain Dryads sued,
 And every silver sister of the flood:
 Those of Numicus, Albula, and those
 Where Almo creeps, and hasty Nar o'erflows:
 Where sedgy Anio glides through smiling meads,
 Where shady Farfar rustles in the reeds:
 And those that love the lakes, and homage owe
 To the chaste Goddess of the silver bow.

In vain each nymph her brightest charms put on,
 His heart no sovereign would obey but one:
 She whom Venilia, on Mount Palatine,
 To Janus bore the fairest of her line.
 Nor did her face alone her charms confess,
 Her voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less.
 Whene'er she sung, so melting were her strains,
 The flocks unfed seem'd listening on the plains;

The

The rivers would stand still, the cedars bend;
 And birds neglect their pinions to attend;
 The savage kind in forest-wilds grow tame;
 And Canens, from her heavenly voice, her name.

Hymen had now in some ill-fated hour
 Their hands united, as their hearts before.
 Whilst their soft moments in delights they waste,
 And each new day was dearer than the past;
 Picus would sometimes o'er the forests rove,
 And mingle sports with intervals of love.
 It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chac'd,
 His jewels sparkling on his Tyrian vest,
 Lascivious Circe well the youth survey'd,
 As simpling on the flowery hills she stray'd.
 Her wishing eyes their silent message tell,
 And from her lap the verdant mischief fell.
 As she attempts at words, his courser springs
 O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a with outwings.

Thou shalt not 'scape me so, pronounc'd the dame;
 If plants have power, and spells be not a name.
 She said—and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
 That sought the covert with dissembled fear.
 Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
 On foot, to chase the visionary prey.

Now she invokes the daughters of the night,
 Does noxious juices smear, and charms recite;
 Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
 Or shade the golden lustre of her fire.
 In filthy fogs she hides the chearful noon;
 The guard at distance, and the youth alone:

By those fair eyes, she cries, and every grace
That finish all the wonders of your face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain;
Nor let the sun's soft lineage sue in vain.

Whoe'er thou art, reply'd the king, forbear,
None can my passion with my Canens share.
She first my every tender with possessest,
And found the soft approaches to my breast.
In nuptials blest, each loose desire we shun,
Nor time can end what innocence begun.

Think not, she cry'd, to saunter out a life
Of form, with that domestic drudge a wife;
My just revenge, dull fool, ere long, shall show
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do:
Think me a woman, and a lover too.
From dear successful spite we hope for ease,
Nor fail to punish, where we fail to please.

Now twice to east she turns, as oft' to west;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft' a charm express.
On the lost youth her magic power she tries;
Aloft he springs, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he seeks, and still
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Larian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.

The winds from drizzling damps now purge the air,
The mists subside, the settling skies are fair:
The court their sovereign seek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their Lord demand.

Quick

Quick she invokes the spirits of the air,
 And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
 To charnels, and th' unhallow'd sepulchre.

Now, strange to tell, the plants sweat drops of blood,
 The trees are toss'd from forests where they flood;
 Blue serpents o'er the tainted herbage slide,
 Pale glaring spectres on the æther ride;
 Dogs howl, earth yawns; rent rocks forsake their beds,
 And from their quarries heave their stubborn heads.
 The sad spectators, stiffen'd with their fears,
 She sees, and sudden every limb she smears;
 Then each of savage beasts the figure bears.

The sun did now to western waves retire,
 In tides to temper his bright world of fire.
 Canens laments her royal husband's stay;
 Ill suits fond love with absence, or delay:
 Where she commands, her ready people run;
 She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
 Restless in mind, and dying with despair,
 Her breasts she beats, and tears her flowing hair.
 Six days and nights she wanders on, as chance
 Directs, without or sleep, or sustenance.
 Tiber at last beholds the weeping fair;
 Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear;
 Stretch'd on his banks, she to the flood complains,
 And faintly tunes her voice to dying strains.
 The sickening swan thus hangs her silver wings,
 And, as she droops, her elegy she sings:
 Ere-long sad Canens wastes to air; whilst Fame
 The place still honours with her hapless name.

Here did the tender tale of Picus cease,
 Above belief the wonder, I confess.
 Again we sail, but more disasters meet,
 Foretold by Circe, to our suffering fleet.
 Myself, unable further woes to bear,
 Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

Thus Macareus—Now with a pious aim
 Had good Æneas rais'd a funeral flame,
 In honour of his hoary nurse's name.
 Her epitaph he fix'd; and setting sail,
 Cajeta left, and catch'd at every gale.

He steer'd at distance from the faithless shore
 Where the false Goddess reigns with fatal power;
 And sought those grateful groves, that shade the plain,
 Where Tiber rolls majestic to the main,
 And fattens, as he runs, the fair campaign.

His kindred Gods the Hero's wishes crown
 With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne:
 But not without a war the prize he won.
 Drawn up in bright array the battle stands:
 Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
 Etrurians, Latians, equal fortune share;
 And doubtful long appears the face of war.
 Both powers from neighbouring princes seek supplies,
 And embassies appoint for new allies.
 Æneas, for relief, Evander moves;
 His quarrel he asserts, his cause approves.

The

The bold Rutilians, with an equal speed,
Sage Venelus dispatch to Diomede.
The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
These reasons for neutrality assign'd:

Shall I, of one poor dotal town possess,
My people thin, my wretched country waste;
An exil'd prince, and on a shaking throne,
Or risk my patron's subjects, or my own?
You'll grieve the harshness of our hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE
ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finish'd, what the sword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, pursued us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane.
Alone Oileus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were punish'd for the brutal deed.
A storm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the sky;
Red sheets of lightning o'er the seas are spread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at last succeed.
'Tis tedious our disastrous state to tell;
Even Priam would have pitied what befel.
Yet Pallas sav'd me from the swallowing main;
At home new wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.

Chac'd

Chac'd from my country, I once more repeat
 All sufferings seas could give, or war compleat;
 For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
 Still new calamities should past succeed.
 Agmon, impatient through successive ills,
 With fury, Love's bright Goddess thus reviles:
 These plagues in spite to Diomede are sent;
 The crime is his, but ours the punishment.
 Let each, my friends, her puny spleen despise,
 And dare that haughty liarlot of the skies.

The rest of Agmon's insolence complain,
 And of irreverence the wretch arraign.
 About to answer, his blaspheming throat
 Contracts, and shrieks in some disdainful note.
 To his new skin a fleece of feather clings,
 Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
 The lower features of his face extend,
 Warp into horn, and in a beak descend.
 Some more experience Agmon's destiny;
 And, wheeling in the air, like swans they fly.
 These thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
 And here I reign, a poor precarious king.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS:

Thus Diomedes. Venulus withdraws;
 Unsped the service of the common cause.
 Puteoli he passes, and survey'd
 A cave long honour'd for its awful shade.

Here

Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
 Here streams in gentle falls through windings stray,
 And with a passing breath cool Zephyrs play. }
 The goat-herd God frequents the silent place,
 As once the wood-nymphs of the sylvan race,
 Till Appulus, with a dishonest air,
 And gross behaviour, banish'd thence the fair.
 The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,
 Their motion mimicks, but with'gest obscene.
 Loose language oft' he utters; but ere long
 A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
 Thus chang'd, a base wild olive he remains;
 The shrub the coarseness of the clown retains.

THE TROJAN SHIPS TRANSFORMED TO SEA-NYMPHS.

Meanwhile the Latians all their power prepare,
 'Gainst fortune and the foe to push the war.
 With Phrygian blood the floating fields they stain;
 But, short of succours, still contend in vain.
 Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill-mann'd,
 Unguarded, and at anchor near the strand;
 He thought; and straight a lighted brand he bore,
 And fire invades what 'scap'd the waves before.
 The billows from the kindling prow retire;
 Pitch, resin, searwood, on red wings aspire,
 And Vulcan on the seas exerts his attribute of fire. }

This when the mother of the Gods beheld,
 Her towery crown she shook, and stood reveal'd;

Her brindled lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,
And, hovering o'er her favour'd fleet, she said;

Cease Turnus, and the heavenly powers respect,
Nor dare to violate what I protect.

These gallies, once fair trees, on Ida stood,
And gave their shade to each descending God;
Nor shall consume; irrevocable Fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.

Straight peals of thunder Heaven's high arches rend,
The hail-stones leap, the showers in spouts descend.
The winds with widen'd throats the signal give;
The cables break, the smoaking vessels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber softens into flesh and blood;
The yards and oars new arms and legs design;
A trunk the hull; the slender keel, a spine;
The prow a female face; and by degrees
The gallies rise green daughters of the seas.
Sometimes on coral beds they sit in state,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks, that beat the seas, are still their care,
Themselves remembering what of late they were;
To save a Trojan sail, in throngs they press,
But smile to see Alcinous in distress.

Unable were those wonders to deter
The Latians from their unsuccessful war.
Both sides for doubtful victory contend;
And on their courage, and their Gods, depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great soul to war, like fair renown.

Venus

Venus at last beholds her godlike son
Triumphant, and the field of battle won ;
Brave Turnus slain ; strong Ardea but a name,
And buried in fierce deluges of flame ;
Her towers, that boasted once a sovereign sway,
The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray.
A famish'd heron from the ashes springs,
And beats the ruin with disastrous wings ;
Calamities of towns distress the feigns,
And oft', with woeful shrieks, of war complains.

THE
DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by Fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate :
And, by a sure irrevocable doom,
Fix'd the immortal majesty of Rome.
Fit for the station of his kindred stars,
His mother Goddess thus her suit prefers :

Almighty arbiter, whose powerful nod
Shakes distant earth, and bows our own abode ;
To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the Goddess-born a deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether skies.

Forthwith a conclave of the Godhead meets,
Where Juno in the shining senate sits.
Remorse for past revenge the Goddess feels ;
Then thundering Jove th' almighty mandate seals ;

Allot

14 GARTH'S POEMS.

Allots the prince of his celestial line

An apothëosis, and rights divine.

The crystal mansions echo with applause,

And, with her graces, Love's bright queen withdraws;

Shoots in a blaze of light along the skies,

And, borne by turtle, to Laurentum flies;

Alights where through the reeds Numicius strays,

And to the seas his watery tribute pays.

The God she supplicates, to wash away

The parts more gross, and subject to decay,

And cleanse the Goddess-born from seminal allay.

The horned flood with glad attention stands,

Then bids his streams obey their fire's commands.

His better parts by lustral waves refin'd,

More pure, and nearer to æthereal mind,

With gums of fragrant scent the Goddess strews,

And on his features breathes ambrosial dews.

Thus deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,

Shrines, festivals; and stiles him Indiges.

THE LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

Ascanius now the Latian sceptre sways;

The Alban nation Sylvius next obeys.

Then young Latinus: Next an Alba came,

The grace and guardian of the Alban name.

Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;

Then Capetis the regal power sustain'd.

Next he who perish'd on the Tuscan flood,

And honour'd with his name the River God,

Now

Now haughty Romulus began his reign,
 Who fell by thunder he aspir'd to feign.
 Meek Acrota succeeded to the crown;
 From peace endeavouring, more than arms, renown,
 To Aventinus well resign'd his throne. }
 The Mount on which he rul'd preserves his name,
 And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A Hama-dryad flourish'd in these days,
 Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
 In garden culture none could so excel,
 Or form the pliant souls of plants so well;
 Or to the fruit more generous flavours lend,
 Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.

The Nymph frequented not the flattering stream,
 Nor meads, the subject of a virgin's dream;
 But to such joys her nursery did prefer,
 Alone to tend her vegetable care.
 A pruning-hook she carry'd in her hand,
 And taught the stragglers to obey command;
 Lest the licentious and unthrifty bough,
 The too-indulgent parent should undo.
 She shows, how stocks invite to their embrace
 A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
 To mend the salvage tint; and in its stead
 Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.

Now

Now hourly she observes her growing care,
 And guards their nonage from the bleaker air :
 Then opes her streaming sluices, to supply
 With flowing draughts her thirsty family.

Long had she labour'd to continue free
 From chains of love, and nuptial tyranny ;
 And, in her orchard's small extent immur'd,
 Her vow'd virginity she still secur'd.
 Oft' would loose Pan, and all the lustful train
 Of satyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
 Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame ;
 And he, that frights the thieves with stratagem

Of sword, and something else too gross to name.
 Vertumnus too pursued the maid no less ;
 But, with his rivals, shar'd a like success.
 To gain access, a thousand ways he tries ;
 Oft', in the hind, the lover would disguise.
 The heedless lout comes shambling on, and seems
 Just sweating from the labour of his teams.

Then, from the harvest, oft' the mimic swain
 Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
 Sometimes a dresser of the vine he feigns,
 And lawless tendrils to their bounds restrains.

Sometimes his sword a soldier shews ; his rod,
 An angler ; still so various is the God.

Now, in a forehead cloth, some crone he seems,
 A staff supplying the defect of limbs ;

Admittance thus he gains ; admires the store
 Of fairest fruit ; the fair possessor more ;

Then greets her with a kiss : Th' unpractis'd dame
 Admir'd a grandame kiss'd with such a flame.

Now, seated by her, he beholds a vine
 Around an elm in amorous foldings twine.
 If that fair elm, he cry'd, alone should stand,
 No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
 Or, if that vine without her elm should grow,
 'Twould creep a poor neglected shrub below.

Be then, fair Nymph, by these examples led;
 Nor shun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.
 Not she for whom the Lapithites took arms,
 Nor Sparta's queen, could boast such heavenly charms.
 And, if you would on woman's faith rely,
 None can your choice direct so well as I.
 Though old, so much Pomona I adore,
 Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
 'Tis your fair self alone his breast inspires
 With softest wishes and unsoil'd desires.
 Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
 The God of Seasons only worth your love:
 On my assurance well you may repose;
 Vertumnus scarce Vertumnus better knows.
 True to his choice, all looser flames he flies;
 Nor for new faces fashionably dies.
 The charms of youth, and every smiling grace,
 Bloom in his features, and the God confess.
 Besides, he puts on every shape at ease;
 But those the most that best Pomona please.
 Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
 Their likings and aversions are the same.
 Not the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
 Nor all the youthful product of the year,

L

Could

Could bribe his choice ; yourself alone can prove
A fit reward for so refin'd a love.

Relent, fair nymph ; and, with a kind regret,

Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.

A tale attend, through Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

THE STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxaretè of Teucer's blood.

Not long had he beheld the royal dame,

Ere the bright sparkle kindled into flame.

Of't did he struggle with a just despair,

Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear.

But Love, who flatters still his own disease,

Hopes all things will succeed, he knows will please.

Where-e'er the fair-one haunts, he hovers there ;

And seeks her confident with sighs, and prayer ;

Or letters he conveys, that seldom prove

Successful messengers in suits of love.

Now shivering at her gates the wretch appears,

And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,

Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.

The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf than seas,

Derides his prayers ; insults his agonies ;

Arraigns of insolence th' aspiring swain ;

And takes a cruel pleasure in his pain.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd at last to finish his despair,
 He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair :

O Anaxaretè, at last forget
 The licence of a passion indiscreet.
 Now triumph, since a welcome sacrifice
 Your slave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
 My life, without reluctance, I resign ;
 That present best can please a pride like thine.
 But, O ! forbear to blast a flame so bright,
 Doom'd never to expire, but with the light.
 And you, great powers, do justice to my name ;
 The hours, you take from life, restore to fame.

Then o'er the posts, once hung with wreaths, he throws
 The ready cord, and fits the fatal noose ;
 For Death prepares ; and, bounding from above,
 At once the wretch concludes his life, and love.

Everlong the people gather, and the dead
 Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
 First, like some ghastly statue, she appears ;
 Then bathes the breathless corse in seas of tears,
 And gives it to the pile ; now, as the throng
 Proceed in sad solemnity along,
 To view the passing pomp, the cruel fair
 Hastens, and beholds her breathless lover there.
 Struck with the sight, inanimate she seems ;
 Set are her eyes, and motionless her limbs :
 Her features without fire, her colour gone,
 And, like her heart, she hardens into stone.
 In Salamis the statue still is seen,
 In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.

Warn'd by this tale, no longer then disdain,
 O Nymph belov'd, to ease a lover's pain.
 So may the frosts in spring your blossoms spare,
 And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear!

The story oft' Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
 But then assum'd his heavenly form again.
 Such looks and lustre the bright youth adorn,
 As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
 The sight so warms the fair admiring maid,
 Like snow she melts : so soon can youth persuade.
 Consent, on eager winds, succeeds desire ;
 And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the Fates, his son
 Mild Numitor succeeded to the crown.
 But false Amulius, with a lawless power,
 At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
 Then Hia's valiant issue, with the sword,
 Her parent re-inthron'd, the rightful lord.
 Next Romulus to people Rome contrives ;
 The joyous time of Pales' feast arrives ;
 He gives the word to seize the Sabine wives.
 The fires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
 Bold to revenge their violated bed.
 A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
 Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name.
 This by the false Tarpeia was betray'd ;
 But Death well recompens'd the treacherous maid.

The

The foe on this new-bought success relies,
And silent march the city to surprize.
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine;
But Venus countermines the vain design;
Intreats the nymphs that o'er the springs preside,
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
To send their succours; every urn they drain,
To stop the Sabines progress, but in vain.

The Naiads now more stratagems essay;
And kindling sulphur to each source convey.
The floods ferment, hot exhalations rise,
Till from the scalding ford the army flies.
Soon Romulus appears in shining arms,
And to the war the Roman legions warms:
The battle rages, and the field is spread
With nothing but the dying and the dead.
Both sides consent to treat without delay,
And their two chiefs at once the sceptre sway.
But, Tatius by Lavinian fury slain,
Great Romulus continued long to reign.

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now Warrior Mars his burnish'd helm puts on,
And thus addresses Heaven's imperial throne:

Since the inferior world is now become
One vassal globe, and colony to Rome,
This grace, O Jove, for Romulus I claim,
Admit him to the skies, from whence he came.

Long hast thou promis'd an æthereal state
To Mars's lineage ; and thy word is fate.

The Sire, that rules the thunder, with a nod
Declar'd the fiat, and dismiss'd the God.

Soon as the power armipotent survey'd
The flashing skies, the signal he obey'd ;
And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
His fiery courfers lashing through the air.
Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his son
Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne ;
'The scales of heavenly justice holding high,
With steady hand, and a discerning eye.
'Then vaults upon his car, and to the spheres,
Swift, as a flying shaft, Rome's founder bears.
The parts more pure in rising are refin'd,
The gross and perishable lag behind.
His shrine in purple vestments stands in view ;
He looks a God, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Erelong the Goddess of the nuptial bed,
With pity mov'd, sends Iris in her stead
To sad Hersilia—Thus the Meteor Maid :

Chaste reliet ! in bright truth to Heaven ally'd,
The Sabines' glory, and the sex's pride ;
Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
Of such a spouse, as now resides above ;
Some respite to thy killing griefs afford ;
And, if thou would'st once more behold thy lord,

Retire

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. BOOK XIV. 151

Retire to yon' steep Mount, with groves o'er-spread,
Which with an awful gloom his temple shade.

With fear the modest matron lifts her eyes,
And to the bright Ambassadors replies :

O Goddess, yet to mortal eyes unknown !
But sure thy various charms confess thee one :
O quick to Romulus thy votress bear !
With looks of love he 'll smile away my care;
In whate'er orb he shines, my Heaven is there.
Then hastes with Iris to the holy grove,
And, up the Mount Quirinal as they move,
A lambent flame glides downward through the air,
And brightens with a blaze Herfilia's hair.
Together on the bounding ray they rise,
And shoot a gleam of light along the skies.
With opening arms Quirinus met his bride,
New Ora nam'd, and press'd her to his side.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

B O O K XV.

THE
STORY OF CIPPUS.

OR as when Cippus in the current view'd
 The shooting horn that on his forehead stood,
 His temples first he feels, and with surprise
 His touch confirms th' assurance of his eyes;
 Straight to the skies his horned front he rears,
 And to the Gods directs these pious prayers:
 If this portent be prosperous, O decree
 To Rome th' event; if otherwise, to me.
 An altar then of turf he hastes to raise,
 Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;
 The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
 And boding fumes pronounce a mystery.
 Soon as the augur saw the holy fire,
 And victims with presaging signs expire,
 To Cippus then he turns his eyes with speed,
 And views the horny honours of his head:
 Then cry'd, Hail, conqueror! thy call obey,
 Those omens I behold presage thy sway.

Rome

Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
 And owns thy sovereign power as Fate's decree.

He said—and Cippus, starting at th' event,
 Spoke in these words his pious discontent:

Far hence, ye Gods, this execration send,
 And the great race of Romulus defend.
 Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
 Than e'er the capitol should stile me lord.

This spoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head;
 Then prays, the senate next convenes, and said:

If augurs can foresee, a wretch is come,
 Design'd by destiny the bane of Rome.

Two horns (most strange to tell) his temples crown;

If e'er he pass the walls, and gain the town,

Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,

And liberty must yield to lawless power.

Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm

Seiz'd the usurper, and with-held the harm.

Haste, find the monster out, and let him be

Condemn'd to all the senate can decree;

Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;

Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.

The crowd such murmurs utter as they stand,

As swelling surges breaking on the strand:

Or as when gathering gales sweep o'er the grove,

And their tall heads the bending cedars move.

Each with confusion gaz'd, and then began

To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.

Cippus then shakes his garland off, and cries,

The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.

The anxious throng look'd down, and, sad in thotight,
 All wish'd they had not found the sign they fought :
 In haste with laurel-wreaths his head they bind ;
 Such honour to such virtue was assign'd.
 Then thus the senate : Hear, O Cippus, hear ;
 So God-like is thy tutelary care,
 That, since in Rome thyself forbids thy stay,
 For thy abode those acres we convey
 The plough-share can surround, the labour of a day.
 In deathless records thou shalt stand inroll'd,
 And Rome's rich posts shall shine with horns of gold.

S O L I L O Q U Y,

OUT OF ITALIAN.

COULD he whom my dissembled rigour grieves,
 But know what torment to my soul it gives;
 He 'd find how fondly I return his flame,
 And want myself the pity he would claim.
 Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed
 Two wounded hearts with equal pangs should bleed?
 Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
 Has join'd in love whom destiny divides;
 Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cause,
 Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
 Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
 Think what I feel the moment you complain.
 Each sigh you utter wounds my tenderest part,
 So much my lips misrepresent my heart.
 When from your eyes the falling drops distil,
 My vital blood in every tear you spill:
 And all those mournful agonies I hear,
 Are but the echoes of my own despair.

A N

AN IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights ;
Or the leaves that strow the vales,
When groves are stript by winter-gales ;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn ;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers ;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or ——n's charms ?

TO MR. GAY, ON HIS POEMS.

WHEN Fame did o'er the spacious plain
The lays she once had learn'd repeat ;
All listen'd to the tuneful strains,
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muses strung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.

TO THE
MERRY POETASTER
AT
SADLERS-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWIELDY pedant, let thy aukward Muse
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse.
To lash, and not be felt, in thee 's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy school-boys, smart.
Then be advis'd, and scribble not again;
Thou 'rt fashion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou would'st descry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN TO DR. GARTH,
UPON THE LOSS OF MISS DINGLE:

In return to the DOCTOR'S Consolatory Verses to
him, upon the loss of his ROSE*.

THOU, who the pangs of my embitter'd rage
Could'st, with thy never-dying verse, assuage;
Immortal verse, secure to live as long
As that curs'd prose that did condemn thy song:
Thou, happy bard, whose double-gifted pen,
Alike can cure an aking corn, or spleen;

* See above, p. 109.

Whose lucky hand administers repose
 As well to breaking heart, as broken nose;
 Accept this tribute: think it all I had,
 In recompence of thine, when I was sad.

What though it comes from an unpractis'd Muse,
 Bad at the best, grown worse by long disuse;
 In silence lost, since once I did complain
 Of Wiv—I's cold neglect in humble strain;
 When, check'd by slavish conscience, she deny'd
 To throw aside the niece, and act the bride:
 Yet sure I may be thought among the throng
 If not to sing, to whistle out a song:
 Then take the kind remembrance of my verse,
 While Dingle's loss with sorrow I rehearse.

Dingle is lost, the hollow caves resound
 Dingle is lost, and multiply the sound;
 Till Echo, chaunting it by just degree,
 Shortens to Ding, then softens it to D.

Dingle is lost; where 's now the parent's care,
 The boasted force of piety and prayer?
 No more shall she within thy spacious hall
 Lead up the dance, and animate the ball;
 Deserted thus, no more shalt thou engage
 Under the roof to Whartonize the age.

Train'd by thy care, by thy example led,
 Early she learnt to scorn the nuptial bed;
 In vain by thy advice enlarg'd her mind,
 And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her kind:
 For Dingle thou didst bless the nether skies;
 In hopes a mingled race might once arise,
 To sooth thy hoary age, and close thy dying eyes.

}
 Learn,

'Learn, ye indulging parents, learn from hence :
Think not compliance e'er will influence.
The fifth command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly gave her up the other nine :
Yet she, though that, and that alone, was press'd,
Regardless of your will, the fifth transgress'd.

But oh ! my friend, consider, though she's gone,
She left no coffers empty but her own ;
Her mind, that did direct the great machine,
Mov'd, like the universe, by springs unseen ;
And, though from thy instructions she retreats,
Her globe of light grows larger as she sets :
For nought could brighter make her lustre shine,
Than to withdraw, and fingle it from thine.
Then think of this ; and pardon, when you see,
Those virtues you so late admir'd in me.

C O N T E N T S

O F

GARTH'S POEMS.

THE DISPENSARY.

Canto I.	Page 19
II.	28
III.	37
IV.	49
V.	63
VI.	77
Claremont. Addressed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Clare, afterwards Duke of Newcastle.	91
To the Lady Louisa Lenos, with Ovid's Epistles.	104
To Richard Earl of Burlington, with Ovid's Art of Love.	105
To the Dutches of Bolton, on her staying all the winter in the country.	107
To the Duke of Marlborough, on his voluntary banishment.	108
To the Earl of Godolphin.	109
On her Majesty's Statue in St. Paul's Church-yard.	110
On the New Conspiracy. 1716.	111
On the King of Spain.	112
	Verfes

CONTENTS OF GARTH'S POEMS. 161

Verſes written for the Toaſting-Glaſſes of the Kit-
Cat-Club. 1703. 113

Prologue deſigned for Tamerlane. 115

Prologue to the Muſick-meeting in York-buildings. 116

Prologue to the Corniſh Squire, a Comedy. 117

Prologue ſpoken at the opening of the Queen's
Theatre in the Hay-market. 118

Epilogue to the tragedy of Cato. 120

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. Book XIV.

The Transformation of Scylla. 122

The Voyage of Æneas continued. 124

The Transformation of Cercopians into Apes. 125

Æneas deſcends to Hell. *ibid.*

The Story of the Sibyl. 126

The Adventures of Achæmenides. 128

The Adventures of Macareus. 129

The Enchantments of Circe. 130

The Story of Picus and Canens. 132

Æneas arrives in Hell. 136

The Adventures of Diomedes. 137

The Transformation of Appalus. 138

The Trojan Ships transformed to Sea-nymphs. 139

The Deification of Æneas. 141

The Line of the Latian Kings. 142

The Story of Vertumnus and Pomona. 143

The Story of Iphis and Anaxarete. 146

The Latian Line continued. 148

The Aſſumption of Romulus. 149

The Aſſumption of Herſilia. 150

M

OVID'S

162 CONTENTS OF GARTH'S POEMS.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. Book XV.

The Story of Cippus.	152
A Soliloquy, out of Italian.	155
An Imitation of a French Author.	156
To Mr. Gay, on his Poems.	ibid.
To the Merry Poetaster at Sadler's-hall, in Cheap- side.	157
The Earl of Godolphin to Dr. Garth, upon the Loss of Miss Dingle; in Return to the Doctor's Consolatory Verses to him upon the Loss of his Rod.	ibid.

4 AP 54

END OF GARTH'S POEMS.

THE
P O E M S
OF
WILLIAM KING, LL.D.
STUDENT OF CHRIST-CHURCH,
ADVOCATE OF DOCTOR'S COMMONS, &c. &c.

M 2

THE
ART OF COOKERY
IN THE
MODERN AND
ECONOMICAL
MANNER
BY
WILLIAM KITCHENER
OF THE
KITCHEN OF THE
LORDS OF THE
TREASURY



THE
ART OF COOKERY;
IN IMITATION OF
HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME
LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

OCCASIONED PRINCIPALLY BY
The Title of a Book published by the Doctor,
being the Works of APICIUS COELIUS,
“ concerning the Soups and Sauces
“ of the Ancients.”

With an Extract of the greatest Curiosities
contained in that Book.

Humbly inscribed to the Honourable
B E E F - S T E A K C L U B

First printed in 1708.

OF Dr. Lister's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. It was re-printed at Amsterdam, in 1709, by Theod. Janf. Almeloveen, under the title of "Apicii Cœlii de Opsoniis & Condimentis, five Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem. Cum Annotationibus Martini Lister, è Medicis Domesticis Serenissimæ Majestatis Reginæ Annæ, & Notis selectioribus, variisque Lectionibus integris, Humelbergii, Barthii, Reinesii, A Van Der Linden, & aliorum, ut & variarum Lectionum Libello. Editio Secunda." Dr. Askew had a copy of each edition. N.



THE
P U B L I S H E R
TO THE
R E A D E R.

IT is now-a-days the hard fate of such as pretend to be Authors, that they are not permitted to be masters of their own works; for, if such papers (however imperfect) as may be called a *copy* of them, either by a servant or any other means, come to the hands of a Bookseller, he never considers whether it be for the person's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his sentiments, whether to his style or correctness, or whether he has for some time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, so he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be so used, and printed with as much imperfection and as many mistakes as a Bookseller that has common sense could imagine should pass upon the town, especially in an age so polite and critical as the present.

These following Letters and Poem were at the press some time before the other paper pretending to the same title was crept out: and they had else, as the Learned say, groaned under the press till such time as the sheets had one by one been perused and corrected, not only by the Author, but his friends; whose judgement, as

168 THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

he is sensible he wants, so is he proud to own that they sometimes condescend to afford him.

For many faults, that at first seem small, yet create unpardonable errors. The number of the verse turns upon the harshness of a syllable; and the laying a stress upon improper words will make the most correct piece ridiculous. False concord, tenses, and grammar, nonsense, impropriety, and confusion, may go down with some persons; but it should not be in the power of a Bookfeller to lampoon an Author, and tell him, "You did write all this; I have got it; and you shall stand to the scandal, and I will have the benefit." Yet this is the present case, notwithstanding there are above three-score faults of this nature; verses transposed, some added, others altered, or rather that should have been altered, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value himself upon the whole; but, if he shews his esteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke persons to read so useful a treatise; if he shews his aversion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old British hospitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muskets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and "Chevy Chase" and "The old Courtier of the Queen's" were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor; he desires little farther, than that the Reader would for the future give all such Bookfellers as are before spoken of no manner of encouragement.

L E T T E R S

L E T T E R S
T O
DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

L E T T E R I

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

THE happiness of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I must confess, most of my other friends are so much taken-up with politicks or speculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leisure to peruse such parts of Learning as lay remote, and are fit only for the closets of the Curious. How blest are you at London, where you have new Books of all sorts! whilst we at a greater distance, being destitute of such improvements, must content ourselves with the old store, and thumb the Classics as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the Edition of a Book by the ingenious Dr. Lister, which you say is a Treatise *De Condimentis & Opsoniis Veterum*,
“ Of

“Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients,” as I take it. Give me leave to use an expression, which, though vulgar, yet upon this occasion is just and proper : You have made my mouth water, but have not sent me wherewithal to satisfy my appetite.

I have raised a thousand notions to myself, only from the title. Where could such a treasure lay hid ? What Manuscripts have been collated ? Under what Emperor was it written ? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who, though vicious and in some things fantastical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of *eating* ?

Consider, dear Sir, in what uncertainties we must remain at present. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned Antiquary. I shewed him your Letter ; which threw him into such a dubiousness, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durst not put any *catchup* in his *fish-sauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper*, *oil*, and *lemon*, with his *partridge*, left, before he had seen Dr. Lister’s Book, he might transgress in using something not common to the Ancients.

Dispatch it, therefore, to us with all speed ; for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you ; I hope, in the first place, it will, in some measure, remove the barbarity of our present education : for what hopes can there be of any progress in Learning, whilst our Gentlemen suffer their sons, at Westminster, Eaton, and Winchester, to eat nothing but *salt* with their *mutton*, and *winegar* with their *roast-beef*, upon holidays ? what extensiveness can there be in their souls ; especially
when,

ART OF COOKERY.

when, upon their going thence to the University, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is seldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the same; and as to *saucés*, they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wished, therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, besides his being Groom, Gardener, Butler, and Valet, you would see that he is endued with a greater accomplishment; for, according to our ancient Author, *Quot Galli, totidem Coqui*, "As many Frenchmen as you have, so many Cooks you may depend upon;" which is very useful, where there is a numerous issue. And I doubt not but, with such tutors, and good house-keepers to provide *cake* and *sweet-meats*, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to see that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I say, but we may have a warlike and frugal Gentry, a temperate and austere Clergy; and such Persons of Quality, in all stations, as may best undergo the *fatigues* of our *fleet* and *armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break-off abruptly; for I am going to Monsieur D'Avaux, a person famous for easing the tooth-ach by *avulsion*. He has promised to shew me how to strike a lancet into the jugular of a *carp*, so as the blood may issue thence with the greatest effusion, and then will instantly perform the operation of stewing it in its own blood, in the presence of myself and several more Virtuosi. But, let him use what *claret* he will in the performance, I will secure enough to drink your health and the rest of your friends.

I remain, Sir, &c.

L E T T E R

LETTER II.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promise, in your last obliging letter, to obtain the happiness of my correspondence with Dr. Lister; and to that end have sent you the inclosed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

LETTER III.

To Dr. LISTER, present.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never use compliments; but I must tell you, that I have a great ambition to hold a correspondence with you, especially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the Ancients concerning *dentiscalps*, vulgarly called *tooth-picks*. I take the use of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to come from the instinct of Nature, which is the best mistress upon all occasions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their Philosophical and Mathematical observations: they searched into all the springs of action; and, though I must condemn their superstition, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vast district that worshiped the

the *crocodile*, which is an animal, whose jaws, being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth; and, his habitation and business lying most in the water, he, like our modern Dutch *whistlers** in Southwark, had a very good stomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and consequently the opportunity of washing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occasion for other instruments to cleanse his teeth, which are ferrate, or like a saw. To this end, Nature has provided an animal called the *iebneumon*, which performs this office, and is so maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians, seeing such an useful sagacity in the *crocodile*, which they so much revered, soon began to imitate it, great examples easily drawing the multitude; so that it became their constant custom to pick their teeth, and wash their mouths, after eating. I cannot find in Marsham's "Dynasties," nor in the "Fragments of Manethon," what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that is, but of a month's continuance) so venerable an usage first began: for it is the fault of great Philologists, to omit such things as are most material. Whether Sesostris, in his large conquests, might extend the use of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of those ages lay very much in the dark. It is very probable that the public use of them came in about the same time that the Egyptians made use of *juries*. I find, in the Preface to the "Third Part of Modern Reports,"

* Whose tenter-grounds are now almost all built upon.

that "the Chaldees had a great esteem for the number
 "TWELVE, because there were so many signs of the
 "Zodiack; from them this number came to the Egyp-
 "tians, and so to Greece, where Mars himself was
 "tried for a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does
 not appear upon record, nor any *stone* that I have seen,
 whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated
 them, at dinner, though it is most likely that he did;
 for he was a quarrelsome sort of a person, and proba-
 bly, though acquitted, might be as guilty as Count
 Koningmark. Now the custom of *juries* dining at an
 eating-house, and having glasses of water brought them
 with *tooth-picks* tinged with vermilion swimming at the
 top, being still continued, why may we not imagine,
 that the *tooth-picks* were as ancient as the *dinner*, the
dinner as the *juries*, and the *juries* at least as the *grand-*
children of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed
 so grossly, that they seem to have had more occasion
 for *skewers* than *goose-quills*. He is very tedious in de-
 scribing a Smith's forge and an anvil: whereas he might
 have been more polite, in setting out the *tooth-pick-case*
 or painted *snuff-box* of Achilles, if that age had not
 been so barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot
 but consider, that Athens, in the time of Pericles, when
 it flourished most in sumptuous buildings, and Rome
 in its height of empire from Augustus down to Adrian,
 had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange,
 or Pope's-head Alley, for curiosities and *toy-shops*; nei-
 ther had their Senate any thing to alleviate their debates
 concerning the affairs of the universe like *raffling* some-
 times

times at Colonel Parsons's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conquests into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Caffre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they made use of any such instrument; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyssinian empire, give any account of a matter so important; for which he is to blame, as I shall shew in my Treatise of "Forks and Napkins," of which I shall send you an Essay with all expedition. I shall in that Treatise fully illustrate or confute this passage of Dr. Heylin, in the Third Book of his "Cosmography," where he says of the Chinese, "That they eat their meat with two sticks of ivory, ebony, or the like; not touching it with their hands at all, and therefore no great foulers of linen. The use of silver forks with us, by some of our spruce gallants taken-up of late, came from hence into Italy, and from thence into England." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of these particulars. For, first, the use of these *sticks* is not so much *to save linen*, as out of pure necessity; which arises from the length of their nails, which persons of great quality in those countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all possibility of working, or being serviceable to themselves or others; and therefore, if they would, they could not easily feed themselves with those claws; and I have very good authority, that in the East, and especially in Japan, the Princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Besides, these sticks are of no use but for *their* sort of meat, which, being *pilau*, is all boiled to rags.

frags. But what would those sticks signify to carve a *turkey-cock*, or a *chine of beef*? therefore our *forks* are of quite different shape: the steel ones are bidental, and the silver generally resembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian Traveller, carried his *knife* and *fork* into the East Indies; and he gives a large account how, at the court of an Indian Prince, he was admired for his neatness in that particular, and his care in wiping *that* and his *knife* before he returned them to their respective repositories. I could wish Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his "Modern Learning," would shew us how much we are improved since Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of *ivory knives*, with which young heirs are suffered to mangle their own *pudding*; as likewise of *silver* and *gold knives*, brought-in with the dessert for carving of *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indispensable necessity of a *silver-knife* at the side-board, to mingle *sallads* with, as is with great learning made out in a Treatise called Accetaria, concerning "Dressing of Sallads." A noble Work! But I transgress —

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor, I had almost forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is so remarkable. I think I may be positive, from this verse of Juvenal, where he speaks of the Egyptians,

"Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morfu;"

that

that it was "sacrilege to chop a leek, or bite an onion." Nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonstration, that Pharaoh Necho could have no true *lenten porridge*, nor any *carrier's sauce* to his mutton; the true receipt of making which sauce I have from an ancient Ms. remaining at the Bull-inn in Bishopsgate-street, which runs thus:

"Take seven spoonfuls of spring-water; slice two
 "onions of moderate size into a large saucer, and put
 "in as much salt as you can hold at thrice betwixt your
 "fore-finger and thumb, if large, and serve it up."
Probatum est.

HOBSON, Carrier to the University of Cambridge.

The effigies of that worthy person remains still at that inn; and I dare say, not only Hobson, but old Birch, and many others of that musical and delightful profession, would rather have been labourers at the pyramids with that *regale*, than to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it. I break-off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increase of Learning, and more especially your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. ———

S I R,

I AM now very seriously employed in a Work that, I hope, may be useful to the Publick, which is a Poem of the "Art of Cookery," in imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry," inscribed to Dr. Lister, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his Works. But I have not vanity enough to think it will live so long. I have in the mean time sent you an imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to supper, which is the Fifth Epistle of his First Book. Perhaps you will find so many faults in this, that you may save me the trouble of my other proposal; but, however, take it as it is:

If Bellvill can his generous soul confine
To a small room, few dishes, and some wine,
I shall expect my happiness at nine.

}

Two bottles of smooth Palm, or Anjou white,
Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight;
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely ask;
But the Champaigne is to each man his flask.
I tell you with what force I keep the field;
And, if you can exceed it, speak; I'll yield.
The snow-white damask ensigns are display'd,
And glittering salvers on the side-board laid.

Thus

Thus we 'll disperse all busy thoughts and cares,
 The General's counsels, and the Statesman's fears :
 Nor shall sleep reign in that precedent night,
 Whose joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
 Sacred to British worth in Blenheim's fight. }
 The blessings of good-fortune seem refus'd,
 Unless sometimes with generous freedom us'd.
 'Tis madness, not frugality, prepares
 A vast excess of wealth for squandering heirs.
 Must I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
 Lest the censorious world should call me rake ?
 Who, unacquainted with the generous wine,
 E'er spoke bold truths, or fram'd a great design ?
 That makes us fancy every face has charms ;
 That gives us courage, and then finds us arms ;
 Sees care disburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
 The poor grown rich, and every wish enjoy'd.

This I 'll perform, and promise you shall see
 A cleanliness from affectation free :
 No noise, no hurry, when the meat 's set on,
 Or, when the dish is chang'd, the servants gone :
 For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
 Whate'er you want is in the Master's reach.
 Then for the company, I 'll see it chose ;
 Their emblematic signal is the Rose.
 If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
 Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
 And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd ;
 What can you hope for better from a crowd ?

But I shall not prescribe. Consult your ease,
Write back your men, and number, as you please:
Try your back-stairs, and let the lobby wait:
A stratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER V.

To Mr. ———

I HERE send you what I promised, "A Discourse of Cookery," after the method which Horace has taken in his "Art of Poetry," which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an Author to be imitated in the delivery of *precepts* for any art or science. He is indeed severe upon *our* sort of learning in some of his *Satires*; but even there he instructs, as in the Fourth Satire of the Second Book, ver. 13.

- "Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
- "Ut fucci melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
- "Ponere: namque marem cohibent callosa vitellum."
- "Choose eggs oblong; remember they'll be found
- "Of sweeter taste, and whiter than the round:
- "The firmness of that shell includes the male."

I am much of his opinion, and could only wish that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning *eggs*. One is, how incomparably better *roasted eggs* are than boiled; the other, never to eat any
Butter

butter with *eggs* in the *shell*. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much easier they will sit upon your stomach. The worthy person who recommended it to me made many profelytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether unsuccessful.

I have in this Poem used a plain, easy, familiar style, as most fit for precept; neither have I been too exact an Imitator of Horace, as he himself directs. I have not consulted any of his Translators; neither Mr. Oldham, whose copiousness runs into Paraphrase; nor Ben Jonson, who is admirable for his close following of the original; nor yet the Lord Roscommon, so excellent for the beauty of his language, and his penetration into the very design and soul of that Author. I considered that I went upon a new undertaking; and though I do not value myself upon it so much as Lucretius did, yet I dare say it is more innocent and inoffensive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and sententious, I have so far taken liberty as to pass over some of them; for I consider the nature and temper of Cooks, who are not of the most patient disposition, as their under-servants too often experience. I wish I might prevail with them to moderate their passions, which will be the greater conquest, seeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidst the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his "Art of Poetry," which is one of the most accurate pieces that he or any other Author has written, there is a secret connexion in reality, though he doth

not exprefs it too plainly; and therefore this Imitation of it has many breaks in it. If fuch as fhall condefcend to read this Poem would at the fame time confult Horace's original Latin, or fome of the aforementioned Translators, they would find at leaft this benefit, that they would recollect thofe excellent instructions which he delivers to us in fuch elegant language.

I could wifh the Mafter and Wardens of the Cooks' Company would order this Poem to be read with due confideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, feeing it contains many ufeful instructions for human life. It is true, that fome of thefe rules may feem more principally to refpect the Steward, Clerk of the Kitchen, Caterer, or perhaps the Butler. But the Cook being the principal perfon, without whom all the reft will be little regarded, they are directed to him; and the Work being defigned for the univerfal good, it will accomplifh fome part of its intent, if thofe fort of people will improve by it.

It may happen, in this as in all works of Art, that there may be fome terms not obvious to common Readers; but they are not many. The Reader may not have a juft idea of a *fwoled mutton*, which is a fheep roasted in its wool, to fave the labour of fleaing. *Bacon* and *filbert-tarts* are fomething unfual; but, fince *fpout-tarts* and *piftachio-tarts* are much the fame thing, and to be feen in Dr. Salmon's "Family Dictionary," thofe perfons who have a defire for them may eafily find the way to make them. As for *grout*, it is an old Danifh difh; and it is claimed as an honour to the an-
cient

cient Family of Leigh, to carry a dish of it up to the coronation. A *dwarf-pye* was prepared for King James the First, when Jeffery his dwarf rose out of one armed with a sword and buckler; and is so recorded in history, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fish*, *hippocraes*, and *ambigues*, are known to all that deal in Cookery; yet *terrenes* are not so usual, being a silver vessel filled with the most costly dainties after the manner of an *oglio*. A *surprize* is likewise a dish not so very common; which, promising little from its first appearance, when open abounds with all sorts of variety; which I cannot better resemble than to the Fifth Act of one of our modern Comedies. Lest *Monteth*, *Vinegar*, *Talieffin*, and *Bossu*, should be taken for dishes of rarities; it may be known, that Monteth was a gentleman with a scalloped coat, that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's-inn-fields, Talieffin was one of the most ancient Bards amongst the Britons, and Bossu one of the most certain instructors in criticism that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the Wits, that I call my Cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why Cooks may not be as well read as any other persons. I am sure their *apprentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the first pretences to literature have been very liberal, and sent-in their contributions very largely. They have been very serviceable both to *spit* and *oven*; and for these twelve months past, whilst Dr. Wotton with his "Modern Learning" was defending

pye-crust from scorching, his dear Friend Dr. Bentley, with his "*Phalaris*," has been finging of *capons*. Not that this was occasioned by any superfluity or tediousness of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by some worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the *two Doctors*, as far as possible, to become useful to the publick.

Indeed, Cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the highest stations of human life. The great Philosopher Pythagoras, in his "*Golden Verses*," shews himself to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abstain from *beans*. The noblest foundations of honour, justice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great Dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage: for, when the Samnite ambassadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dressing *turnips* for his repast, they immediately returned with this sentence, "That it was impossible to prevail upon him that could be contented with such a *supper*." In short, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made use of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemaigne, that the Great Cook of the Palace was one of the prime ministers of state, and conductor of armies: so true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that there was equal skill required to bring an army
"into

“into the field, and to set forth a magnificent entertainment; since the one was as far as possible to annoy your enemy, and the other to pleasure your friend.” In short, as for all persons that have not a due regard for the learned, industrious, moral, upright, and warlike profession of Cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Islands, where, they being so barbarous as to make the most *contemptible* person to be their *butcher*, they had likewise their *meat* served up *raw*, because they had no fire to dress it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conscience!

As this small essay finds acceptance, I shall be encouraged to pursue a great design I have in hand, of publishing a Bibliotheca Culinaria, or the “Cook’s Complete Library,” which shall begin with a translation, or at least an Epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian Feast. He shall be published, with all his *comments*, *useful glosses*, and *indexes*, of a vast copiousness, with cuts of the *basting-ladles*, *dripping-pans*, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately dug up at Rome, out of an old *subterranean skultery*. I design to have all Authors in all languages upon that subject; therefore pray consult what Oriental Manuscripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his Notes upon Locman’s Fables (whom I take to be the same person with Æsop), gives us an admirable receipt for making the *sour milk*, that is, the *bonny clabber*, of the Arabians. I should be glad to know how Mahomet used to have his *shoulder of mutton* dressed. I have
heard

heard he was a great lover of that joint; and that a maid of an Inn poisoned him with one, saying, "If he is a Prophet, he will discover it; if he is an impostor, no matter what becomes of him." I shall have occasion for the assistance of all my friends in this great work. I some posts ago desired a friend to enquire what Manuscripts Sol. Harding, a famous Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He says, he finds among his executors several admirable *bills of fare* for *Aristotle* suppers, and entertainments of country strangers, with certain prices, according to their several seasons. He says, some pages have large black crosses drawn over them; but for the greater part the Books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to search Cooks' Hall, what Manuscripts they may have in their Archives. See what in Guildhall: what account of *custard* in the Sword-bearer's office: how many tun He, a Common Cryer, or a Common hunt, may eat in their life-time. But I transgress the bounds of a Letter, and have strayed from my subject, which should have been, to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined to be most favourable to your friend; for else they will never be able to endure your just censure. I rely upon your good-nature; and I am

Your most obliged, &c.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To Mr. —

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the discourse I had with you the other day, and, upon serious consideration, find that the true understanding of the whole “Art of Cookery” will be useful to all persons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and especially to Poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the Cooks, but it is rather the fault of their masters, that Poets are not so well acquainted with good eating, as otherwise they might be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D’Urfey’s presence, this I would be bound to say, “That a good dinner is brother to a good poem:” only it is something more substantial; and, between two and three a clock, more agreeable.

I have known a supper make the most diverting part of a Comedy. Mr. Betterton, in “The Libertine*,” has set very gravely with the leg of a chicken: but I have seen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of pease and buttered eggs, under the table. The Host, in “The Villain†,” who carries tables, stools, furniture, and provisions, all about him, gives great content to the spectators, when from the crown of his hat he pro-

* A Tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.

† A Tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

duces

duces his cold capon : so Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in "The Rehearsal," with her wine in her spear, and her pye in her helmet; and the Cook that flobbers his beard with sack-poffet, in "The Man's the Master*," have, in my opinion, made the most diverting part of the action. These embellishments we have received from our imitation of the ancient Poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unusual entertainments and dishes given him by Nasidienus; and with his raillery upon garlick in his Third Epode. The Supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the most lively description of Nero's luxury. Juvenal spends a whole Satire about the price and dressing of a single fish, with the judgement of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether serious or jocular, good eating is made the subject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all Poets agree that Episodes are to be interwoven in their Poems with the greatest nicety of art; and so it is the same thing at a good table : and yet I have seen a very good Episode (give me leave to call it so) made by sending out the leg of a goose, or the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled : though I know that Criticks with a good stomach have been offended that the unity of action should be so far broken. And yet, as in our Plays, so at our common tables, many Episodes are allowed, as slicing of cucumbers, dressing

* A Comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

of fallads, seasoning the inside of a furloin of beef, breaking lobsters' claws, stewing wild ducks, roasting of cheese, legs of larks, and several others.

A Poet, who, by proper expressions and pleasing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of necessary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarously, unless he has some knowledge of this "Art of Cookery," and the progress of it. Would it not sound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his *cannon* to be mounted, and to throw red-hot bullets out of his *mortar-pieces*? or to have Statira talk of *tapestry-bangings*, which, all the Learned know, were many years after her death first hung up in the Hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falstaff complain of having dirtied his *silk stockings*, or Anne of Boleyn call for her *coach*; would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the first that had her *coach*, or wore *silk stockings*? Neither can a Poet put *bops* in an Englishman's drink before *heresy* came in: nor can he serve him with a dish of *carp* before that time: he might as well give King James the First a dish of *asparagus* upon his first coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor present Queen Catharine with a *sugar-loaf*, whereas he might as easily have given her a *diamond* as large, seeing the *icing* of *cakes* at Wood-street Corner, and the *refining* of *sugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years standing, and before that time our Ancestors sweetened and garnished all with *honey*, of which there are some remains
in

in *Windfor bowls*, *baron bracks*, and large *finnells*, sent for presents from Lichfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would shew his reading, if the Poet put a *ben-turkey* upon a table in a Tragedy; and therefore I would advise it in Hamlet, instead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more satisfaction to the actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the sisters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *ben-turkeys*; from whence proceeds their stateliness of gate, reservedness in conversation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the most improper meat in the world for a Comedy; for melancholy and distress require a different sort of diet, as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleased to say, "that, if she were upon a strange road, and driven to great necessity, she believed she might for once be able to sup upon a *sack-poffet* and a *fat capon*."

I am sure Poets, as well as Cooks, are for having all words nicely chosen and properly adapted; and therefore, I believe, they would shew the same regret that I do, to hear persons of some rank and quality say, "Pray cut up that goose. Help me to some of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover;" not considering how indiscreetly they talk, before *men of art*, whose proper terms are, "*Break that Goose*;"—"*frust that Cbicken*;"—"spoil that Hen;"—"sauce that Capon;"—"mince that Plover."—If they are so much out in common things, how much more will they be with

with *bitterns, herons, cranes, and peacocks*? But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world, unless we lend our helping-hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greatest Author of Dramatic Poetry, Mr. Dryden, has made use of the mysteries of this Art in the Prologues to two of his Plays, one a Tragedy, the other a Comedy; in which he has shewn his greatest art, and proved most successful. I had not seen the Play for some years, before I hit upon almost the same words that he has in the following Prologue to "All for Love:"

"Fops may have leave to level all they can,
 "As Pigmies would be glad to top a man.
 "Half-wits are fleas, so little and so light,
 "We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.
 "But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,
 "For change, become their next poor tenant's guests,
 "*Drink hearty draughts of Ale from plain brown bowls,*
 "*And snatch the homely Rasher from the coals;*
 "So you, retiring from much better cheer,
 "For once may venture to do penance here;
 "And, since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
 "Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taste,
 "Take in good part from our poor Poet's board
 "Such shriveled fruit as Winter can afford."

How *fops and fleas* should come together, I cannot easily account for; but I doubt not but his *ale, rasher, grapes, peaches, and shriveled apples*, might "Pit,
 "Box,

"Box, and Gallery," it well enough. His Prologue to "Sir Martin Mar-all" is such an exquisite Poem, taken from the same Art, that I could wish it translated into Latin, to be prefixed to Dr. Lister's Work. The whole is as follows :

P R O L O G U E.

- "Fools, which each man meets in his dish each day,
 "Are yet the great regalia of a play;
 "In which to poets you but just appear,
 "To prize that highest which cost them so dear.
 "Fops in the town more easily will pass,
 "One story makes a statutable ass:
 "But such in Plays must be much thicker sown,
 "Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
 "Observing Poets all their walks invade,
 "As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade;
 "And, when they have enough for Comedy,
 "They stow their several bodies in a pye.
 "The Poet's but the Cook to fashion it,
 "For, Gallants, you yourselves have found the wit.
 "To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong:
 "None welcome those who bring their *cheer* * along."

The image (which is the great perfection of a Poet) is so extremely lively, and well painted, that methinks I see the whole audience with a dish of buttered eggs in one hand, and a woodcock-pye in the other. I hope I

* Some Criticks read it *Chair*. KING.

may

may be excused, after so great an example; for I declare I have no design but to encourage Learning, and am very far from any designs against it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman, who said that the "Journey to London" ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a Book, that, if received, would discourage ingenuity, would be pleased not to make his bonfire at the upper end of Ludgate-street, for fear of endangering the Booksellers' shops and the Cathedral.

I have abundance more to say upon these subjects; but I am afraid my first course is so tedious, that you will excuse me both the second course and the dessert, and call for pipes and a candle. But consider, the Papers come from an old Friend; and spare them out of compassion to,

SIR, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. —

SIR,

I AM no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my Letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappiness in the loss of you here. The occasion of this is, to desire your assistance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of some friends; but, unless they help me, it will be impossible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune

O

to

to — write; but, what is worse, I have never considered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been so very bad as to design to print; but then a wicked thought came across me with “Who will buy?” For, if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will destroy it: “The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace’s Art of Poetry; with some familiar Letters to Dr. Lister and others, occasioned principally by the title of a Book, published by the Doctor, concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients.” To this a Beau will cry, “Phough! what have I to do with Kitchen-stuff?” To which I answer, “Buy it, and give it to your Servants.” For I hope to live to see the day when every Mistress of a family, and every Steward, shall call up their children and servants with, “Come Miss Betty, how much have you got of your *Art of Cookery*?” “Where did you leave off, Miss Isabel?” — “Miss Kitty, are you no farther than *King Henry and the Miller*?” — “Yes, Madam; I am come to — His name shall be enroll’d

“In Estcourt’s Book, whose gridiron’s fram’d of gold.” “Pray, Mother, is that our Master Estcourt?” “Well, child, if you mind this, you shall not be put to your *Assembly Catechism* next Saturday.” What a glorious fight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to see the Butler out-learning the Steward, and the painful Scullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping House-keeper! I am told that, if a Book is any thing useful, the Printers have a way of pirating on

on one another, and printing other persons' copies; which is very barbarous. And then shall I be forced to come out with, "The True Art of Cookery is only to be had at Mr. Pindar's, a Patten-maker's, under "St. Dunstan's Church, with the Author's Seal at the "Title-page, being Three Sauce-pans, in a Bend "Proper, on a Cook's Apron, Argent. Beware of "Counterfeits." And be forced to put out Advertisements, with "Strops for Razors, and the best Spectacles, "are to be had only at the Archimedes, &c."

I design proposals, which I must get delivered to the Cooks' Company, for the making an order that every apprentice shall have the "Art of Cookery" when he is bound, which he shall say by heart before he is made free; and then he shall have Dr. Lister's Book of "Soups and Sauces" delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindness you may shew me, I shall always endeavour to make what returns lay in my power. I am yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. —

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your perusal a late exquisite Comedy, called "The Lawyer's Fortune; "or, Love in a hollow tree;" which piece has its peculiar embellishments, and is a Poem carefully framed

according to the nicest rules of the "Art of Cookery;" for the Play opens with a scene of good Housewifery, where Favourite the House-keeper makes this complaint to Lady Bonona.

"FAV. The last mutton killed was lean, Madam.
"Should not some fat sheep be bought in?"

"BON. What say you, Let-acre, to it?"

"LET. This is the worst time of the year for sheep.
"The fresh grass makes them fall away, and they
"begin to taste of the wool; they must be spared
"a while, and Favourite must cast to spend some salt-
"meat and fish. I hope we shall have some fat calves
"shortly."

What can be more agreeable than this to the "Art
"of Cookery," where our Author says,

"But though my edge be not too nicely set,
"Yet I another's appetite may whet;
"May teach him when to buy, when season past,
"What's stale, what's choice, what's plentiful,
"what waste,
"And lead him through the various maze of taste." }

In the Second Act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's son, the consummate character of the Play, having in the First Act lost his Hawk, and consequently his way, *benighted and lost, and seeing a light in a distant house, comes to the thrifty widow Furiosa's*, (which is exactly according to the rule, "A Prince, who in a Forest rides astray!") *where he finds the old gentle-woman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment,*
whilst

whilst the maid is spinning. Peg reaches a chair; sack is called for; and in the mean time the good old gentleman complains so of rogues, that she can scarce keep a goose or a turkey in safety, for them. Then Florida enters, with a little white bottle about a pint, and an old-fashioned glass, fills and gives her mother; she drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, she to him again, he to Furiosa, who sets it down on the table. After a small time, the old Lady cries, "Well, it is my bed-time; but my daughter will shew you the way to yours: for I know you would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now, upon her retirement (see the great judgement of the Poet!), she being an old gentleman that went to bed, he suits the following regale according to the age of the person. Had boys been put to bed, it had been proper to have "laid the goose to the fire:" but here it is otherwise; for, after some intermediate discourse, he is invited to a repast; when he modestly excuses himself with, "Truly, Madam, I have no stomach to any meat, but to comply with you. You have, Madam, entertained me with all that is desirable already." The Lady tells him, "cold Supper is better than none;" so he sits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot. I am sure, Horace could not have prepared himself more exactly; for (according to the rule, "A Widow has cold Pye"), though Valentine, being love-sick, could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the Poet's. But, when Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furiosa, and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his

mother the hospitable Lady Bonona's (who, by the bye, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her Attorney), then affluence and dainties are to appear (according to this Verse "Mangoes, Potargo, Cham-pignons, Caveare"); and Mrs. Favourite the house-keeper makes these most important enquiries.

"FAV. Mistrefs, shall I put any Mushrooms, Man- goes, or Bamboons, into the Sallad ?

"BON. Yes, I pr'ythee, the best thou hast.

"FAV. Shall I use Ketchup or Anchovies in the "Gravy ?

"BON. What you will."

But, however magnificent the Dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of some persons is, makes her excuse for it, with, "Well, Gentlemen, can ye "spare a little time to take a short dinner? I pro- "mise you, it shall not be long." It is very pro- bable, though the Author does not make any of the guests give a relation of it, that Valentine, being a great sportsman, might furnish the table with game and wild-fowl. There was at least one Pheasant in the House, which Valentine told his mother of the morning before. "Madam, I had a good flight of a Pheasant- "cock, that, after my Hawk seized, made head as if "he would have fought; but my Hawk plumed him "presently." Now it is not reasonable to suppose that, Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentle- woman under that concern would have any stomach to it for her own supper. However, to see the fate of things, there is nothing permanent; for one Mrs.

Candia

Candia making (though innocently) a present of an Hawk to Valentine, Florida his mistress grows jealous, and resolves to leave him, and run away with an odd sort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine, to appease her, sends a message to her by a boy, who tells her, "His master, to shew the trouble he took by her misapprehension, had sent her some visible tokens, the Hawk torn to pieces with his own hands;" *and then pulls out of the basket the wings and legs of a fowl.* So we see the poor bird *demolished*, and all hopes of wild-fowl destroyed for the future: and happy were it if misfortunes would stop here. But, the cruel Beauty refusing to be appeased, Valentine takes a sudden resolution, which he communicates to Let-acre the Steward, to *brush off*, and *quit his habitation*. However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young Master real, and Valentine having threatened the House-keeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in traveling, it seems they made but slender provision for their expedition; for there is but one Scene interposed, before we find distressed Valentine in the most miserable condition that the joint Arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to represent him. There is a Scene of the greatest horror, and most moving to compassion, of any thing that I have seen amongst the Moderns; "Talks of no pyramids of Fowl, or bisks of Fish," is nothing to it; for here we see an innocent person, unless punished for his Mother's and House-keeper's extravagance, as was said before, in their Mushrooms, Mangoes, Bamboons,

Ketchup, and Anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his *cheese without bread*, and having no other drink but water. *For he and his boy, with two saddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confused trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard walk across the desert at a distance, and yet they venture in ;* where Valentine accosts his boy with these lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble :

“ Hang up thy wallet on that tree

“ And creep thou in this hollow place with me,

“ Let 's here repose our wearied limbs till they

“ more wearied be !

“ BOY. There is nothing left in the wallet but one piece of cheese. What shall we do for bread ?

“ VAL. When we have slept, we will seek out

“ Some roots that shall supply that doubt.

“ BOY. But no drink, Master ?

“ VAL. Under that rock a spring I see,

“ Which shall refresh my thirst and thee.”

So the Act closes ; and it is dismal for the Audience to consider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it seems, had a coming-stomach, should continue there all the time the musick was playing, and longer. But, to ease them of their pain, by an invention which the Poets call *catastrophe*, Valentine, though with a *long beard*, and very *weak* with fasting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, says, “ I doubt I have “ offended him too much ; but I will attend him home, “ cherish him with cordials, make him broths,” (poor good

good-natured creature ! I wish she had Dr. Lister's Book to help her !) " anoint his limbs, and be a nurse, " a tender nurse, to him." Nor do blessings come alone ; for the good Mother, having *refreshed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the house*, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, " to get the best " entertainment she ever yet provided, to consider what " she has and what she wants, and to get all ready in " few hours." And so this most regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the Comedy. Some persons may admire your meagre Tragedies ; but give me a Play where there is a prospect of good meat or good wine stirring in every Act of it.

Though I am confident the Author had written this Play and printed it long before the " Art of Cookery" was thought of, and I had never read it till the other Poem was very nearly perfected ; yet it is admirable to see how a true rule will be adapted to a good work, or a good work to a true rule. I should be heartily glad, for the sake of the publick, if our Poets, for the future, would make use of so good an example. I doubt not but, whenever you or I write Comedy, we shall observe it.

I have just now met with a surprizing happiness ; a Friend that has seen two of Dr. Lister's Works, one " *De Buccinis Fluvialibus et Marinis Exercitatio*," an Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fish ; in which, he says, some of the chiefest rarities are the *pizzle* and
spermatic

spermatic vessels of a Snail, delineated by a microscope, the *omentum* or *caul* of its throat, its *Fallopian tube*, and its *subcrocean testicle*; which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, Fernelius, and Harvey, were never masters of. The other curiosity is the admirable piece of Cælius Apicius, "*De Opsoniis & Condi-mentis, five Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem,*" being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this so important affair is not sufficiently communicative. My Friend says, he has a promise of leave to read it. What Remarks he makes I shall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Most humble servant, &c.

THE

THE
ART OF COOKERY,
IN IMITATION OF
HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS LISTER, were a picture drawn
 With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like Brawn;
 With wings of Turkey, and with feet of Calf;
 Though drawn by Kneller; it would make you laugh!
 Such is, good Sir, the figure of a Feast, 5
 By some rich Farmer's wife and sister drest;
 Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
 Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,
 Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
 That Syllabubs come first, and Soups the last. 10
 Not but that Cooks and Poets still were free,
 To use their power in nice variety;
 Hence Mackarel seem delightful to the eyes,
 Though drest'd with incoherent Gooseberries.
 Crabs, Salmon, Lobsters, are with Fennel spread, 15
 Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;
 Yet

Yet no man lards salt Pork with Orange-peel,
Or garnishes his Lamb with Spitchcock'd Eel.

A Cook perhaps has mighty things profess'd,
Then sent up but two dishes nicely dress'd : 20

What signify Scotcht-collops to a Feast ?

Or you can make whipp'd Cream ; pray what relief

Will that be to a Sailor who wants Beef ;

Who, lately ship-wreck'd, never can have ease,

Till re-establish'd in his Pork and Pease ? 25

When once begun, let industry ne'er cease

Till it has render'd all things of one piece :

At your Dessert bright Pewter comes too late,

When your first course was all serv'd up in Plate.

Most knowing Sir ! the greatest part of Cooks, 30

Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.

One would have all things little ; hence has tried

Turkey-poults fresh'd, from th' Egg in Batter fried :

Others, to shew the largeness of their soul,

Prepare you Muttons swol'd, and Oxen whole. 35

To vary the same things, some think is art :

By larding of Hogs-feet and Bacon-tart,

The taste is now to that perfection brought,

That care, when wanting skill, creates the fault.

In Covent-Garden did a Taylor dwell, 40

Who might deserve a place in his own Hell :

Give him a single coat to make, he 'd do 't ;

A vest, or breeches, singly : but the brute

Could ne'er contrive all three to make a suit :

Rather than frame a Supper like such cloaths, 45

I 'd have fine eyes and teeth, without my nose.

You

You that from pliant Paste would fabricks raise,
Expecting thence to gain immortal praise,
Your knuckles try, and let your sinews know
Their power to knead, and give the form to dough; 50
Chuse your materials right, your seasoning fix,
And with your Fruit resplendent Sugar mix :
From thence of course the figure will arise,
And elegance adorn the surface of your Pies.

Beauty from order springs : the judging eye 55
Will tell you if one single plate 's awry.
The Cook must still regard the present time;
T' omit what 's just in season is a crime.
Your infant Pease t' Asparagus prefer,
Which to the Supper you may best defer. 60

Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations should at least be rare;
Yet credit to the Artist will accrue,
Who in known things still makes th' appearance new.
Fresh dainties are by Britain's traffick known, 65
And now by constant use familiar grown.

What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare,
Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Caveare ?
Or would our thrum-capp'd Ancestors find fault,
For want of Sugar-tongs, or Spoons for Salt? 70
New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
Has by one vessel sav'd his name from death.

The Seasons change us all. By Autumn's frost,
The shady leaves of trees and fruit are lost.
But then the Spring breaks forth with fresh supplies,
And from the teeming Earth new buds arise,

So Stubble-geese at Michaelmas are seen
 Upon the spit; next May produces Green.
 The fate of things lies always in the dark :
 What Cavalier would know St. James's Park * ?
 For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring ;
 And Wild-ducks quack where Grasshoppers did sing ;
 A Princely Palace on that space does rise,
 Where Sedley's noble Muse found Mulberries †.
 Since Places alter thus, what constant thought 85
 Of filling various dishes can be taught ?
 For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
 Who 'd fix those things where Fashion is a rule.

King Hardicnute, midst Danes and Saxons stout,
 Carouz'd in nut-brown Ale, and din'd on Grout ; 90
 Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
 And, when each Prince is crown'd, in splendour reigns.

* In the time of king Henry VIII, the Park was a wild wet field ; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, inclosed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-inclosed ground and new-raised building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II; who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other ponds, for water-fowl. The "Lime-trees or *Tilia*," whose blossoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in consequence of a suggestion of Mr. Evelyn, in his "Fumifugium," published in 1661.—The improvements lately made seem in some measure to have brought it into the state it was in before the Restoration; at least, the Wild-ducks have in their turn given way to the Grasshoppers. N.

† A comedy called, "The Mulberry Garden." N.

By

By Northern custom, duty was express'd,
To friends departed, by their Funeral Feast.
'Though I've consulted Holinshed and Stow, 95
I find it very difficult to know

Who, to refresh th' attendants to a grave,
Burnt-claret first or Naples-biscuit gave.

Trotter from Quince and Apples first did frame
A Pye, which still retains his proper name : 100
Though common grown, yet, with white Sugar strow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodness is allow'd.

As Weakth flow'd in, and Plenty sprang from Peace,
Good-humour reign'd, and Pleasures found increase.

'Twas usual then the banquet to prolong 105
By Musick's charm, and some delightful song;
Where every youth in pleasing accents strove
To tell the stratagems and cares of Love;
How some successful were, how others crost;
Then to the sparkling glass would give his toast, 110
Whose bloom did most in his opinion shine,
To relish both the Musick and the Wine.

Why am I styl'd a Cook, if I'm so loth
To marinate my Fish, or season Broth,
Or send up what I roast with pleasing froth; 115
If I my Master's *gusto* won't discern,
But, through my bashful folly, scorn to learn?

When among friends good-humour takes its birth,
'Tis not a tedious Feast prolongs the mirth;
But 'tis not reason therefore you should spare, 120
When, as their future Burgees, you prepare
For a fat Corporation and their Mayor.

All things should find their room in proper place ;
 And what adorns this treat, would that disgrace.
 Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake, 125
 And have excessive doings at their wake :
 Ev'n Taylors at their yearly Feasts look great,
 And all their Cucumbers are turn'd to Meat.

A Prince, who in a Forest rides astray,
 And, weary, to some cottage finds the way, 130
 Talks of no pyramids of Fowl, or bisks of Fish,
 But, hungry, sups his Cream serv'd up in earthen dish ;
 Quenches his thirst with Ale in nut-brown bowls,
 And takes the hasty Rasher from the coals :
 Pleas'd as King Henry with the Miller free, 135
 Who thought himself as good a man as he.

Unless some sweetness at the bottom lie,
 Who cares for all the crinkling of the Pye ?
 If you would have me merry with your cheer,
 Be so yourself, or so at least appear. 140

The things we eat by various juice control
 The narrowness or largeness of our soul.
 Onions will make ev'n Heirs or Widows weep ;
 The tender Lettuce brings on softer sleep ;
 Eat Beef or Pye-crust if you 'd serious be ; 145
 Your Shell-fish raises Venus from the Sea ;
 For Nature, that inclines to ill or good,
 Still nourishes our passions by our food.

Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
 To whom she much has given, and much-denied: 150
 With abstinence all delicacies he sees,
 And can regale himself with Toast and Cheese :

Your

Your Betters will despise you, if they see
 Things that are far surpassing your degree ;
 Therefore beyond your substance never treat ; 155
 'Tis plenty, in small fortune, to be neat.

'Tis certain that a Steward can't afford
 An entertainment equal with his Lord.

Old age is frugal ; gay youth will abound
 With heat, and see the flowing cup go round. 160

A Widow has cold Pye ; Nurse gives you Cake ;
 From generous Merchants Ham or Sturgeon take.

The Farmer has brown Bread as fresh as day,
 And Butter fragrant as the dew of May.

Cornwall Squab-pye, and Devon White-pot brings; 165
 And Leicester Beans and Bacon, food of Kings !

At Christmas-time, be careful of your fame,
 See the old 'Tenants' table be the same ;
 Then, if you would send up the Brawler's head,
 Sweet Rosemary and Bays around it spread : 170

His foaming tusks let some large Pippin grace,
 Or midst those thundering spears an Orange place ;
 Sauce like himself, offensive to its foes,
 The roguish Mustard, dangerous to the nose.

Sack and the well-spiced Hippocras the Wine, 175
 Wallfail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
 Porridge with Plumbs, and Turkeys with the Chine. }

If you perhaps would try some dish unknown,
 Which more peculiarly you 'd make your own,
 Like ancient sailors still regard the coast, 180
 By venturing out too far you may be lost.

By roasting that which your Forefathers boil'd,
 And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.
 That Cook to British palates is complete,
 Whose savoury hand gives turns to common meat. 185

Though Cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
 Through niceness of their subject, few have writ.
 In what an aukward sound that Ballad ran,
 Which with this blustering paragraph began :

THERE WAS A PRINCE OF LUBBERLAND, 190
 A POTENTATE OF HIGH COMMAND,
 TEN THOUSAND BAKERS DID ATTEND HIM,
 TEN THOUSAND BREWERS DID BEFRIEND HIM :
 THESE BROUGHT HIM KISSING-CRUSTS, AND THOSE
 BROUGHT HIM SMALL-BEER, BEFORE HE ROSE. 195

The Author raises mountains seeming full,
 But all the *cry* produces little *wool* :
 So, if you sue a Beggar for a house,
 And have a verdict, what d'ye gain ? A Loufe !
 Homer, more modest, if we search his Books,
 Will shew us that his Heroes all were Cooks ;
 How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
 To quarter out the Ox, and spit the loins.
 Oh could that Poet live ! could he rehearse
 Thy Journey, LISTER, in immortal verse ! 205

MUSE, SING THE MAN THAT DID TO PARIS GO,
 THAT HE MIGHT TASTE THEIR SOUPS, AND
 MUSHROOMS KNOW !

Oh, how would Homer praise their dancing Dogs,
 Their stinking Cheese, and Fricassee of Frogs !

He 'd

ART OF COOKERY.

211

He 'd raise no fables, sing no flagrant lye,
Of Boys with Custard choak'd at Newberry;
But their whole courses you 'd entirely see,
How all their parts from first to last agree.

210

If you all sorts of persons would engage,
Suit well your Eatables to every age.

215

The favourite Child, that just begins to prattle,
And throws away his Silver Bells and Rattle,
Is very humourfome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has Windows on his Bread and Butter:
He for repeated Supper-meat will cry,
But won't tell Mammy what he 'd have, or why.

220

The smooth-fac'd Youth, that has new Guardians chose,
From Play-house steps to Supper at the Rose,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating must be little, costly, nice.

225

Maturer Age, to this delight grown strange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour rising from a Sheriff's wealth:
Unless he some Insurance-dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.

230

But then old age, by still intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Morose, perverse in humour, diffident,
The more he still abounds, the less content;
His Larder and his Kitchen too observes,
And now, lest he should want hereafter, starves;

235

P 2

Thinks

Thinks scorn of all the present age can give,
 And none these threescore years knew how to live. 240
 But now the Cook must pass through all degrees,
 And by his art discordant tempers please,
 And minister to Health and to Disease. }

Far from the Parlour have your Kitchen plac'd,
 Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd. 245
 In private draw your Poultry, clean your Tripe,
 And from your Eels their slimy substance wipe.
 Let cruel offices be done by night,
 For they who like the thing abhor the sight.

Next, let discretion moderate your cost, 250
 And, when you treat, three courses be the most.
 Let never fresh machines your Pastry try,
 Unless Grandees or Magistrates are by :
 Then you may put a Dwarf into a Pye. }
 Or, if you 'd fright an Alderman and Mayor, 255
 Within a Pasty lodge a living Hare ;
 Then midst their gravest Furs shall mirth arise,
 And all the Guild pursue with joyful cries.

Crowd not your table : let your number be
 Not more than seven, and never less than three. 260

'Tis the Dessert that graces all the Feast,
 For an ill end disparages the rest :
 A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
 Defaces obligation by that blot.
 Make your transparent Sweet-meats truly nice,
 With Indian Sugar and Arabian Spice :
 And let your various Creams incircled be
 With swelling Fruit just ravish'd from the tree.

Let

Let Plates and Dishes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth transparent wrought. 270

The Feast now done, discourses are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth pursued.
The cheerful Master, midst his jovial friends,
His glass "to their best wishes" recommends.
The Grace-cup follows to his Sovereign's health, 275
And to his Country, "Plenty, peace, and wealth."

Performing then the piety of *grace*,
Each man that pleases re-assumes his place;
While at his gate, from such abundant store,
He showers his god-like blessings on the poor. 280

In days of old, our Fathers went to war,
Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their Beef they often in their murrions stew'd,
And in their Basket-hilts their Beverage brew'd.
Some Officer perhaps might give consent, 285
To a large cover'd Pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every Soldier got,
Fowl, Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot. }

But, when our conquests were extensive grown, 290
And through the world our British worth was known,
Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaign sparkled equal with their Lace;
Quails, Beccofico's, Ortolans, were sent
To grace the levee of a General's tent; 295
In their gilt Plate all delicates were seen,
And what was Earth before became a rich Terrene.

When the young Players once get to Islington,
 They fondly think that all the world 's their own :
 Prentices, Parish-clerks, and Hectors meet ; 300
 He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the Treat.
 Their talk is loose ; and o'er the bouncing Ale
 At Constables and Justices they rail ;
 Not thinking Custard such a serious thing,
 That Common-council-men 'twill thither bring ; 305
 Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
 With softening Mead and Cheefe-cake ends the strife.
 Ev'n Squires come there, and, with their mean discourse,
 Render the Kitchen, which they sit in, worse.
 Midwives demure, and Chamber-maids most gay, 310
 Foremen that pick the box and come to play,
 Here find their entertainment at the height,
 In Cream and Codlings reveling with delight.
 What these approve the great men will dislike :
 But here 's the art, if you the palate strike ; 315
 By management of common things so well,
 That what was thought the meanest shall excel ;
 While others strive in vain, all persons own
 Such dishes could be dress'd by you alone.

When straiten'd in your time, and servants few, 320
 You 'll rightly then compose an *ambigue* :
 Where first and second Course, and your Dessert,
 All in one single table have their part.
 From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,
 To find the jarring elements unite, 325 }
 And raise a structure grateful to the sight.

Be not too far by old example led,
 With caution now we in their footsteps tread :
 The French our relish help, and well supply
 The want of things too gross by decency. 330
 Our Fathers most admir'd their Sauces sweet,
 And often ask'd for Sugar with their Meat ;
 They butter'd Currants on fat Veal bestow'd,
 And Rumps of Beef with Virgin-honey strew'd.
 Insipid Taste, old Friend, to them who Paris know, 335
 Where Rocombole, Shallot, and the rank Garlick, grow.

Tom Bold did first begin the strolling mart,
 And drove about his Turnips in a cart ;
 Sometimes his Wife the Citizens would please,
 And from the same machine sell Pecks of Pease ; 340
 Then Pippins did in Wheel-barrows abound,
 And Oranges in Whimsy-boards went round ;
 Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
 And therefore plac'd her Cherries on a stall ;
 Her Currants there and Gooseberries were spread, 345
 With the enticing gold of Ginger-bread :
 But Flounders, Sprats, and Cucumbers, were cried,
 And every sound and every voice was tried.
 At last the Law this hideous din suppress'd,
 And order'd that the Sunday should have rest ; 350
 And that no Nymph her noisy food should sell,
 Except it were new Milk or Mackarel.

There is no dish but what our Cooks have made,
 And merited a charter by their trade.
 Not French Kickshaws, or Oglío's brought from Spain,
 Alone have found improvement from their brain ;

But Pudding, Brawn, and White-pots, own'd to be
Th' effects of native ingenuity.

Our British Fleet, which now commands the main,
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain, 360
Would they take time; would they with leisure work,
With care would salt their Beef, and cure their Pork;
Would boil their liquor well whene'er they brew,
**THEIR CONQUEST HALF IS TO THE VICTUALER
DUE.**

Because that thrift and abstinence are good, 365
As many things if rightly understood;
Old Cross condemns all persons to be Fops,
That can't regale themselves with Mutton-chops.
He often for stuf'd Beef to Bedlam runs,
And the clean Rummer, as the Pest-house, shuns. 370
Sometimes Poor Jack and Onions are his dish,
And then he faints those Fryars who stink of Fish.
As for myself, I take him to abstain,
Who has good meat, with decency, though plain:
But, though my edge be not too nicely set, 375
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when season 's past,
What 's stale, what choice, what plentiful, what waste, }
And lead him through the various maze of taste.

The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious Cooks **THE RELISH** call;
For, when the market sends in loads of food,
They all are tasteless till *that* makes them good.
Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare: 385
You 'd

You 'd please a Friend, or reconcile a Brother,
 A testy Father, or a haughty Mother;
 Would mollify a Judge, would cram a Squire,
 Or else some smiles from Court you may desire;
 Or would, perhaps, some hasty Supper give, 390
 To shew the splendid state in which you live.

Pursuant to that interest you propose,
 Must all your Wine and all your Meat be chose.

Let men and manners every dish adapt :

Who'd force his Pepper where his guests are clapt? 395

A cauldron of fat Beef and stoop of Ale

On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail,

Than if you give them with the nicest art

Ragouts of Peacocks-brains, or Filbert-tart.

The French by Soups and *Haut-gouts* glory raise, 400

And their desires all terminate in praise.

The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch

Is, to save all the money they can touch :

"Hans," cries the Father, "see a Pin lies there ;

"A Pin a day will fetch a Groat a year. 405

"To your Five Farthings join Three Farthings more ;

"And they, if added, make your Halfpence Four !"

Thus may your stock by management increase,

Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's peace.

Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail, 410

What hopes of Sugar'd Cakes or Butter'd Ale ?

Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,

Or in a prudent mixture shew their skill :

Clog not your constant meals ; for dishes few

Increase the appetite, when choice and new. 415

Ev'n

Ev'n they, who will Extravagance profess,
 Have still an inward hatred for Excess :
 Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
 Few care for carving trifles in disguise,
 Or that fantastic dish some call *surprize*. 420 }
 When pleasures to the eye and palate meet,
 That Cook has render'd his great work complete :
 His glory far, like SUR-LOIN's KNIGHTHOOD, flies;
 Immortal made, as KIT-CAT by his Pies.

Good-nature must some failings overlook, 425
 Not wilfulness, but errors of the Cook.

A string won't always give the sound design'd
 By the Musician's touch and heavenly mind :
 Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
 Still to the destin'd point directly go. 430

Perhaps no Salt is thrown about the dish,
 Or no fried Parsley scatter'd on the Fish ;
 Shall I in passion from my dinner fly,
 And hopes of pardon to my Cook deny,
 For things which carelessness might oversee, 435
 And all mankind commit as well as he ?

I with compassion once may overlook
 A Skewer sent to table by my Cook :
 But think not therefore tamely I'll permit
 That he should daily the same fault commit, 440 }
 For fear the Rascal send me up the Spit !

Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
 Nor would submit to have his hand confin'd,
 But aim'd at all ; yet never could excel
 In any thing but stuffing of his Veal : 445
 But,

But, when that dish was in perfection seen,
 And that alone, would it not move your spleen?
 'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,
 And gently sink the Artist into sleep.
 Ev'n Lamb himself, at the most solemn feast, 450
 Might have some chargers not exactly drest.

Tables should be like pictures to the sight,
 Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light,
 Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
 Where ease may all their *delicace* command : 455
 Some should be mov'd when broken ; others last
 Through the whole treat, incentive to the taste.

Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
 Up from the Kitchen call'd his eldest Son :
 " Though wise thyself," says he, " though taught by me,
 " Yet fix this sentence in thy memory :
 " There are some certain things that don't excel,
 " And yet we say are *tolerably well* :
 " There 's many worthy men a Lawyer prize,
 " Whom they distinguish as of *middle size*, 465
 " For pleading well at Bar, or turning Books ;
 " But this is not, my Son, the fate of Cooks,
 " From whose mysterious art true pleasure springs
 " To *stall* of Garter, and to *throne* of Kings.
 " A simple scene, a disobliging song, 470
 " Which no way to the main design belong,
 " Or were they absent never would be miss'd,
 " Have made a well-wrought Comedy be hiss'd :
 " So in a Feast no intermediate fault
 " Will be allow'd ; but, if not best, 'tis naught." 475
 He

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
 From Nine-pins, Coits, and from Trap-ball, abstains;
 Cudgels avoids, and shuns the Wrestling-place,
 Left Vinegar resound his loud disgrace.

But every one to Cookery pretends; 480

Nor Maid nor Mistress e'er consult their friends.

But, Sir, if you would roast a Pig, be free:

Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?

We'll see when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,

Or if it wants the nice concluding bout: 485

But, if it lies too long, the crackling's pall'd,

Not by the Drudging-box to be recall'd.

Our Cambrian Fathers, sparing in their Food,
 First broil'd their hunted Goats on bars of wood.

Sharp Hunger was their seasoning, or they took 490

Such Salt as issued from the native rock.

Their Sallading was never far to seek,

The poignant Water-grass, or savoury Leek;

Until the British Bards adorn'd this Isle,

And taught them how to roast, and how to boil: 495

Then Talieffin rose, and sweetly strung

His British Harp, instructing whilst he sung:

Taught them that honesty they still possess,

Their truth, their open heart, their modest dress,

Duty to kindred, constancy to friends, 500

And inward worth, which always recommends;

Contempt of wealth and pleasure, to appear

To all mankind with hospitable cheer.

In after-ages, Arthur taught his Knights

At his Round Table to record their fights, 505

Cities

Cities craz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
 Monsters subdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
 Inspir'd that Cambrian soul which ne'er can yield. }
 Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
 To future Heroes due example set, 510

By his capacious cauldron made appear,
 From whence the spirits rise, and strength of war.
 The present age, to Gallantry inclin'd,
 Is pleas'd with vast improvements of the mind.
 He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes, 515
 May be a fit companion o'er Beef-steaks;
 His name may be to future times enroll'd
 In Estcourt's Book *, whose Gridiron's fram'd of Gold.
 Scorn not these lines, design'd to let you know
 Profits that from a well-plac'd Table flow. 520

'Tis a sage question, if the Art of Cooks
 Is lodg'd by Nature, or attain'd by Books:
 That man will never frame a noble treat,
 Whose whole dependance lies in some Receipt:
 Then by pure Nature every thing is spoil'd, 525
 She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, roast, and boil'd.

* That is, "he admitted a member of The Beef-
 "Steak Club." — Richard Estcourt, who was a Player
 and Dramatic Writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as
 possessed of a sprightly wit, and an easy and natural
 politeness. His company was much coveted by the
 great, on account of his qualifications as a boon com-
 panion. When the famous Beef-steak Club was first
 instituted, he had the office of Providore assigned him;
 and, as a mark of distinction, used to wear a small
 gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green silk
 ribband. He died in the year 1713. N.

When

When Art and Nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice *Ragout*, or charming *Fricassee*.

The lad that would his genius so advance,
That on the rope he might securely dance, 530
From tender years enures himself to pains,
To Summer's parching heat, and Winter's rains, }
And from the fire of Wine and Love abstains;
No Artist can his Hautboy's stops command,
Unless some skilful Master form his hand: 535
But Gentry take their Cooks though never tried;
It seems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus shew him a fool,
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at school.

Ox-cheek when hot, and Wardens bak'd, some cry;
But 'tis with an intention men should buy.
Others abound with such a plenteous store,
That, if you 'll let them treat, they 'll ask no more:
And 'tis the vast ambition of their soul,
To see their Port admir'd, and Table full. 545
But then, amidst that cringing fawning crowd,
Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,
Who with such grace his Honour's actions praise,
How well he fences, dances, sings, and plays;
Tell him his Livery's rich, his Chariot's fine, 550
How choice his Meat, and delicate his Wine;
Surrounded thus, how should the Youth descry
The happiness of Friendship from a Lye?
Friends act with cautious temper when sincere;
But flattering Impudence is void of care: 555

So at an Irish Funeral appears

A train of Drabs with mercenary tears ;

Who, wringing oft' their hands, with hideous moan,

Know not his name for whom they seem to groan ;

While real Grief with silent steps proceeds, 560

And Love unfeign'd with inward passion bleeds.

Hard fate of Wealth ! Were Lords as Butchers wise,

They from their meat would banish all the *Flies* !

The Persian Kings, with Wine and massy Bowl,

Search'd to the dark recesses of the soul ; 565

That, so laid open, no one might pretend,

Unless a man of worth, to be their Friend.

But now the Guests their Patrons undermine ;

And slander them, for giving them their Wine.

Great men have dearly thus companions bought : 570

Unless by these instructions they 'll be taught,

They spread the net, and will themselves be caught. }

Were Horace, that great Master, now alive,

A Feast with wit and judgement he 'd contrive.

As thus : — Supposing that you would rehearse 575

A labour'd Work, and every Dish a Verse ;

He 'd say, " Mend this, and t'other Line, and this."

If after trial it were still amiss,

He 'd bid you give it a new turn of face,

Or set some Dish more curious in its place. 580

If you persist, he would not strive to move

A passion so delightful as Self-love.

We should submit our Treats to Criticks' view,

And every prudent Cook should read Boslu.

Judge-

Judgement provides the Meat in season fir, 535
 Which by the genius dress'd, its sauce is Wit.
 Good Beef for Men, Pudding for Youth and Age,
 Come up to the decorum of the Stage.
 The Critick strikes out all that is not just,
 And 'tis ev'n so the Butler chips his crust. 590
 Poets and Pastry-cooks will be the same,
 Since both of them their images must frame.
 Chimæras from the Poet's fancies flow :
 The Cook contrives his shapes in real Dough.

When Truth commands, there 's no man can offend,
 That with a modest love corrects his Friend,
 Though 'tis in toasting Bread, or buttering Pease,
 So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease.
 But why should we reprove when faults are small ?
 Because 'tis better to have none at all. 600
 There 's often weight in things that seem the least,
 And our most trifling follies raise the jest.

'Tis by his cleanliness a Cook must please ;
 A Kitchen will admit of no disease.
 The Fowler and the Huntsman both may run 605
 Amidst that dirt which he must nicely shun.
 Empedocles, a Sage of old, would raise
 A Name immortal by unusual ways ;
 At last his fancies grew so very odd,
 He thought by *roasting* to be made a God. 610
 Though fat, he leapt with his unweildy stuff
 In *Ætna's* flames, so to have Fire enough.
 Were my Cook fat, and I a stander-by,
 I'd rather than himself his Fish should fry.

There

There are some persons so excessive rude,
That to your private Table they 'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast;
Turn like a Fox, they 'll catch you at the last.
You must, since bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your house, as in a pestilence. 620
Be quick, nay very quick, or he 'll approach,
And, as you 're scampering, stop you in your Coach.
Then think of all your sins, and you will see
How right your guilt and punishment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail, 625
But you would throw some debtor into gaol.
Now mark th' effect of this prevailing curse,
You are detain'd by something that is worse.

Were it in my election, I should chuse,
To meet a ravenous Wolf or Bear got loose. 630
He 'll eat and talk, and talking still will eat,
No quarter from the Parasite you 'll get;
But, like a Leech well fix'd, he 'll suck what 's good,
And never part till satisfied with Blood.

Q

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happiness to you, because you are so much my Friend as to rejoice at it. I some days ago met with an old Acquaintance, a curious person, of whom I enquired if he had seen the Book concerning Soups and Sauces. He told me he had; but that he had but a very slight view of it, the person who was master of it not being willing to part with so valuable a rarity out of his closet. I desired him to give me what account he could of it. He says, that it is a very handsome Octavo; for, ever since the days of Ogilby, good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a Book become ingenious, and brighten up an Author strangely; that there is a copious Index; and at the end a Catalogue of all the Doctor's Works, concerning Cockles, English Beetles, Snails, Spiders that get up into the air and throw us down Cobwebs, a Monster vomited-up by a Baker, and such like; which, if carefully perused, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it seems, no Manuscript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; so that this impression is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my Friend says, he does not believe contrived it himself, because the things are so very much out of the way, that it is not probable any Learned Man would set himself seriously

ously to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the Editor, "That, whatever Manuscripts there might have been, they must have been extremely vicious and corrupt, as being written out by the Cooks themselves, or some of their Friends or Servants, who are not always the most accurate." And then, as my Friend observed, if the Cook had used it much, it might be sullied; the Cook, perhaps, not always licking his fingers when he had occasion for it. I should think it no improvident matter for the State to order a select Scrivener to transcribe Receipts, lest ignorant Women and Housekeepers should impose upon future ages by ill-spelt and uncorrect Receipts for potting of Lobsters, or pickling of Turkeys. Cælius Apicius, it seems, passes for the Author of this Treatise; whose science, learning, and discipline, were extremely contemned, and almost abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoicks, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and so lay neglected till the inferior ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to Physick, to which a Learned Author, called Donatus, says, that "the Kitchen is a Handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every respect come up to the Ancients, that by a very good Author an old gentleman is introduced as making use of three Doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman. They are reported to be excellent Physicians; and, if kept at a constant pension, their fees will not be very costly.

It seems, as my Friend has learnt, there were two persons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the Republick, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, "to have had a great deal of wit and judgement in all affairs that related to Eating," and consequently has his name affixed to many sorts of Aumulets and Pancakes. Nor were Emperors less contributors to so great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whose Imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the last of which Emperors had the peculiar glory of first making Sauages of Shrimps, Crabs, Oysters, Sprawns, and Lobsters. And these Sauages being mentioned by the Author which the Editor publishes, from that and many other arguments the Learned Doctor irrefragably maintains, that the Book, as now printed, could not be transcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the Titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, austere, and solid virtue. And, it seems, under his administration, a person that found out a new Soup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding a new Continent. My Friend says, the Editor tells us of unheard-of dainties; how "Æsopus had a supper of the tongues of Birds that could speak;" and that "his Daughter regaled on Pearls," though he does not tell us how she dressed them; how "Hortensius left ten thousand Pipes of Wine in his Cellar, for his Heir's drinking;" how "Vedius Pollio fed his Fish-

- " ponds

“ponds with Man’s Flesh;” and how “Cæsar bought six thousand weight of Lampreys for his Triumphal Supper.” He says, the Editor proves equally to a demonstration, by the proportions and quantities set down, and the nauseousness of the ingredients, that the Dinners of the Emperors were ordered by their Physicians; and that the *Recipe* was taken by the Cook, as the Collegiate Doctors would do their Bills, to a modern Apothecary; and that this custom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals over-ran the Western Empire; and that they, by use, exercise, and necessity of abstinence, introduced the eating of Cheese and Venison without those additional Sauces, which the Physicians of old found-out to restore the depraved appetites of such great men as had lost their stomachs by an excess of luxury. Out of the ruins of Erasistratus’s Book of *Endive*, Glaucus Lorrensis of *Cow-beel*, Mithæcus of *Hot-pots*, Dionysius of *Sugar-sops*, Agis of *Pickled Broom-buds*, Epinetus of *Sack-poffet*, Euthedemus of *Apple-dump-lings*, Hegesippus of *Black-pudding*, Crito of *Sowced Mackarel*, Stephanus of *Lemon-cream*, Archites of *Hog’s-harstet*, Acestius of *Quince-marmalade*, Hiccius of *Potted Pigeons*, Diocles of *Sweet-breads*, and Philistion of *Oat-cakes*, and several other such Authors, the great Humelbergius composed his Annotations upon Apicius; whose Receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and lost, were preserved in the utmost parts of Transylvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious Editor. Latinus Latinus

finds fault with several dishes of Apicius, and is pleased to say they are nauseous; but our Editor defends that great person, by shewing the difference of our customs; how Plutarch says, "the Ancients used no Pepper," whereas all or at least five or six hundred of Apicius's Delicates were seasoned with it. For we may as well admire that some West Indians should abstain from Salt, as that we should be able to bear the bitterness of Hops in our common drink: and therefore we should not be averse to Rue, Cummin, Parsley-seed, Marshmallows, or Nettles, with our common Meat; or to have Pepper, Honey, Salt, Vinegar, Raisins, Mustard and Oil, Rue, Mastick, and Cardamums, strown promiscuously over our Dinner when it comes to table. My Friend tells me of some short observations he made out of the Annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in some things he may mistake, because it is not wilfully, as that Papirius Petrus was the great patron of Custard: that the "*Tetraphar-macon*, a dish much admired by the Emperors Adrian and Alexander Severus, was made of Pheasant, Peacock, a wild Sow's Hock and Udder, with a Bread Pudding over it; and that the name and reason of so odd a dish are to be sought for amongst the Physicians."

The Work is divided into Ten Books; of which the First treats of Soups and Pickles, and amongst other things shews that Sauce-pans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian used a glass of Bitter in a Morning; that the Ancients scalded their Wine; and that

that
Sug
was
whi
was
Sug
unk
not
at
two
and
the
Brit
it;
flesh
fryi
out,
An
quo
and
whe
of a
esta
whe
fash
who
T
Pick
cee
Sau

that burnt Claret, as now practised, with Spice and Sugar, is pernicious; that the Adulteration of Wine was as ancient as Cato; that *Brawn* was a Roman Dish, which Apicius commends as *wonderful*; its Sauce then was Mustard and Honey, before the frequent use of Sugar: nor were Sowced Hogs-feet, Cheeks, and Ears, unknown to those ages. It is very probable, they were not so superstitious as to have so great a delicate only at Christmas. It were worth a Dissertation between two learned persons, so it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæsar introduced it into Britain: and it is strange he should take no notice of it; whereas he has recorded that they did not eat Hare's flesh; that the Ancients used to *marinate* their Fish, by frying them in Oil, and, the moment they were taken out, pouring boiling Vinegar upon them. The Learned Annotator observes, that the best way of keeping the Liquor in Oysters is, by laying the deep shell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed Oysters to Tiberius when in Parthia; a noble invention, since made use of at Colchester with most admirable success! What estates might Brawn or Locket have got in those days, when Apicius, only for boiling Sprouts after a new fashion, deservedly came into the good graces of Drusus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The First Book having treated of Sauces or standing Pickles for Relish, which are used in most of the succeeding Receipts; the Second has a glorious subject, of Sauces, both with skins and without, which contains

matters no less remarkable than the former. The Ancients that were delicate in their Eating prepared their own Mushrooms with an Amber, or at least a Silver Knife; where the Annotator shews elegantly, against Hardouinus, that the whole Knife, and not only the Handle, was of Amber or Silver, lest the rustiness of an ordinary Knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are out-done by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The Third Book is of such Edibles as are produced in Gardens. The Romans used *Nitre*, to make their Herbs look green; the Annotator shews our Salt-petre at present to differ from the ancient *Nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them first with Oil and Salt, and so boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the present Receipt is, To let the Water boil well; throw in Salt and a bit of Butter; and so not only Sprouts but Spinage will be green. There is a most extraordinary observation of the Editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that Walnut-trees, like Russian Wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and stones are used by boys and others to get the fruit down, the Walnut-tree being so very high they could not otherwise reach it, rather out of kindness to themselves, than any regard to the Tree that bears it. As for Asparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient Gardeners, and that at Ravenna

three

three
thou
thir
unle
that
turba
boile
best
of b
beca
that
fold
take
Nett
very
T
Cool
Panc
Apic
whic
tain
Brui
Min
Vine
thre
Goa
bers
garn
Thi
wen

three weighed a Pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a Hundred of them weighed thirty: that Cucumbers are apt to rise in the Stomach, unless pared, or boiled with Oil, Vinegar, and Honey; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any disturbance, because it was a rule for them to have always boiled Cabbage for their first dish at Supper: that the best way to roast Onions is in Colewort Leaves, for fear of burning them: that Beets are good for Smiths, because they, working at the fire, are generally costive: that Petronius has recorded a little old Woman, who sold the *Agreste Olus* of the Ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to those who in our days cry Nettle-tops, Elder-buds, and Cliver, in spring-time very wholesome.

The Fourth Book contains the universal Art of Cookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus composed the Pandects of Physic, and Justinian those of Law; so Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art, in this Book which bears that inscription. The First Chapter contains the admirable Receipt of a *Salacacaby* of Apicius. Bruise in a Mortar Parsley-seed, dried Peneryal, dried Mint, Ginger, green Coriander, Raisins stoned, Honey, Vinegar, Oil, and Wine; put them into a *Cacabulum*; three Crusts of Pycentine Bread, the Flesh of a Puller, Goat Stones, Vestine Cheese, Pine Kernels, Cucumbers, dried Onions minced small; pour a Soup over it, garnish it with Snow, and send it up in the *Cacabulum*. This *Cacabulum* being an unusual vessel, my Friend went to his Dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation

pretation of it, he was easily persuaded, from the whimsicalness of the composition, and the fantasticalness of Snow for its garniture, that the properest vessel for a Physician to prescribe, to send to table upon that occasion, might be a Bed-pan. There are some admirable Remarks in the Annotations to the Second Chapter, concerning the Dialogue of Asellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between Mushrooms, *Chats*, or *Beccosco's*, Oysters, and Redwings; a Work that ought to be published: for the same Annotator observes, that this Island is not destitute of Redwings, though coming to us only in the hardest weather, and therefore seldom brought fat to our tables; that the *Chats* come to us in April and breed, and about Autumn return to Africk; that experience shews us they may be kept in cages, fed with Beef or Wether Mutton, Figs, Grapes, and minced Filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of such as would preserve our British dishes; the first delighting in Hodge-podge, Gallimaufreys, Forced Meats, Jussels, and Salmagundies; the latter in Spear-ribs, Surloins, Chines and Barons; and thence our terms of Art, both as to Dressing and Carving, become very different; for they, lying upon a sort of Couch, could not have carved those dishes which our Ancestors when they sat upon Forms used to do. But, since the use of Cushions and Elbow-chairs, and the Editions of good Books and Authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them. For indeed hitherto we have been something to blame; and I believe few of us have seen a dish of Capon-stones

stones at table (Lamb-stones is acknowledged by the learned Annotator that we have): for the art of making Capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman Antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning of their spurs; which, occasioning their sterility, makes them Capons in effect, though those parts thereby became more large and tender.

The Fifth Book is of Pease-porridge; under which are included, Frumetary, Watergruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, Flumary, Stir-about, and the like. The Latin or rather Greek name is *Ausprios*; but my Friend was pleased to entitle it *Pantagruel*, a Name used by Rabelais, an eminent Physician. There are some very remarkable things in it; as, The Emperor Julianus had seldom any thing but Spoon-meat at Supper: that the Herb Fenugreek, with Pickles, Oil, and Wine; was a Roman Dainty; upon which the Annotator observes, that it is not used in our Kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterness that it has; and that it is plainly a Physical Diet, that will give a stool; and that, mixed with Oats, it is the best Purge for Horses: an excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be lost; for what the Lord did not eat, he might send to his Stable.]

The Sixth Book treats of Wild-fowl; how to dress Ostridges (the biggest, grossest, and most difficult of digestion, of any Bird), Phœnicoptrices, Parrots, &c.

The Seventh Book treats of things *sumptuous* and *costly*, and therefore chiefly concerning *Hog-meat*; in which the Romans came to that excess, that the Laws forbade the usage of Hogs-harshlet, Sweet-breads, Cheeks,

&c.

&c. at their public Suppers; and Cato, when Censor, sought to restrain the extravagant use of Brawn, by several of his Orations. So much regard was had then to the Art of Cookery, that we see it took place in the thoughts of the wisest men, and bore a part in their most important councils. But, alas! the degeneracy of our present age is such, that I believe few besides the Annotator know the excellency of a Virgin Sow, especially of the *black* kind brought from China; and how to make the most of her Liver, Lights, Brains, and Petticoes; and to vary her into those fifty dishes which, Pliny says, were usually made of that delicious Creature. Besides, Galen tells us more of its excellences: "That fellow that eats Bacon for two or three days before he is to box or wrestle, shall be much stronger than if he should eat the best Roast Beef or Bag Pudding in the Parish."

The Eighth Book treats of such Dainties as *four-footed* Beasts afford us; as, 1. the *Wild Boar*, which they used to boil with all its bristles on. 2. The *Deer*, dressed with Broth made with Pepper, Wine, Honey, Oil, and stewed Damsons, &c. 3. The *Wild Sheep*, of which there are "innumerable in the Mountains of Yorkshire and Westmorland, that will let nobody handle them;" but, if they are caught, they are to be sent up with an "elegant Sauce, prescribed after a physical manner, in form of an Electuary, made of Pepper, Rue, Parsley-seed, Juniper, Thyme dried, Mint, Peneryal, Honey, &c." with which any Apothecary in that country can furnish you. 4. *Beef*, with Onion

Onion Sauce, and commended by Celsus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, because the Greeks scarce knew how to *make Oxen*, and *Powdering-tubs* were in very few Families; for Physicians have been very peculiar in their Diet in all ages; otherwise Galen would scarce have found-out that young Foxes were in season in Autumn. 5. The *Sucking Pig* boiled in Paper. 6. The *Hare*, the chief of the Roman *dainties*; its Blood being the sweetest of any Animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the Emperors and Nobility had Parks to fatten them in; yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had sent him one, or a Pig, he would make it last him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which must have been a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the most exquisite Animal was reserved for the last Chapter; and that was the *Dormouse*, a harmless creature, whose innocence might at least have defended it both from Cooks and Physicians. But Apicius found out an odd sort of fate for those poor creatures; some to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *Hogs-guts*, and so boiled for Sauages. In ancient times, people made it their business to fatten them: Aristotle rightly observes, that sleep fattened them; and Martial from thence too poetically tells us that sleep was their only nourishment. But the Annotator has cleared that point; he, good man, has tenderly observed one of them for many years, and finds that it does not sleep all the Winter, as falsely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repast then rolls

rolls itself up in a ball to sleep. This Dormouse, according to the Author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other Dormice do so, I cannot tell, because Bamboüfelbergius's Treatise "of Fattening "Dormice" is lost. Though very costly, they became a common dish at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd Receipt for dressing them, and serving them up with Poppies and Honey; which must be a very soporiferous dainty, and as good as Owl-pye to such as want a nap after dinner. The fondness of the Romans came to be so excessive towards them, that, as Pliny says, "the Censorian Laws, and Marcus Scaurus "in his Consulship, got them prohibited from public "entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Helio-
gabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their subjects in so reasonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewise, that "*scales* were brought to table in those "ages, to weigh curious Fishes, Birds, and Dormice," to see whether they were at the standard of excellence and perfection, and sometimes, I suppose, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The Annotator takes hold of this occasion, to shew "of how great use scales "would be at the tables of our Nobility," especially upon the bringing up of a dish of Wild-fowl: "For, "if twelve Larks (says he) should weigh below twelve "ounces, they would be very lean, and scarce toler-
able; if twelve and down-weight, they would be "very well; but, if thirteen, they would be fat to

" per-

" per-
lance
I
such
that
stabl
his
glad
so as
M
more
acco
mem
ence.

"
"
espec
Th
amon
mous
milli
there
Afric
same
last to
comin
failed
fairest

"perfection." We see upon how nice and exact a balance the happiness of Eating depends !

I could scarce forbear smiling, not to say worse, at such exactness and such dainties ; and told my Friend, that those scales would be of extraordinary use at Dunstable ; and that, if the Annotator had not prescribed his Dormouse, I should upon the first occasion be glad to visit it, if I knew its visiting-days and hours, so as not to disturb it.

My Friend said, there remained but Two Books more, one of Sea and the other of River Fish, in the account of which he would not be long, seeing his memory began to fail him almost as much as my patience.

" 'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,

" And gently sink the Artist into sleep * ; "

especially when treating of Dormice.

The Ninth Book is concerning Sea Fish, where, amongst other learned Annotations, is recorded that famous Voyage of Apicius, who, having spent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were Lobsters of a vast and unusual bigness in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on shipboard the same day ; and, having suffered much at sea, came at last to the coast. But the fame of so great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the Fishermen sailed out to meet him, and presented him with their fairest Lobsters. He asked, if they had no larger.

* Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

They

They answered, " Their sea produced nothing more
 " excellent than what they had brought." This honest
 freedom of theirs, with his disappointment, so dis-
 gusted him, that he took pet, and bade the Master re-
 turn home again immediately: and so, it seems, Africa
 lost the breed of one monster more than it had before*.
 There are many Receipts in the Book, to dress Cramp-
 fish, that numb the hands of those that touch them;
 the Cuttle-fish, whose blood is like ink; the Pourcon-
 trel, or Many-feet; the Sea-urchin, or Hedge-hog;
 with several others, whose Sauces are agreeable to their
 natures. But, to the comfort of us Moderns, the An-
 cients often ate their Oysters alive, and spread hard
 Eggs minced over their Sprats as we do now over our
 Salt-fish. There is one thing very curious concerning
 Herrings: It seems, the Ancients were very fantastical,
 in making one thing pass for another; so, at Petronius's
 Supper, the Cook sent up a fat Goose, Fish, and Wild-
 fowl of all sorts to appearance, but still all were made
 out of the several parts of one single Porker. The
 great Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, had a very delight-
 ful deception of this nature put upon him by his Cook:
 the King was extremely affected with fresh Herrings
 (as indeed who is not?); but, being far up in Asia
 from the sea-coast, his whole wealth could not have
 purchased one; but his Cook contrived some sort of

* Lord Lyttelton's Nineteenth " Dialogue, of the
 " Dead" (perhaps the most humorous in that admir-
 able collection) seems to have been entirely founded on
 the hints suggested by Dr. King. N.

meat,

meat, which, put into a frame, so resembled a Herring, that it was extremely satisfactory both to this Prince's eyes and *gusto*. My Friend told me, that, to the honour of the City of London, he had seen a thing of this nature there; that is, a Herring, or rather a Salmogundy, with the head and tail so neatly laid, that it surprized him. He says, many of the *species* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent relish to Burton Ale, and not costing above six-pence, an inconsiderable price for so imperial a dainty!

The Tenth Book, as my Friend tells me, is concerning *Fish Sauces*, which consist of variety of ingredients, amongst which is generally a kind of Frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any person who would boil Fish exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at present is said to be a Dutch Receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It seems, Seneca the Philosopher (a man from whose morose temper little good in the Art of Cookery could be expected), in his Third Book of Natural Questions, correcting the luxury of the times, says, the Romans were come to that daintiness, that they would not eat a Fish unless upon the same day it was taken, "that it might taste of the Sea," as they expressed it; and therefore had them brought by persons who rode post, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an usual expression for a Roman to say, "In other matters I may confide in you; but in a thing of this weight, it is not consistent with my

R

"gravity

"gravity and prudence. I will trust nothing but my own eyes. Bring the Fish hither, let me see him breathe his last." And, when the poor Fish was brought to table swimming and gasping, would cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than a dying Mullet!" My Friend says, the Annotator looks upon these "as jests made by the Stoicks, and spoken absurdly and beyond nature;" though the Annotator at the same time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the Fishermen should not wash their Fish, but bring them as they came out of the sea. Happy were the Athenians in good Laws, and the Romans in great Examples! But I believe our Britons need wish their Friends no longer life, than till they see London served with live Herrings and gasping Mackarel. It is true, we are not quite so barbarous but that we throw our Crabs alive into scalding water, and tie our Lobsters to the spit to hear them squeak when they are roasted; our Eels use the same peristaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their skin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our Gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occasion to the admirable remark of some persons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My Friend said, that the mention of Eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the Annotator, "That they who amongst the Sybarites would fish for Eels, or sell them, should be free from all taxes." I was glad to hear of the word *conclude*; and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the men-

tion of the Sybarites, of whom I shortly intend a History, shewing how they deservedly banished Cocks for waking them in a morning, and Smiths for being useful; how one cried out because one of the Rose-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their Horses to dance; and so their enemies, coming against them with *guitars* and *harpsichords*, set them so upon their *Round O's* and *Minuets*, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as Gouldman, Littleton, and several other good Authors, affirm. I told my Friend, I had much overstayed my hour; but if, at any time, he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caspar Barthius, and another Friend, with himself, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice Dishes to cover the Table at once, which, except they would think of any thing better, should be a Salacacaby, a Dish of Fenugreek, a Wild-Sheep's head and appurtenance with a suitable Eleetuary, a *ragout* of Capon's Stones, and some Dormouse Saufages.

If, as Friends do with one another at a Venison-pasty, you should send for a plate, you know you may command it; for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, &c.

4 AP 54

THE
ART OF LOVE:
IN IMITATION OF
OVID DE ARTE AMANDI.

The virtuous disposition of our Author is no where more remarkably distinguished than in this piece; wherein both the subject and the example so naturally lead into some less chaste images, some looser love which stands in need of a remedy.

BIOG. BRIT.



TO THE
LORD HERBERT*,

Eldest Son of his Excellency the Earl of PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY; Baron HERBERT of Caerdiff, Ross of Kendal, PARR, FITZ-HUGH MARMION, ST. QUINTIN, and HERBERT of Shutland; Knight of the Garter, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE following lines are written on a subject that will naturally be protected by the goodness and temper of your Lordship: for, as the advantages of your mind and person must kindle the flames of Love in the coldest breast; so you are of an age most susceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all those accomplishments at home, which others are forced to seek abroad; and have given the world assurance, by such beginnings, that you will soon be qualified to fill the highest Offices of the Crown with the same universal applause that has constantly attended your illustrious Father in the discharge of them. For the good of your Posterity, may you ever be happy in the choice of what you love! And though these rules will be of small use

* Henry lord Herbert succeeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1749. N.

to you that can frame much better; yet let me beg leave that, by dedicating them to your service, I may have the honour of telling the world, that I am obliged to your Lordship; and that I am most entirely

Your Lordship's

Most faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

PREFACE.

P R E F A C E.

IT is endeavour'd, in the following Poems, to give the Readers of both sexes some ideas of the Art of Love; such a Love as is innocent and virtuous, and whose desires terminate in present happiness and that of posterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help, from the Ancients, amongst whom none has touch'd that passion more tenderly and justly than Ovid. He knew that he bore the mastership in that Art; and therefore, in the Fourth Book *De Tristibus*, when he would give some account of himself to future ages, he calls himself "*Tenerorum Lufor Amorum*," as if he gloried principally in the descriptions he had made of that passion.

The present imitation of him is at least such a one as Mr. Dryden mentions, "to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the same subject; that is, not to translate his words, or be confined to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write as he supposes that Author would have done, had he lived in our age and in our country. But he dares not say that Sir John Denham*, or Mr. Cowley, have carried this

* Mr. Dryden alludes to "*The Destruction of Troy, &c.*" N.

“Libertine way, as the latter calls it, so far as this definition reaches.” But, alas! the present Imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley had Pindar, to deal with, who both wrote upon lasting foundations: but, the present subject being Love, it would be unreasonable to think of too great a confinement to be laid on it. And though the passion and grounds of it will continue the same through all ages; yet there will be many little modes, fashions, and graces, ways of complaisance and address, entertainments and diversions, which time will vary. Since the world will expect new things, and persons will write, and the Ancients have so great a fund of Learning; whom can the Moderns take better to copy than such originals? It is most likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thousand to one but their imitation is better than any clumsy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of writing, has as much reason to understand the true scope, genius, and force of the expressions of his Author, as a literal Translator: and, after all, he lies under this misfortune, that the faults are all his own; and, if there is any thing that may seem pardonable, the Latin* at the bottom shews to whom he is engaged for it. An Imitator and his Author stand

* In the first editions of the “Art of Cookery,” and of the “Art of Love,” Dr. King printed the original under the respective pages of his translations. N.

much upon the same terms as Ben does with his Father in the Comedy *:

“What thof he be my Father, I an’t bound Prentice
“to ‘en.”

There were many reasons why the Imitator transposed several Verses of Ovid, and has divided the whole into Fourteen Parts, rather than keep it in Three Books. These may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the rest, some were, that matters of the same subject might lie more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together might appear too burthensome; and therefore (if small matters may allude to greater) as Virgil in his “Georgicks,” so here most of the parts end with some remarkable Fable, which carries with it some Moral: yet, if any persons please to take the Six first Parts as the First Book, and divide the Eight last, they may make Three Books of them again. There have by chance some twenty lines crept into the Poem out of the “Remedy of Love,” which (as inanimate things are generally the most wayward and provoking): since they would stay, have been suffered to stand there. But as for the Love here mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of any remedy to be prescribed for it, but the speedy obtaining of what it desires. Should the Imitator’s style seem not to be sufficiently restrained, should he not have afforded pains for review or correction, let it be

* Congreve’s Love for Love. N.

252 PREFACE TO THE ART OF LOVE.

considered, that perhaps even in that he desired to imitate his Author, and would not peruse them; lest, as some of Ovid's Works were, so these might be committed to the flames. But he leaves that for the Reader to do, if he pleases, when he has bought them.

THE

THE ART OF LOVE.

P A R T I.

WHOEVER knows not what it is TO LOVE,
 Let him but read these verses, and improve.
 Swift ships are rul'd by art, and oars, and sails :
 Skill guides our chariots ; Wit o'er Love prevails.
 Automædon with reins let loose could fly ; 5
 Tiphys with Argo's ship cut waves and sky.
 In Love-affairs I 'm charioteer of Truth,
 And surest pilot to incautious youth.
 Love 's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy ;
 But then consider he is but a boy. 10
 Chiron with pleasing harp Achilles tam'd,
 And his rough manners with soft musick fram'd :
 Though he 'd in council storm, in battle-rage,
 He bore a secret reverence for age.
 Chiron's command with strict obedience ties 15
 The finewy arm by which brave Hector dies :
 That was *his* task, but fiercer Love is mine :
 They both are boys, and sprung from race divine.
 The stiff-neck'd bull does to the yoke submit,
 And the most fiery courser champs the bit. 20
 So

So Love shall yield. I own, I 've been his slave;
 But conquer'd where my enemy was brave :
 And now he darts his flames without a wound,
 And all his whistling arrows die in found.
 Nor will I raise my fame by hidden art; 25
 In what I teach, sound reason shall have part:
 For Nature's passion cannot be destroy'd,
 But moves in Virtue's path when well employ'd.
 Yet still 'twill be convenient to remove
 The tyranny and plagues of vulgar love. 30
 May infant Chastity, grave matron's pride,
 A parent's wish, and blushes of a bride,
 Protect this Work ; so guard it, that no rhyme
 In syllable or thought may vent a crime !
 The Soldier, that Love's armour would defy, 35
 Will find his greatest courage is to fly :
 When Beauty's amorous glances parley beat,
 The only conquest then is to retreat :
 But, if the treacherous Fair pretend to yield,
 'Tis present death unless you quit the field. 40
 Whilst youth and vanity would make you range,
 Think on some beauty may prevent your change :
 But such by falling skies are never caught ;
 No happiness is found but what is sought.
 The huntsman learns where does trip o'er the lawn, 45
 And where the foaming boar secures his brawn.
 The fowler's low-bell robs the lark of sleep;
 And they who hope for fish must search the deep :
 And he, that fuel seeks for chaste desire,
 Must search where Virtue may that flame inspire. 50
 To

To foreign parts there is no need to roam:
 The blessing may be met with nearer home.
 From India some, others from neighbouring France,
 Bring tawny skins, and puppets that can dance.
 The Seat of British Empire does contain 55
 Beauties that o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
 As fruitful fields with plenty bless the sight,
 And as the milky way adorns the night;
 So *that* does with those graceful nymphs abound,
 Whose dove-like softness is with roses crown'd. 60
 There tenderest blooms inviting softness spread,
 Whilst by their smallest twine the captive's led.
 There youth advanc'd in majesty does shine,
 Fit to be mother to a race divine.
 No age in matrons, no decay appears; 65
 By prudence only there you guess at years.

Sometimes you'll see these Beauties seek the shade
 By lofty trees in royal gardens made;
 Or at St. James's, where a noble care
 Makes all things pleasing like himself appear; 70
 Or Kensington, sweet air and blest retreat
 Of him, that owns a Sovereign, though most great*.

* George Prince of Denmark, consort to the Queen, greatly admired these fine gardens. — They were purchased by King William from Lord Chancellor Finch; were enlarged by Queen Mary; and improved by Queen Anne, who was so pleased with the place, that she frequently supped during the summer in the Green-house. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their present size, three miles and a half in compass. N.

Some-

Sometimes in wilder groves, by chariots drawn,
 They view the noble stag and tripping fawn.
 On Hyde-Park's circles if you chance to gaze, 75
 The lights revolving strike you with amaze.

To Bath and Tunbridge they sometimes retreat,
 With waters to dispel the parching heat :
 But youth with reason there may oft' admire 80
 That which may raise in him a nobler fire ;
 Till the kind Fair relieves what he endures,
 Caus'd at that water which all others cures.

Sometimes at marriage-rites you may espay
 Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
 Where to blest musick they in dances move, 85
 With innocence and grace commanding love.
 But yearly when that solemn night returns,
 When grateful incense on the altar burns,
 For closing the most glorious day e'er seen,
 That first gave light to happy Britain's Queen ; 90
 Then is the time for noble youth to try
 To make his choice with a judicious eye.
 Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
 Of Nymphs ador'd, and Goddesses of old,
 Equal those beauties who that circle frame ; 95
 A subject fit for never-dying fame :
 Whose gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them thrown,
 Yet still can add no lustre to their own.

But when their Queen does to the Senate go,
 And they make up the grandeur of the show ; 100
 Then guard your hearts, ye makers of our laws,
 For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cause ;

Left

Left the submissive part should fall to you,
 And they who suppliants help be forc'd to sue.
 Then may their yielding hearts compassion take, 105
 And grant your wishes, for your country's sake :
 Ease to their beauties' wounds may goodness give ;
 And, since you make all happy, let you live.

Sometimes these Beauties on New-market plains,
 Ruling their gentle pads with silken reins, 110
 Behold the conflicts of the generous steeds,
 Sprung from true blood, and well-attested breeds.
 There youth may justly with discerning eye
 Through riding Amazonian habit spy
 That which his swiftest courser cannot fly. 115 }

It is no treacherous or base piece of art,
 T'approve the side with which the Fair takes part :
 For equal passion-equal minds will strike,
 Either in commendation or dislike.

For, when two fencers ready stand to fight, 120
 And we 're spectators of the bloody fight,
 Our nimble passion Love has soon design'd
 The man to whom we must and will be kind.

We think the other is not fit to win :
 This is our conqueror ere fight begin. 125

If danger dares approach him, how we start !
 Our frightened blood runs trembling to our heart :
 He takes the wounds, but we endure the smart. }
 And Nature by such instances does prove,
 That we fear most for that which most we love. 130

Therefore, if chance should make her saddle slide,
 Or any thing should slip, or be untied,

Oh, think it not a too officious care
 With eagerness to run and help the Fair.
 We offer small things to the powers above : 135
 'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.
 So when Eliza, whose propitious days
 Revolving Heaven does seem again to raise;
 Whose ruling genius shew'd a master-stroke
 In every thing she did, and all she spoke; 140
 Was stepping o'er a passage, which the rain
 Had fill'd, and seem'd as stepping back again;
 Young Raleigh scorn'd to see his Queen retreat,
 And threw his velvet-cloak beneath her feet.
 The Queen approv'd the thought, and made him great*. }

Mark when the Queen her thanks divine would give
 Midst acclamations, that she *long may live*;
 To whom kind Heaven the blessing has bestow'd,
 To let her arms succeed for Europe's good;
 No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns, 150
 Nor are the captives dragg'd with ponderous chains;
 But all declare the British subjects' ease,
 And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
 Then, whilst the pomp of Majesty proceeds
 With stately steps, and eight well-chosen steeds, 155
 From every palace Beauties may be seen,
 That will acknowledge none but Her for Queen.
 Then, if kind chance a lovely Maid has thrown
 Next to a Youth with graces like her own,

* Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his rise at court. N.

Much

ART OF LOVE.

259

Much she would learn, and many questions ask; 160

The answers are the Lover's pleasing task.

"Is that the *man* who made the French to fly?

"What place is Blenheim? is the Danube nigh?

"Where was 't that he with sword victorious stood,

"And made their trembling squadrons chuse the flood?

"What is the *gold* adorns this royal state?

"Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?

"Don't it require a most prodigious care

"To manage treasures in the height of war?

"Must he not be of calmest truth possesst,

170

"Presides o'er councils of the Royal breast?

"Sea-fights are surely dismal scenes of war!

"Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?

"Has not the Emperor got some Envoy here?

"Won't Danish, Swedish, Prussian Lords appear?

"Who represents the Line of Hanover?

"Don't The States General assist them all?

"Should we not be in danger, if they fall?

"If Savoy's Duke and Prince Eugene could meet

"In this solemnity, 'twould be complete.

180

"Think you that Barcelona could have stood

"Without the hazard of our noblest blood!

"At Ramilies what ensigns did you get?

"Did many towns in Flanders then submit?

"Was it the Conqueror's business to destroy,

185

"Or was he met by all of them with joy?

"Oh, could my wish but fame eternal give,

"The laurel on those brows should ever live!"

S 2

The

The British worth in nothing need despair,
 When it has such assistance from the Fair. 190
 As Virtue merits, it expects regard;
 And Valour flies, where Beauty's the reward.

P A R T II.

I N Love-affairs the Theatre has part,
 That wise and most instructing scene of art,
 Where Vice is punish'd with a just reward, 195
 And Virtue meets with suitable regard;
 Where mutual Love and Friendship find return,
 But treacherous Insolence is hiss'd with scorn,
 And Love's unlawful wiles in torment burn. }
 This without blushes whilst a virgin sees, 200 }
 Upon some brave spectator Love may seize,
 Who, till *she* sends it, never can have ease. }

As things that were the best at first
 By their corruption grow the worst;
 The modern Stage takes liberties 205
 Unseen by our forefathers' eyes.
 As bees from hive, from mole-hill ants;
 So swarm the females and gallants,
 All crowding to the Comedy,
 For to be seen, and not to see. 210
 But, though these females are to blame,
 Yet still they have some native shame:

They all are silent till they 're ask'd;
 And ev'n their impudence is mask'd :
 For Nature would be modest still,
 And there 's reluctancy in will.

215

Sporting and Plays had harmless been,
 And might by any one be seen,
 Till Romulus began to spoil them,
 Who kept a Palace, call'd ASYLUM;
 Where Bastards, Pimps, and Thieves, and Pandars,
 Were list'd all to be commanders.
 But then the rascals were so poor,
 They could not change a Rogue for Whore;
 And neighbouring Jades resolv'd to tarry,
 Rather than with such Scrubs they 'd marry.
 But, for to cheat them, and be wiv'd,
 They knavishly a farce contriv'd.
 No gilded pillars there were seen,
 Nor was the cloth they trod on green.
 No Ghosts came from the cellar crying,
 Nor Angels from the garret flying.
 The House was made of sticks and bushes,
 And all the Floor was strew'd with rushes :
 The Seats were rais'd with turf and fods,
 Whence Heroes might be view'd, and Gods.
 Paris and Helen was the Play,
 And how both of them ran away.
 Romulus bad his varlets go
 Invite the Sabines to his show.
 Unto this Opera no rate is;
 They all were free to come in gratis.

220

225

230

235

240

And they, as girls will seldom miss
 A merry meeting, came to this.
 There was much wishing, fighting, thinking, 245
 Not without whispering, and winking.
 Their pipes had then no shaking touch :
 Their song and dance were like the Dutch :
 The whole performance was by men,
 Because they had no Eunuchs then. 250
 But, whilst the musick briskly play'd,
 Romulus at his cue display'd
 The sign for each man to his maid. }
 "Huzza!" they cry; then seize: some tremble
 In real fact, though most dissemble. 255
 Some are attempting an escape,
 And others softly cry, "A rape!"
 Whilst some bawl out, "That they had rather
 "Than twenty pound lose an old father."
 Some look extremely pale, and others red, 360 }
 Some wish they'd ne'er been born, or now were dead, }
 And others fairly with themselves a-bed.
 Some rant, tear, run; whilst some sit still,
 To shew they're ravish'd much against their will.
 Thus Rome began; and now at last, 265
 After so many ages past,
 Their rapes and lewdness without shame;
 Their vice and villainy's the same.
 Til be their fate who would corrupt the Stage,
 And spoil the true corrector of the age! 270

P A R T III.

NOW learn those arts which teach you to obtain
Those beauties which you see divinely reign.

Though they by Nature are transcendent bright,
And would be seen ev'n through the gloom of night;
Yet they their greatest lustre still display 275
In the meridian pitch of calmest day.

'Tis then we purple view, and costly gem,
And with more admiration gaze on them.
Faults seek the dark; they who by moon-light woo,
May find their Fair-one as inconstant too. 280

When Modesty supported is by Truth,
There is a boldness that becomes your youth.
In gentle sounds disclose a Lover's care,
'Tis better than your sighing and despair.
Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain, 285
The Hare grown bold may face the Dogs again,
When Beauty don't in Virtue's arms rejoice,
Since Harmony in Love is Nature's voice.

But harden'd Impudence sometimes will try
At things which Justice cannot but deny. 290
'Then, what that says is Insolence and Pride,
Is Prudence, with firm Honour for its guide.

The Lady's counsels often are betray'd
By trusting secrets to a servile Maid,
'The whole intrigues of whose insidious brain 295
Are base, and only terminate in gain.

Let them take care of too diffusive mirth;
 Suspicions thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
 Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
 By Sinon's craft it had not been destroy'd.
 A vulgar air, mean songs, and free discourse,
 With fly insinuations, may prove worse
 To tender Females than the Trojan Horse.

300

}

Take care how you from Virtue stray;

For Scandal follows the same way,
 And more than Truth it will devise.

305

Old Poets did delight in lies,
 Which modern ones now call *surprize*.

}

Some say that Myrrha lov'd her Father,
 That Byblis lik'd her Brother rather.

310

And in such tales old Greece did glory:
 Amongst the which, pray take this Story.

Crete was an Isle, whose fruitful nations

Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,

And there upon Mount Ida stood

315

A venerable spacious wood,

Within whose centre was a grove

Immortaliz'd by birth of Jove:

In vales below a Bull was fed,

Whom all the Kine obey'd as head;

320

Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,

But all the rest of him was driven snow.

(Our tale to truth does not confine us.)

At the same time one Justice Minos,

That liv'd hard-by, was married lately;

325

And, that his bride might shew more stately,

When

When through her pedigree he run,
 Found she was daughter to the Sun.
 Her name Pasiphaë was hight,
 And, as her Father, she was bright. 330

This Lady took up an odd fancy,
 That with this Bull she fain would dance ye.
 She 'd mow him grafs, and cut down boughs,
 On which his stateliness might browse.
 Whilst thus she hedges breaks and climbs, 335

Sure Minos must have happy times!
 She never car'd for going fine,
 She 'd rather trudge among the Kine.
 Then at her Toilet she would say,

“Methinks I look *bizarre* to-day. 340

“Sure my glafs lies, I 'm not so fair:

“Oh, were this face o'er-grown with hair!

“I never was for top-knots born;

“My favourites should each be horn.

“But now I 'm liker to a Sow 345

“Than, what I wish to be, a Cow —

“What would I give that I could lough!

“My Bull-y cares for none of those

“That are afraid to spoil their cloaths:

“Did he but love me, he 'd not fail 350

“To take me with my draggle-tail.”

Then tears would fall, and then she 'd run,
 As would the Devil upon Dun.

When she some handsome Cow did spy,

She 'd scan her form with jealous eye; 355
 Say,

- Say, "How she frisks it o'er the plain,
 "Runs on, and then turns back again!
 "She seems a Bear resolv'd to prance,
 "Or a She-ass that tries to dance.
 "In vain she thinks herself so fine : 360
 "She can't please Bull-y, for he 's mine.
 "But 'tis revenge alone assuages
 "My envy when the passion rages.
 "Here, Rascal, quickly yoke that Cow,
 "And see the shrivel'd carrion plough. 365
 "But second counsel 's best : she dies :
 "I 'll make immediate sacrifice,
 "And with the victim feast my eyes.
 "'Tis thus my Rivals I 'll remove,
 "Who interpose 'twixt me and what I love. 370
 "So in Egypt 's worship'd now,
 "Since Jove transform'd her to a Cow.
 "'Twas on a Bull Europa came
 "To that blest land which bears her name.
 "Who knows what Fate 's ordain'd for me
 "The languishing Pasiphaë,
 "Had I a Bull as kind as she !" }
 When madness rages with unusual fire,
 'Tis not in Nature's power to quench desire ;
 Then Vice transforms man's reason into beast, 380
 And so the monster 's made the Poet's jest,

PART IV.

LET Youth avoid the noxious heat of Wine :

Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill design.

The grape, when scatter'd on the wings of Love,

So clogs the down, the feathers cannot move.

385

The boy, who otherwise would fleeting stray,

Reels, tumbles, lies, and is enforc'd to stay.

Then courage rises, when the spirit 's fir'd,

And rages to possess the thing desir'd :

Care vanishes through the exalted blood,

390

And sorrow passes in the purple flood ;

Laughter proceeds ; nor can he want a soul,

Whose thoughts in fancied heaps of plenty roll.

Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart

Plain simple truth from a dissembling heart.

395

Then to some wanton passion he must run,

Which his discreeter hours would gladly shun ;

Where he the time in thoughtless ease may pass,

And write his *billet-doux* upon the glass ;

Whilst sinking eyes with languishment profess

400

Follies his tongue refuses to confess.

Then his good-nature will take t'other sup,

If she 'll first kiss, that he may kiss the cup.

Then something nice and costly he could eat,

Supposing still that she will carve the meat.

405

But, if a Brother or a Husband 's by,

Whom the ill-natur'd world may call a spy,

He

He thinks it not below him to pretend
 The open-heartedness of a true friend ;
 Gives him respect surpassing his degree : 410
 The person that is meant by all is *she*.

'Tis thought the safest way to hide a passion,
 And therefore call'd the friendship now in fashion.
 By secret signs and enigmatic stealth,
 She is the toast belongs to every health : 415

And all the Lover's business is to keep
 His thoughts from anger, and his eyes from sleep :
 He 'll laugh ye, dance ye, sing ye, vault, look gay,
 And ruffle all the Ladies in his play.

But still the Gentleman's extremely fine ; 420
 There 's nothing apish in him but the wine.

Many a mortal has been bit
 By marrying in the drunken fit.
 To lay the matter plain before ye,
 Pray hearken whilst I tell my story. 425

It happen'd about break of day
 Gnofsis a girl had lost her way,
 And wander'd up and down the Strand,
 Whereabouts now York Buildings stand :
 And half-awake she roar'd as bad 430
 As if she really had been mad ;
 Unlac'd her boddice, and her gown
 And petticoats hung dangling down :
 Her shoes were slipt, her ankles bare,
 And all around her flew her yellow hair. 435
 Oh, cruel Theseus ! can you go,
 And leave your little Gnofsis so ?

You

ART OF LOVE.

269

You in your scull' did promise carriage,
And gave me proofs of future marriage;
But then last night away did creep,
And basely left me fast asleep.

440

Then she is falling in a fit;
But don't grow uglier one bit.
The flood of tears rather supplies
The native rheum about her eyes.
The bubbies then are beat again:
Women in passion feel no pain.

445

What will become of me? oh, what
Will come of me? oh, tell me that!

Bacco was Drawer at the Sun,
And had his belly like his tun:
For blubber-lips and cheeks all bloated,
And frizzled pate, the youth was noted.
He, as his custom was, got drunk,
And then went stroling for a punk.

450

Six links and lanterns, 'cause 'twas dark yet,
He prefs'd from Covent-Garden Market:
Then his next captives were the Waits,
Who play'd lest he should break their pates.

455

But, as along in state he passes,
He met a fellow driving asses:

460

For there are several folks, whose trade is
To milk them for consumptive ladies.
Nothing would serve but get astride,
And the old Bell-man too must ride.

465

What with their houting shouting yell,
The scene had something in 't of hell.

And

And who should all this rabble meet,
 But Gnosfy drabbling in the street?
 The fright destroy'd her speech and colour, 470
 And all remembrance of her sculler.
 Her conduct thrice bade her be flying:
 Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.
 Like bullrushes on side of brook,
 Or aspin leaves, her joints all shook. 475
 Bacco cry'd out, "I'm come, my dear;
 "I'll soon disperse all thoughts of fear:
 "Nothing but joys shall revel here."
 Then, hugging her in brawny arm,
 Protested, "She should have no harm: 480
 "But rather would assure her, he
 "Rejoic'd in opportunity
 "Of meeting such a one as she:
 "And that, encircled all around
 "With glafs and candles many a pound, 485
 "She should with bells command the bar,
 "And call her rooms Sun, Moon, and Star:
 "That the good company were met,
 "And should not want a wedding-treat."
 In short, they married, and both made ye, 490
 He a free Landlord, she a kind Landlady.
 The Spartan Lords their Villains would invite
 To an excess of drink in children's fight.
 The parent thus their innocence would save,
 And to the load of Wine condemn the slave. 495

PART V.

THE season must be mark'd for nice address:

A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour less.

Not the wise Gardener more discretion needs

To manage tender plants and hopeful seeds,

To know when rain, when warmth, must guard his
flowers, 500

Than Lovers do to watch their most auspicious hours.

As the judicious pilot views from far

The influences of each rising star,

Where signs of future calms or storms appear,

When fitting to be bold, and when to fear; 505

So Love's attendant by long art descries

The rise of growing passion from the eyes.

Love has its Festival as well as Fast,

Nor does its Carnival for ever last.

What was a visit, now is to intrude; 510

What's civil now, to-morrow will be rude.

Small signs denote great things: the happy man

That can retrieve a Glove, or falling Fan,

With grateful joy the benefit receives,

Whilst with desponding care his Rival grieves. 515

When'er it may seem proper you should write,

Let Ovid the prevailing words indite:

By Scrope*, by Duke, by Mulgrave, then be taught,

And Dryden's equal numbers tune your thought.

Sub-

* Sir Car Scrope, one of those writers in the reign of
King Charles the Second, that Mr. Pope calls

"The Mob of Gentlemen who write with ease."

He

Submissive voice and words do best agree 520
 To their hard fortune who must suppliants be.
 It was by speech like this great Priam won
 Achilles' soul, and so obtain'd his son.

HOPE is an useful Goddess in your case,
 And will increase your speed in Cupid's race. 525
 Though in its promises it fail sometimes,
 Yet with fresh resolution still it climbs.

Though much is lost at play; yet HOPE at last
 Drives on, and meets with some successful cast.
 Why then make haste; on paper ting'd with gold, 530
 By quill of dove, thy love-sick tale unfold.

Move sprightly, knowing 'tis for life you push:
 Your Letter will not, though yourself might blush.

'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
 The British Youth—to study rules of speech: 535

That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
 Gives secret strength to justice in a cause.

To that the crowd, the judge, the senate, yield:
 'Gainst that ev'n Beauty can't maintain the field.

Conceal your art, and let your words appear 540
 Common, not vulgar; not too plain, though clear.

Shew not your eloquence at the first sight;
 But from your shade rise by degrees of light.

He was created a Baronet, January 16, 1666. The greater part of his writings consist of Translations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, with some Love Songs and Lampoons. They are to be found in the volumes of Dryden's Miscellanies. He died some time in the year 1686. N.

Drefs

Dress thoughts as if Love's silence first were broke,
And wounded heart with trembling passion spoke. 545

Suppose that your first Letter is sent back;
Yet she may yield upon the next attack,
If not; by art a Diamond rough in hue
Shall brighten up all-glorious to the view.
Soft water-drops the marble will destroy, 550
And ten years' siege prove conqueror of Troy.

Suppose sh' has read, but then no answer gave:
It is sufficient she admits her slave.
Write on; for time the freedom may obtain
Of having mutual love sent back again. 555

Perhaps she writes, but 'tis to bid you cease,
And that your lines but discompose her peace.
This is a stratagem of Cupid's war:
She 'd, like a Parthian, wound you from afar,
And by this art your constancy would try: 560
She's nearest much when seeming thus to fly.

Pursue the fair disdain through every place
That with her presence she vouchsafes to grace.
If to the Play she goes, be there, and see
How Love rewarded makes the Comedy. 565

Fly to the Park, if thither she 'd retire;
Perhaps some gentle breeze may fan the fire.
But if to Court, then follow, where you'll find
Majestic Truth with sacred Hymen join'd.

It is in vain some study to profess 570 }
Their inclination by too nice a dress, }
As not content with manly cleanliness.

T

Mien,

Mien, shape, or manner, no addition needs :
 There 's something careless that all art exceeds.
 Adonis from his lonely solitudes,
 Rough Theseus landing from the briny floods,
 Hippolytus fresh hunting from the woods,
 O'er Heroines of race divine prevail'd,
 Where powder'd wig and snuff-box might have fail'd.
 No youth that 's wise will to his figure trust, 580
 As if so fine to be accosted first.
 Distress must ask, and gratefully receive :
 'Tis Heaven and Beauty's honour, they can give.
 There 's some have thought that looking pale and wan,
 With a submission that is less than man, 585
 Might gain their end ; but sunk in the attempt,
 And found, that which they merited, contempt.
 Gain but admittance, half your story 's told :
 There 's nothing then remains but to be bold.
 Venus and Fortune will assist your claim ; 590
 And Cupid dart the breast at which you aim.
 No need of studied speech, or skilful rules :
 Love has an eloquence beyond the schools ;
 Where softest words and accents will be found
 All flowing in, to form the charming sound. 595
 Of her you love bright images you 'll raise :
 When just, they are not flattery, but praise.
 What can be said too much of what is good,
 Since an immortal fame is Virtue's food ?
 For nine years' space Egypt had fruitless flood, 600
 Without the aid of Nile's prolific flood ;

When

When Thrastus said, "That blessing to regain,
 "The Gods require a stranger should be slain."
 "Be thou the man," (the fierce Busris cries :)
 "I'll make th' adviser his own sacrifice ;
 "Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."

}

Perillus, first and last of's trade,

For Phalaris a Bull had made :

With fire beneath, and water hot,

He put the brasier in the pot,

610

And gave him, like an honest fellow,

Precedence in his Bull to bellow.

The Tyrants both did right : No law more just
 Than, "He that thinks of ill, should feel it first."

Curst be their arts, unstudied be their trade,

615

Who female truth by falsehood would invade :

That can betray a friend or kinsman's names,

And by that covert hide unlawful flames :

Whose eager passion finds its sure relief,

When terminating in another's grief !

620

Careless hereafter what they promise now,

To the Æolian winds commit their vow ;

Then cite th' example of the faithless Jove,

Who laughs, they say, at perjury in Love.

They think they have a thousand ways to please,

625

Ten thousand more to rob the mind of ease.

For, as the earth in various birth abounds,

Their humour dances in fantastic rounds ;

Like Proteus, can be Lion, River, Bear,

A Tree, or any thing that's fram'd of air.

630

Thus

Thus they lay snares, thus they set off their bait
 With all the fine allurements of deceit.
 But they, who through this course of mischief run,
 Will find that fraud is various, Virtue ONE.

Achilles, a gigantic boy, 635
 Was wanted at the siege of Troy :
 His country's danger did require him,
 And all the generals did desire him :
 For Discord, you must know, had thrown
 An Apple where 'twas two to one 640
 But, if a stir was made about it,
 Two of the three must go without it :
 And so it was ; for Paris gave it
 To Venus, who resolv'd to have it.
 ('The story here would be too long : 645
 But you may find it in the Song.)
 Venus, although not over-virtuous,
 Yet still designing to be courteous,
 Resolved to procure the varlet
 A flaming and triumphant harlot ; 650
 First stol'n by one she would not stay with,
 Then married to be run away with.
 Her Paris carried to his mother ;
 And thence in Greece arose that pother,
 Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante, 655
 And Chaucer, make us such a cant.
 It was a just and noble cause,
 The breach of hospitable laws :
 Though done to one, yet common grief
 Made all unite to seek relief 660

But,

But, when they fought the country round,
 There's no Achilles could be found.
 His mother was afraid t' have lost him,
 And therefore thus she did accost him :

" My pretty dear, let me persuade ye 665

" This once for to become a lady.

" This petticoat and mantua take,

" And wear this nightrail for my sake.

" I've made your knots all of the smallest,

" Because you're something of the tallest. 670

" I'd have you never go unlac'd,

" For fear of spoiling of your waist.

" Now languish on me—scorn me now—

" Smile—frown—run—laugh—I see 'twill do.

" You'd perfect all you now begin, 675

" Only for poking out your chin."

Him thus instructed soon she sends

To Lycomede, and there pretends

It was a daughter of a Friend's,

Who, grown full large by country feeding, 680

Was sent to her, to mend her breeding.

Herself had now no child, nor no man

To trust but him, poor lonely woman!

That might reward him well hereafter,

If he would use her as his daughter. 685

In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,

Psyche and Phillis, she took Zoe.

Th' old man receiv'd her, and express'd

Much kindness for his topping guest :

Shew'd her his girls; said, " Whilst she'd stay, 690

" His Zoe should be us'd as they."

At first there much reserv'dness past:
 But, when acquaintance grew at last,
 They 'd jest, and every one would shew
 Her works, which she could never do.
 One said, her fingers were most fitting
 For the most fiddling work of knitting.
 Then one her wedding-bed would make,
 And all must help her for love's sake.
 Zoe, undrest in night-gown tawdry,
 With clumsy fist must work embroidery;
 Whilst others try her greasy clunches
 With stoning currants in whole bunches.
 But there was one, call'd Dedamy,
 Mistrusted something by the by,
 And, sighing, thus one night she said,
 "Why, Zoe, may n't we go to bed?"
 "Soon as you please, good Mistress Ded."

695

700

705

}

The fleeting months soon roll about;
 Time came when murder all must out.
 Zoe, for fear of the old man,
 Into the army quickly ran;
 And sav'd the slitting of his nose,
 By timely changing of her cloaths.

710

Thus, whilst we Glory's dictates shun,
 Into the snares of Vice we run;
 And he that should his country serve,
 And beauty by his worth deserve,
 In female softness wanton stays,
 And what he should adore betrays.

715

720

PART

P A R T VI.

BUT now, O happy Youth, thy prize is found;

And all thy wishes with success are crown'd.

Not Io Pæans, when Apollo's prais'd;

Not trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd;

Not acclamations of exalted Rome,

725

To welcome Peace with her Augustus home;

Can more delight a brave and generous mind;

Than it must you to see a Beauty kind:

The bays to me with gratitude you'll give,

Like Hesiod and like Homer make me live.

730

Thus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought

Hippodamy, with his life's danger bought.

Thus prosperous Jason, rich with golden fleece,

On Argos' vocal timber sail'd to Greece.

But stay, fond Youth; the danger is not past:

735

You're not arriv'd in port, nor anchor cast.

From you my heart may still more bays deserve,

If what by me you gain'd, by me you shall preserve.

Nor than the conquest is the glory less,

To fix the throne on that which you possess.

740

Now, Erato, divinest, softest Muse,

Whose name and office both do Love infuse,

Assist my great design: If Venus' Son,

That vagabond, would from his mother run,

And then, with soaring wings and body light,

745

Through the vast world's extent would take his flight;

T 4

By

By artful bonds let me secure his stay,
And make his universal power obey.

Whilst I my art would thus improve,
And fondly thought to shackle Love,
Two neighbours that were standing by,
Tormented both with jealousy,
Told me it was in vain to try.

750

When one began his tale, as thus :

“ Perhaps you’ve heard of Dædalus, 755

“ When Minos would have made him stay,

“ How through the clouds he found his way.

“ He was a workman wise and good,

“ Building was what he understood.

“ Like to the house where we act Plays, 760

“ He made a turning winding maze,

“ Fitting to harbour acts of sin,

“ And put a Whore and Bastard in.

“ I’ve done your work ; and now my trust is,

“ Good Sir, that you will do me justice. 765

“ ’Tis true I hither fled for murder ;

“ Let my misfortunes go no further :

“ Some end all punishments should have.

“ Birth to the wretch my country gave :

“ Let it afford me now a grave.

“ Dismiss my son ; at least, if rather

“ You’d keep the boy, dismiss his Father.

“ This he might say, and more, or so ;

“ But Minos would not let him go.

“ At this he was enrag’d, and cried, 775

“ It is in danger wit is tried :

“ Minos

- " Minos possesses Earth and Sea ;
 " The sky and fire are left for me.
 " Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove,
 " If I approach your seats above. 780
 " It is necessity that draws
 " A new-invented rule for Nature's laws.
 " Thus he began : Full many a feather
 " With twine of thread he stich'd together :
 " (Abundance more than are enough 785
 " To make your wife and mine a muff.)
 " Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
 " To fix the whole, but melted wax :
 " That was the work of the young boy,
 " Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy ; 790
 " Not guessing, ere he was much older,
 " He should have one upon each shoulder.
 " To whom his Father : Here's the Ship
 " By which we must from Minos slip.
 " Child, follow me, just as I fly on, 795
 " And keep your eye fix'd on Orion :
 " I'll be your guide ; and never fear,
 " Conducted by a Father's care.
 " The Virgin and Bootes shun.
 " Take heed lest you approach the Sun ; 800
 " His flaming influence will be felt,
 " And the diffusive wax will melt.
 " The sea by rising fogs discover ;
 " O'er that, be sure, you never hover :
 " It would be difficult to drag 805
 " Your wetted pinions, should they flag.
 " Between

- " Between them both the sky is fair,
 " No winds or hurricanes are there,
 " But you may fan the fleeting air. }
 " Thus speaking, he with whipcord-strings 810
 " Fastens, and then extends, the wings :
 " And, when the youth's completely drest,
 " Just as the Eagle from her nest
 " By gentle flights her Eaglet tries
 " To dare the sun, and mount the skies ; 815
 " The Father so his Boy prepares,
 " Not without kifs and falling tears.
 " In a large plain, a rising height
 " Gives some assistance to their flight.
 " With a quick spring and fluttering noise, 820
 " They in the sky their bodies poise.
 " Back on his Son the Father looks,
 " Praising his swift and even strokes.
 " Now dreadless, with bold art supplied,
 " He does on airy billows ride, }
 " And soar with an ambitious pride.
 " Mortals, who by the limpid flood
 " With patient angle long have stood,
 " On the smooth water's shining face
 " See the amazing creatures pass, 830
 " Look up astonish'd, whilst the reed
 " Drops from the hand whose sense is dead.
 " Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haste
 " They Samos now and Naxos past,
 " Paros, and Delos blest abode 835
 " And parent of the Clarian God :
 " Lebinthus

- " Lebinthus on their right hand lies,
 " And sweet Calydne's Groves arise,
 " And fam'd Aftypalæa's Fens
 " Breed shoals of fish in owzy dens : 840
 " When the unwary Boy, whose growing years
 " Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
 " Mounts an æthereal hill, whence he might spy
 " The lofty regions of a brighter sky ;
 " Far from his Father's call and aid 845
 " His wings in glittering fire display'd,
 " Whose ambient heat their plume involves,
 " And all their liquid bands dissolves.
 " He sees his loosen'd pinions drop ;
 " On naked arms lies all his hope. 850
 " From the vast concave precipice he finds
 " A swift destruction, sinking with the winds,
 " Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
 " Whose womb is equally as steep.
 " Then, " Father ! Father !" he 'd have cried : 855
 " Tempests the trembling founts divide,
 " Whilst dismal fear contracts his breath,
 " And the rough wave completes his death.
 " My Son ! my Son !" long might the Father cry :
 " There is no track to seek him in the sky. 860
 " By floating wings his body found
 " Is cover'd with the neighbouring ground.
 " His art, though not successful, has its fame,
 " And the Icarian seas preserve his name."
 If men from Minos could escape, 865
 And into Birds transform their shape,

And

And there was nothing that could hold them,
 Provided feathers might be sold them ;
 The thought from madness surely springs
 To fix a God that 's born with wings.

870

Quoth t' other man, " Sir, if you 'll tarry,
 " I 'll tell you a tale of my Boy Harry,
 " Would make a man afraid to marry.
 " This Boy does oft' from paper white
 " In miniature produce a Kite.

875

" With tender hands the wood he bends,
 " On which the body he extends :
 " Paste made of flour with water mix'd
 " Is the cement by which 'tis fix'd :
 " Then scissars from the maid he 'll borrow,
 " With promise of return to-morrow.

880

" With those he paper nicely cuts,
 " Which on the sides for wings he puts.
 " The tail, that's an essential part,

" He manages with equal art;

885

" With paper shreds at distance tied,
 " As not too near, nor yet too wide,
 " Which he to fitting length extends,
 " Till with a tuft the fabrick ends.

" Next packthread of the evenest twine,

890

" Or sometimes silk, he 'll to it join,

" Which, by the guidance of his hand,

" Its rise or downfall may command ;

" Or carry messengers to see

" If all above in order be.

895

" Then

“ Then wanton Zephyrs fan it till it rise,
 “ And through æthereal rills ploughs up the azure skies.

“ Sometimes in silent shade of night

“ He'll make it shine with wondrous light

“ By lantern with transparent folds,

900

“ Which flaming wax in safety holds.

“ This glittering with mysterious rays

“ Does all the neighbourhood amaze.

“ Then comes the Conjurer o' th' place,

“ With legs askuint and crooked face,

905

“ Who with his spying-pole from far

“ Pronounces it a Blazing-star :

“ That wheat shall fall, and oats be dear,

“ And barley shall not spring that year :

“ That murrain shall infect all kine,

910

“ And measles will destroy the swine :

“ That fair maids' sweethearts shall fall dead

“ Before they lose their maidenhead ;

“ And widows shall be fore'd to tarry

“ A month at least before they marry.

915

“ But, whilst the fool his thought enjoys,

“ The whole contrivance was my Boy's.

“ Now, mark me, 'twas from such-like things

“ The Poets fram'd out Cupid's wings.

“ If a Child's nature thus can soar,

920

“ And all this lies within his power,

“ His Mother surely can do more.

“ Pray tell me what is to be done,

“ If she'll with Cuckold-makers run.

“ No

" No watchful care of jealous eye
 " Can hinder, if escape she 'll try ;
 " The Kite will to her carrion fly."

Where native Modesty the mind secures,
 The Husband has no need of locks and doors ;
 The specious Comet, fram'd by Jealousy,
 Will prove delusion all, and all a lye.

930

P A R T VII.

NOT all the Herbs by sage Medea found,
 Not Marfan drugs, though mixt with magic
 found,

Not philtres studied by Thessalian art,
 Can fix the mind, and constancy impart.
 Could these prevail, Jason had felt their charms ;
 Ulysses still had died in Circe's arms.

935

Continue lovely, if you 'll be belov'd :
 Virtue from Virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.

Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay ;
 By Time the blooming outside will decay.

940

See Hyacinth again of form bereft,
 And only thorns upon the rose-tree left.

Then lay up stores of learning and of wit,
 Whose fame shall scorn the Acherontic pit,
 And, whilst those fleeting shadows vainly fly,
 Adorn the better part which cannot die.

945

ART OF LOVE.

287

Ulysses had no magick in his face;
 But then his eloquence had charming grace,
 Such as could force itself to be believ'd, 950
 And all the watery Goddeesses deceiv'd :
 To whom Calypso from her widow'd shore
 Sends him these sighs, which furious tempests bore.

“ Your passage often I by art delay’d
 “ Oblig’d you more, the more to be betray’d. 955
 “ Here you have often on this rolling sand
 “ Describ’d your scene of war with slender wand.
 “ Here’s Troy, and this circumference its walls :
 “ Here Simœis gently in the ocean falls :
 “ Here lies my camp : these are the spacious fields 960
 “ Where to this sword the crafty Dolon yields.
 “ This of Sithonian Rhesus is the tent.—
 “ On with the pleasing tale your language went,
 “ When a tenth wave did with one flash destroy
 “ The platform of imaginary Troy. 965
 “ By fear like this I would enforce your stay,
 “ To see what names the waters toss’d away.
 “ I took you cast up helpless by the sea :
 “ Thousands of happy hours you pass’d with me; }
 “ No mention made of old Penelope.
 “ On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
 “ But write our benefits upon the wave.
 “ Why then be gone, the seas uncertain trust;
 “ As I found *you*, so may you find them just.
 “ Dying Calypso must be left behind, 975
 “ And all your vows be waisted with the wind.”

Fend

Fond are the hopes he should be constant now,
 Who to his tenderest part had broke his vow.
 By artful charms the Mistress strives in vain
 The loose inconstant wanderer to gain.
 Shame is her entrance, and her end is pain.

P A R T VIII.

INDULGENCE soon takes with a noble mind :

Who can be harsh, that sees another kind?

Most times the greatest art is to comply

In granting that which justice might deny.

985

We form our tender plants by soft degrees,

And from a warping stem raise stately trees.

To cut th' opposing waves, we strive in vain ;

But, if we rise with them, and fall again,

The wish'd-for land with ease we may attain.

990

Such complaisance will a rough humour bend ;

And yielding to one failure save a friend.

Mildness and temper have a force divine,

To make ev'n passion with their nature join.

The Hawk we hate, as living still in arms,

995

And Wolves assiduous in the Shepherd's harms.

The sociable Swallow has no fears :

Upon our towers the Dove her nest prepares,

And both of them live free from human snares.

Far from loud rage and echoing noise of fights

1000

The softest Love in gentle sound delights.

Smooth

Smooth mirth, bright smiles, calm peace, and flowing joy,
 Are the companions of the Paphian boy:
 Such as when Hymen first his mantle spread
 All o'er the sacred down which made the bridal bed.
 These blandishments keep Love upon the wing,
 His presence fresh, and always in the spring:
 This makes a prospect endless to the view,
 With light that rises still, and still is new;
 At your approach, find every thing serene, 1010
 Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian Queen,
 Who brings along her daughter Harmony,
 With Muses sprung from Jove, and Graces Three.
 Birds shot by you, Fish by your angle caught,
 The Golden Apples from Hesperia brought, 1015
 The blushing Peach, the fragrant Nectareens,
 Laid in fresh beds of flowers and scented greens,
 Fair Lilies strew'd with bloody Mulberries,
 Or Grapes whose juice made Bacchus reach the skies,
 May oftentimes a grateful present make, 1020
 Not for the value, but the giver's sake.

Perhaps she may at vacant hours peruse
 The happy product of your easy Muse.
 Far from intrigue and scandal be your verse;
 But praise of virgin-modeesty rehearse; 1025
 Mausolus by his consort deified;
 How for Admetus blest Alcestis died.
 Since Overbury's "Wife *," no Poets seem
 T' have chose a wiser or a nobler theme.

You'd

* This poem, supposed to have been written for the
 earl of Somerset, is the character of a good woman,
 U just

You'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer; 1030
Pardon a servant, let all come from her.

Thus what you grant if she must recommend,
'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.

So, when pale Want is craving at the door,
We send our favourite son to help the poor; 1035

Pleas'd with their grateful prayers that he may live,
And find what heavenly pleasure 'tis to give.

Praise all her actions, think her dress is fine;

Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join:

Your wealth does best, when plac'd on beauty, shine. }

If she in tabby waves encircled be,

Think Amphytrite rises from the sea:

If by her the purpureal velvet's worn,

Think that she rises like the blush of morn.

And, when her silks afar from Indus come, 1045

Wrought in Chinese or in the Persian loom,

Think that she then like Pallas is array'd,

By whose mysterious art the wheel was made.

Each day admire her different graceful air,

In which she winds her bright and flowing hair. 1050

With her when dancing, let your genius fly:

When in her song the note expires, then die.

If in the Autumn, when the wasting year

Its plenty shews, that soon must disappear;

just the reverse of the lady that his friend married. It is printed with his Characters, &c. and had gone through sixteen editions in 1638. N.

When

When swelling Grape and Peach with lovely hue, 1055
 And Pear and Apple, fresh with fragrant dew,
 By tempting look and taste perhaps invite
 That which we seldom rule, our appetite ;
 When noxious heat and sudden cold divides
 The time o'er which bale influence presides ; 1060
 Her feverish blood should pulse unusual find,
 Or vaporous damps of spleen should sink her mind ;
 Then is the time to shew a Lover's cares :
 Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears ;
 Give the salubrious draughts with your own hand ;
 Persuasion has the force of a command.
 Watch, and attend ; then your reward will prove,
 When she recovers, full increase of Love.

Far from this Love is haughty pride,
 Which antient Fables best deride ; 1070
 Women imperious, void of shame,
 And careless of their Lovers' fame,
 Who of tyrannic follies boast,
 Tormenting him that loves them most.

When Hercules, by labours done, 1075
 Had prov'd himself to be Jove's son,
 By peace which he to Earth had given,
 Deserv'd to have his rest in Heaven ;
 Envy, that strives to be unjust,
 Resolv'd to mortify him first ; 1080
 And, that he should enamour'd be
 Of a proud jilt call'd Omphale,
 Who should his Heroism expose
 By spinning hemp in women's cloaths,

- Her mind she did vouchsafe one day 1085
 Thus to her Lover to display :
 " Come quickly, Sir, off with this Skin :
 " Think you I 'll let a Tanner in ?
 " If you of Lions talk, or Boars,
 " You certainly turn out of doors. 1090
 " Your club 's abundantly too thick
 " For one shall move a fiddle-stick.
 " What should you do with all those arrows ?
 " I will have nothing kill'd but Sparrows.
 " Heccy, this day you may remember; 1095
 " For you shall see a Lady's chamber.
 " Let me be rightly understood :
 " What I intend is for your good.
 " In boddice I design to lace ye,
 " And so among my Maids I 'll place ye. 1100
 " When you 're genteeler grown, and thinner,
 " May be I 'll call you up to dinner.
 " With arms so brawny, fists so red,
 " You 'll scrub the rooms, or make the bed.
 " You can't stick pins, or frieze my hair. 1105
 " Bless me ! you 've nothing of an air.
 " You 'll ne'er come up to working point :
 " Your fingers all seem out of joint.
 " Then, besides, Heccy, I must tell ye,
 " An idle-hand has empty belly : 1110
 " Therefore this morning I 'll begin,
 " Try how your clumsiness will spin.
 " You are my shadow, do you see :
 " Your hope, your thought, your wish, all be }
 " Invented and control'd by me. 1115
 " Look

" Look up whene'er I laugh ; look down

" With trembling horror, if I frown.

" Say as I say : servants can't lie.

" Your truth is my propriety.

" Nay, you should be to torture brought,

1120

" Were I but jealous you transgress in thought ;

" Or if from Jove your single wish should crave

" The fate of not continuing still my slave.

" There is no Lover that is wise

" Pretends to win at cards or dice.

1125

" 'Tis for his Mistress all is thrown :

" Th' ill-fortune his, the good her own.

" Melanion, whilom lovely youth,

" Fam'd for his valour and his truth,

" Whom every beauty did adorn

1130

" Fresh as Aurora's blushing morn, -

" Into the horrid woods is run, .

" Where he ne'er sees the ray of sun,

" Nor to his palace dares return,

" Where he for Psyche's love did burn,

1135

" And found correction at her hands

" For disobeying just commands ;

" But must his silent penance do

" For once not buckling of her shoe :

" A good example, child, for you.

1140

" Which shews you, when we have our fool,

" We 've policy enough to rule :

" I might have made you such a fellow,

" As should have carried my umbrella,

U 3

" Or

" Or bore a flambeau by my chair, 1145

" And bade the mob not come too near;

" Or lay the cloth, or wait at table;

" Nay, been a helper in the stable.

" To my commands obedience pay

" At dead of night, or break of day. 1150

" Speed is your province; if 'tis I

" That bid you run, you ought to fly.

" He that Love's nimble passion feels

" Will soon outstrip my chariot wheels.

" Through Dog-star's heat he 'll tripping go,

" Nor leaves he print upon the snow. }

" The wind itself to him is flow.

" He that in Cupid's wars would fight,

" Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,

" A bed of earth midst showers of rain, 1160

" After no supper, are his gain.

" Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,

" And in a little cottage lay :

" All this he did for fear of Jove ;

" And who would not do more for Love ? 1165

" If entrance is by locks denied,

" Then through the roof or window slide.

" Leander each night swam the seas,

" That he might thereby Hero please.

" Perhaps I may be pleas'd to see 1170

" Your life in danger, when for me.

" You 'll find my servants in a row;

" Remember then you make your bow ; }

" For they are your superiors now.

" No

ART OF LOVE.

295

" No matter if you do engage 1175

" My Porter, Woman, favourite Page,

" My Dog, my Parrot, Monkey, Black,

" Or any thing that does partake

" Of that admittance which you lack.

" But after all you may n't prevail,

1180

" And your most glittering hopes may fail :

" For Ceres does not always yield

" The crop entrusted to the field.

" Fair gales may bring you to a coast

" Where you 'll by hidden rocks be lost.

1185

" Love is tenacious of its joys,

" Gives small reward for great employs;

" But has as many griefs in store

" As Shells by Neptune cast on shore;

" As Athos Hares, as Hybla Bees,

1190

" Olives on the Palladian trees.

" And, when his angry arrows fall,

" They 're not found ting'd with common gall.

" You 're told I 'm not at home, 'tis true :

" I may be there, but not for you ;

1195

" And I may let you see it too.

" Perhaps I bid you come at night :

" If the door 's shut, stay till 'tis light.

" Perhaps my Maid shall bid you go :

" A thing she knows you dare not do.

1200

" Your rival shall admission gain,

" And laugh to see his foe in pain.

" All this and more you must endure,

" If you from me expect a cure.

U 4

" 'Tis

" 'Tis fitting I should search the wound, 1203
 " Left all your danger be not found."

When easy fondness meets with woman's pride,
 Nothing which *that* can ask must be denied.
 He that enjoy'd the names of great and brave
 Is pleas'd to seem a female and a slave : 1210
 The Hero, number'd with the gods before,
 Is so debas'd as to be man no more.

P A R T IX.

NOT by the sail with which you put to sea
 Can you where Thetis swells conducted be;
 To the same port you 'll different passage find 1215
 And fill your sheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
 You nurs'd the Fawn, now grown Stag wondrous big,
 And sleep beneath the shade you knew a twig.
 The bubbling spring, increas'd by floods and rain,
 Rolls with impetuous stream, and foams the main : 1220
 So Love augments in just degrees ; at length
 By nutrimental fires it gains its strength.
 Daily till midnight let kind looks or song,
 Or tales of love, the pleasing hours prolong.
 No weariness upon their bliss attends 1225
 Whom marriage-vows have render'd more than friends.
 So Philomels, of equal mates possess,
 With a congenial heat, and downy rest,
 And care incessant, hover o'er their nest : }

Hence

Hence from their eggs (small worlds whence all things
spring) 1230

Produce a race by nature taught to sing;
Who ne'er to this harmonious air had come;
Had their parental love stray'd far from home.
By a short absence mutual joys increase:
'Tis from the toils of war we value peace. 1235

When Jove a while the fruitful shower restrains,
The field on his return a brighter verdure gains,
So let not grief too much disturb those hearts,
Which for a while the war or business parts.
'Twas hard to let Protefilaus go, 1240

Who did his death by oracles foreknow.
Ulysses made indeed a tedious stay,
His twenty winters' absence was delay;
But happiness revives with his return,
And Hymen's altars with fresh incense burn: 1245
Tales of his ship, her web, they both recount;
Pleas'd that their wedlock faith all dangers could sur-
mount.

Make thou speed back; haste to her longing arms:
She may have real or impending harms.

There are no minutes in a Lover's fears: 1250
They measure all their time by months and years.

Poets are always Virtue's friends,

'Tis what their Muse still recommends:

But then the fatal track it shows

Where devious vice through trouble goes. 1255

They tell us, how a husband's care

Neglected leaves a wife too fair

In

In hands of a young spark, call'd Paris;
 And how the beauteous trust miscarries.
 With kindness he receives the youth, 1260
 Whose modest looks might promise truth :
 Then gives him opportunity
 To throw the specious vizard by.
 The man had things to be adjusted,
 With which the wife should not be trusted ; 1265
 And, whilst he gave himself the loose,
 Left her at home to keep the house.

When Helen saw his back was turn'd,
 The devil a bit the gipsy mourn'd.
 Says she, "'Tis his fault to be gone ; 1270
 " It sha'n't be mine to lie alone.

" A vacant pillow 's such a jest,
 " That with it I could never rest.
 " He ne'er consider'd his own danger,
 " To leave me with a handsome stranger. 1275
 " Wolves would give good account of Sheep,
 " Left to their vigilance to keep.

" Pray who, except 'twere Geese or Widgeons,
 " Would hire a Hawk to guard their Pidgeons ?
 " Supposing then it might be said 1280

" That Menelaus now were dead :
 " A pretty figure I should make
 " To go in mourning for his sake.
 " She that in widow's garb appears,
 " Especially when at my years, 1285 }
 " May seem to be at her last prayers.

" But

"But I'll still have my heart divided

"'Twixt one to lose, and one provided.

"He that is gone, is gone: less fear

"Of wanting him that I have here." 1290

The sequel was the Fire of Troy
Brought to destruction by this Boy.

They tell us, how a Wife provok'd,

And to a brutish Husband yok'd,

Who, by distracting passion led, 1295

Scorns all her charms, and flies her bed,

When on her Rival she has seiz'd,

Seems with a secret horror pleas'd.

They then describe her like some Boar

Plunging his tusk in Mastiff's gore; 1300

Or Lionsess, whose ravish'd whelp

Roars for his Mother's furious help;

Or Basilisk when rous'd, whose breath,

Teeth, sting, and eye-balls, all are death;

Like franticks struck by magic rod 1305

Of some despis'd avenging God:

Make her through blood for vengeance run,

Like Progne sacrifice her son;

And like Medea dart those fires

By which Creüsa's ghost expires. 1310

Then let her with exalted rage

Her grief with the same crimes assuage.

To heighten and improve the curse,

Because he's bad, they make her worse.

So Tyndaris dissolves in tears, 1315

When first she of Chryseis hears;

But

But, when Lyrnessis captive's led,
 And ravish'd to defile her bed,
 Her patience lessens by degrees;
 But, when at last the Priameis sees, 1320
 Revenge does to Ægyptus fly for ease;
 In his adulterous arms does plots disclose,
 Which fill Mycenæ with stupendous woes,
 And parricide and hell around her throws. }
 Ye Heavenly Powers! the female truth preserve, 1325
 And let it not from native goodness swerve;
 And let no wanton toys become the cause
 Why men should break Hymen's eternal laws;
 But let such fables and such crimes remain
 Only as fictions of the Poet's brain; 1330
 Yet marks set up to shun those dangerous shelves,
 On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themselves!

P A R T X.

AT first, the stars, the air, the earth, and deep,
 Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap;
 Till Love Eternal did each being strike 1335
 With voice Divine, to march, and seek its Like.
 Then seeds of Heavens, then Air of vapourous found,
 Then fertile Earth circled with Waters round,
 On which the Bird, the Beast, the Fish, might move,
 All center'd in that universal Love. 1340
Then

Then Man was fram'd with soul of godlike ray,
 And had a nobler share of Love than they :
 To him was Woman, crown'd with virtue, given,
 The most immediate work and care of Heaven.

Whilst thus my darling thoughts in raptures sung,
 Apollo to my sight in vision sprung.

His lyre with golden strings his touch commands,
 And wreaths of laurel flourish in his hands.

Says he, " You Bard that of Love's precepts treat,
 " Your art at Delphi you will best complete. 1350

" There 's a short maxim, prais'd when understood,
 " Useful in practice, and divinely good,

" LET EACH MAN KNOW HIMSELF: strive to excel :
 " The pleasure of the blest is doing well.

" 'Tis wisdom to display the ruling grace. 1355
 " Some men are happy in a charming face :

" Know it, but be not vain. Some manly show
 " By the exploded gun and nervous bow.

" There let them prove their skill ; perhaps some heart
 " May find that every shot is Cupid's dart. 1360

" The prudent Lover, if his talent lies
 " In eloquence, e'nt talkative, but wise ;

" So mixes words delicious to the ear,
 " That all must be persuaded who can hear.

" He that can sing, let him with pleasing sound, 1365
 " Though 'tis an air that is not mortal, wound.

" Let not a Poet my own art refuse :
 " I 'll come, and bring assistance to his Muse."

But never by ill means your fortune push,
 Nor raise your credit by another's blush. 1370

The secret rites of Ceres none profane,
Nor tell what Gods in Samo-thracia reign.

'Tis virtue by grave silence to conceal
What talk without discretion would reveal.

For fault like this now Tantalus does lie
In midst of fruits and water, starv'd and dry.

1375

But Cytherea's modesty requires
Most care to cover all her lambent fires.

Love has a pleasing turn, makes that seem best,
Of which our lawful wishes are possess.

1380

Andromeda, of Libye hue and blood,
Was chain'd a prey to monsters of the flood :

Wing'd Perseus saw her beauty through that cloud. }

Andromache had large majestic charms ;

Therefore was fittest grace to godlike Hector's arms.

Beauties in smaller airs bear like commands,

And wondrous Magick acts by slenderest wands.

Like Cybele some bear a mother's sway,

Whilst infant Gods and Heroines obey.

Some rule like stars by guidance of their eyes,

1390

And others please when like Minerva wise.

Love will from Heaven, Art, Nature, Fancy, raise

Something that may exalt its Consort's praise.

There will be little jealousies,

By which Love's art its subjects tries.

1395

They think it languishes with rest,

But rises, like the palm, oppress.

And as too much prosperity

Often makes way for luxury,

Till

Till we, by turn of fortune taught, 1400

Have wisdom by experience bought :

So, when the hoary ashes grow

Around Love's coals, 'tis time to blow :

And then its craftiness is shown,

To raise your cares, to hide its own : 1405

And have you by a rival crost,

Only in hopes you may n't be lost.

Sometimes they say that you are faulty,

And that they know where you were naughty ;

And then perhaps your eyes they 'd tear, 1410

Or else dilacerate your hair,

Not so much for revenge as fear.

But she perhaps too far may run,

And do what she would have you shun,

Of which there 's a poetic story 1415

That, if you please, I 'll lay before you.

Old Juno made her Jove comply

For fear, not asking when or why,

Unto a certain sort of matter,

Marrying her son unto his daughter : 1420

And so to bed the couple went,

Not with their own, but friends' consent.

This Vulcan was a Smith, they tell us,

That first invented tongs and bellows ;

For breath and fingers did their works 1425

(We 'd fingers long before we 'd forks) ;

Which made his hands both hard and brawny,

When wash'd, of colour orange-tawny.

His

His whole complexion was a fallow,
Where black had not destroy'd the yellow. 1430

One foot was clump'd, which was the stronger,
T'other spiny, though much longer;
So both to the proportion come

Of the fore-finger and the thumb.

In short, the whole of him was nasty, 1435

Ill-natur'd, vain, imperious, hasty:

Deformity alike took place

Both in his manners and his face.

Venus had perfect shape and size;

But then she was not over-wise: 1440

For sometimes she her knee is crimping,

To imitate th' old man in limping.

Sometimes his dirty paws she scorns,

Whilst her fair fingers shew his horns.

But Mars, the Bully of the place, is 1445

The chiefest spark in her good graces.

At first they're shy, at last grow bolder,

And conjugal affection colder.

They car'd not what was said or done,

Till impudence defied the Sun. 1450

Vulcan was told of this; quoth he,

"Is there such roguery? I'll see!"

He then an iron-net prepar'd,

Which he to the bed's tester rear'd;

Which, when a pully gave a snap, 1455

Would fall, and make a cuckold's trap.

All those he plac'd in the best room,

Then feign'd that he must go from home;

For

For he at Lemnos forges had,
And none but he to mind the trade. 1460

Love was too eager to beware
Of falling into any snare.

They went to bed, and so were caught;
And then they of repentance thought.

The show being ready to begin, 1465

Vulcan would call his neighbours in.

Jove should be there, that does make bold

With Juno, that notorious scold;

Neptune, first Bargeman on the water;

Thetis, the Oyster-woman's daughter; 1470

Pluto, that Chimney-sweeping sloven;

With Proserpine hot from her oven;

And Mercury, that 's sharp and cunning

In stealing customs and in running;

And Dy the Midwife, though a Virgin; 1475

And Æsculapius, the Surgeon;

Apollo, who might be Physician,

Or serve them else for a Musician;

The Piper Pan, to play her up;

And Bacchus, with his chirping cup; 1480

And Hercules should bring his club in,

To give the Rogue a lusty drubbing;

And all the Cupids should be by,

To see their Mother's infamy.

One Momus cried, " You 're hugely pleas'd;

" I hope your mind will soon be eas'd:

" For, when so publickly you find it,

" People, you know, will little mind it.

" They love to tell what no one knows,

" And they themselves only suppose. 1490

" Not every husband can afford

" To be a Cuckold on record ;

" Nor should he be a Cuckold styl'd,

" That once or so has been beguil'd,

" Unless he makes it demonstration,

" Then puts it in some proclamation,

" With general voice of all the nation." }

The company were come, when Vulcan hopping,
And for his key in left-side pocket groping,

Cries, " 'Tis but opening of that door, 1500

" To prove myself a Cuckold, her a Whore."

They all desir'd his leave that they might go ;

They were not curious of so vile a show :

Persons concern'd might one another see,

And they 'd believe since witnesses were three. 1505

And they, thus prov'd to be such foolish elves,

Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn themselves.

Discretion covers that which it would blame,

Until some secret blush and hidden shame }

Have cur'd the fault without the noise of fame.

The work is done: and now let Ovid have

Some gratitude attending on his grave ;

Th' aspiring palm, the verdant laurel strow,

And sweets of myrtle-wreaths around it throw.

In Phsyck's Art as Podalirius skill'd, 1515

Nestor in Court, Achilles in the Field ;

As Ajax had in single Combat force,

And as Automedon best rul'd the Horse ;

As

As Chalcas vers'd in Prophecies from Jove;
So Ovid has the Masterhip of Love.

1520

The Poet's honour will be much the less
Than that which by his means you may possess
In choice of Beauty's lasting happiness.

But, when the Amazonian quits the field,
Let this be wrote on the triumphant shield,
That she by Ovid's Art was brought to yield.

When Ovid's thoughts in British style you see,
Which mayn't so sounding as the Roman be;
Yet then admittance grant: 'tis fame to me.

P A R T XI.

I WHO the art of war to Danaans gave, 1530

Will make Penthesilea's force as brave;

That both, becoming glorious to the fight,

With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.

What though 'twas Vulcan fram'd Achilles' shield,

My Amazonian darts shall make him yield.

1535

A myrtle-crown with victory attends

Those who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.

When Beauty has so many arms in store,

(Some men will say) why should you give it more?

Tell me who, when Penelope appears

1540

With constancy maintain'd for twenty years,

Who can the fair Laodamia see

In her Lord's arms expire as well as he;

Can view Alceſtis, who with joy removes
 From earth, inſtead of him ſhe ſo much loves ; 1543
 Can hear of bright Evadne, who, in fires
 For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd, expires ;
 When Virtue has itſelf a female name,
 So Truth, ſo Goodneſs, Piety, and Fame,
 Would headſtrong fight, and would not conquer'd be,
 Or ſtoop to ſo much generoſity ?

'Tis not with ſword, or fire, or ſtrength of bow,
 That Female Warriors to their battle go :
 They have no ſtratagem, or ſubtile wile ;
 Their native innocence can ne'er beguile : 1555
 The Fox's various maze, Bear's cruel den,
 They leave to fierceneſs and the craft of men.

'Twas Jaſon that transferr'd his broken vows
 From kind Medea to another ſpouſe :
 Theſeus left Gnoſſis on the ſands, to be 1560
 Prey to the birds, or monſters of the ſea :
 Demophoon, nine times-recall'd, forbore
 Return, and let his Phyllis name the ſhore.
 Æneas wreckt, and hoſpitably us'd,
 Fam'd for his piety, yet ſtill refus'd 1565
 To ſtay where lov'd, but left the dangerous ſword
 By which ſhe died to whom he broke his word.

Piteous examples ! worthy better fate,
 If my inſtructions had not come too late :
 For then their art and prudence had retain'd 1570
 What firſt victorious rays of beauty gain'd.
 Whiſt thus I thought, not without grief to find
 Defenceleſs Virtue meet with fate unkind,

Bright

Bright Cytherea's sacred voice did reach
My tingling ears, and thus she bade me teach : 1575

“ What had the harmless maid deserv'd from thee :—

“ Thou hast given weapons to her enemy ;

“ Whilst in the field she must defenceless stand,

“ With want of skill, and more unable hand.

“ Stefcichorus, who would no subject find 1580

“ But harm to maids, was by the Gods struck blind :

“ But, when his song did with their glories rise,

“ He had his own restor'd, to praise their eyes.

“ Be rul'd by me, and arms defensive give ;

“ 'Tis by the Ladies' favours you must live.” 1585

She then one mystic leaf with berries four
(Pluckt from her myrtle-crown) bade me with speed
devour.

I find the power inspir'd ; through purer sky
My breath dissolves in verse, to make young Lovers die.

Here Modesty and Innocence shall learn 1590

How they may truth from flattering speech discern.

But come with speed ; lose not the flying day.

See how the crowding waves roll down away,

And neither, though at Love's command, will stay. }

These waves and time we never can recall ; 1595

But, as the minutes pass, must lose them all.

Nor like what's past are days succeeding good,

But slide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.

Flora, although a Goddess, yet does fear

The change that grows with the declining year ; 1600

Whilst glistening snakes, by casting off their skin,

Fresh courage gain, and life renew'd begin.

The Eagles cast their bills, the Stag its horn ;
 But Beauty to that blessing is not born.

Thus Nature prompts its use to forward Love, 1605
 Grac'd by examples of the Powers above.
 Endymion pierc'd the chaste Diana's heart,
 And cool Aurora felt Love's fiery dart.

P A R T X I I .

A PERSON of some quality
 Happen'd, they say, in Love to-be 1610
 With one who held him by delay,
 Would neither say him No or Ay ;
 Nor would she have him go his way. }

This Lady thought it best to send
 For some experienc'd trusty friend, 1615
 To whom she might her mind impart,
 T' unchain her own, and bind his heart;
 A Tire-woman by occupation,
 A useful and a choice vocation.
 She saw all, heard all, never idle ; 1620
 Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle ;
 Diverting with a kind of wit,
 Aiming at all, would sometimes hit ;
 Though in her sort of rambling way
 She many a serious truth would say. 1625
 Thus in much talk among the rest
 The oracle itself exprest :

“ I 've

ART OF LOVE.

3rd

" I've heard some cry, Well, I profess
 " There 's nothing to be gain'd by dress !
 " They might as well say that a field, 1630
 " Uncultivated, yet would yield
 " As good a crop as that which skill
 " With utmost diligence should till;
 " Our vintage would be very fine,
 " If nobody should prune their vine! 1635
 " Good shape and air, it is confest,
 " Is given to such as Heaven has blest;
 " But all folks have not the same graces:
 " There is distinction in our faces:
 " There was a time I 'd not repine 1640
 " For any thing amiss in mine,
 " Which, though I say it, still seems fair;
 " Thanks to my art as well as care !
 " Our grandmothers, they tell us, wore
 " Their Fardingale and their Bandore, 1645
 " Their Pinners, Forehead-cloth, and Ruff,
 " Content with their own cloth and stuff;
 " With Hats upon their pates like Hives;
 " Things might become such Soldiers wives;
 " Thought their own faces still would last them
 " In the same mould which Nature cast them.
 " Dark Paper Buildings then stood thick;
 " No Palaces of Stone or Brick:
 " And then, alas! were no Exchanges:
 " But see how time and fashion changes! 1655
 " I hate old things and age. I see,
 " Thank Heaven, times good enough for me.

X 4

" Your

- " Your Goldsmiths now are mighty neat :
 " I love the air of Lombard-street.
 " Whate'er a Ship from India brings, 1660
 " Pearls, Diamonds, Silks, are pretty things.
 " The Cabinet, the Screen, the Fan,
 " Please me extremely, if Japan :
 " And, what affects me still the more,
 " They had none of them heretofore. 1665
 " When you 're unmarried, never load ye
 " With Jewels; they may incommode ye.
 " Lovers mayn't dare approach; but mostly
 " They 'll fear when married you 'll be costly.
 " Fine Rings and Lockets best are tried, 1670
 " When given to you as a Bride.
 " In the mean time you shew your sense
 " By going fine at small expence.
 " Sometimes your Hair you upwards furl,
 " Sometimes lay down in favourite curl : 1675
 " All must through twenty fiddlings pass,
 " Which none can teach you but your glass :
 " Sometimes they must dishevel'd lie
 " On neck of polish'd ivory :
 " Sometimes with strings of pearl they 're fix'd, 1680
 " And the united beauty mix'd;
 " Or, when you won't their grace unfold,
 " Secure them with a bar of gold.
 " Humour and fashions change each day;
 " Not birds in forests, flowers in May, 1685
 " Would sooner number'd be than they. }
 " There-

- " There is a sort of negligence,
 " Which some esteem as excellence,
 " Your art with so much art to hide,
 " That nothing of it be descried ; 1690
 " To make your careless tresses flow
 " With so much air, that none should know
 " Whether they had been comb'd or no. }
 " But, in this so neglected Hair,
 " Many a Heart has found its snare. 1695
 " Nature indeed has kindly sent
 " Us many things ; more we invent :
 " Little enough, as I may say,
 " To keep our Beauty from decay.
 " As leaves that with fierce winds engage, 1700
 " Our curling tresses fall with age.
 " But then by German herbs we find
 " Colour, for locks to grey inclin'd.
 " Sometimes we purchase Hair ; and why ?
 " Is not all *that* our own we buy ? 1705
 " You buy it publickly, say they :
 " Why tell us that, when we don't pay.
 " Of French *pomades* the town is full :
 " Praise Heaven, no want of Spanish Wool !
 " Let them look flusht, let them look dead, 1710
 " That can't afford the White and Red.
 " In Covent Garden you buy posies,
 " There we our Lilies and our Roses.
 " Who would a charming Eyebrow lack,
 " Who can get any thing that 's black ? 1715
 " Let

- " Let not these boxes open lie :
 " Some folks are too much given to pry.
 " Art not dissembled would disgrace
 " The purchas'd beauties of our face :
 " This if such persons should discover, 1720
 " 'Twould rather lose than gain a Lover.
 " Who is there now but understands
 " Searchcloths to flea the face or hands ?
 " Though the idea 's not so taking,
 " And the skin seems but odd in making, 1725
 " Yet, when 'twill with fresh lustre shine,
 " Her spark will tell you 'tis divine.
 " That Picture there your eye does strike ;
 " It is the work of great Van Dyck,
 " Which by a Roman would be sainted : 1730
 " What was 't but canvass till 'twas painted ?
 " There 's several things should not be known :
 " O'er these there is a curtain drawn,
 " Till 'tis their season to be shown. }
 " Your door on fit occasions keep 1735
 " Fast shut : who knows but you 're asleep ?
 " When our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes,
 " And what else at the toilet lies, }
 " Are all put on, we 're said to rise. }
 " There was a Lady whom I knew, 1740
 " That must be nameless 'cause 'tis true,
 " Who had the dismalst mischance
 " I 've heard of since I was in France :
 " I do protest, the thoughts of it
 " Have almost put me in a fit. 1745
 " Old

- " Old Lady Meanwell's chamber-door,
 " Just on the stairs of the first floor,
 " Stood open : and pray who should come,
 " But Knowall flouncing in the room ?
 " No single hair upon her head : 1750
 " I thought she would have fell down dead.
 " At last she found a cap of hair,
 " Which she put on with such an air,
 " That every lock was out of place,
 " And all hung dangling down her face. 1755
 " I would not mortify one so,
 " Except some twenty that I know.
 " Her carelessness and her defect
 " Were laid to Mistress Prue's neglect;
 " And much ill-nature was betray'd, 1760
 " By noise and scolding with the maid.
 " The young look on such things as stuff,
 " Thinking their bloom has art enough.
 " When smooth, we matter it not at all ;
 " 'Tis when the Thames is rough, we squall. 1765
 " But, whate'er 'tis may be pretended,
 " No face or shape but may be mended.
 " All have our faults, and must abide them,
 " We therefore should take care to hide them.
 " You're short ; sit still, you'll taller seem : 1770
 " You're only shorter from the stem.
 " By looser garb your leanness is conceal'd ;
 " By want of stays the grosser shape's reveal'd.
 " The more the blemishes upon the feet,
 " The greater care the lace and shoes be neat. 1775
 " Some

" Some backs and sides are wav'd like billows :

" These holes are best made up with pillows.

" Thick fingers always should command

" Without the stretching out the hand.

" Who has bad teeth should never see 1780

" A play, unless a Tragedy :

" For we can teach you how to simper,

" And when 'tis proper you should whimper.

" Think that your grace and wit is now

" Not in your laughing at a thing, but how. 1785

" Let room for something more than breath

" Just shew the ends of milk-white teeth.

" There is a *je n' sçai quoi* is found

" In a soft smooth affected sound :

" But there 's a shrieking crying tone, 1790

" Which I ne'er lik'd, when all is done :

" And there are some, who laugh like men,

" As ne'er to shut their mouths again;

" So very loud and *mal-propos*,

" They seem like hautboys to a show. 1795

" But now for the reverse : 'tis skill

" To let your tears flow when you will.

" It is of use when people die ;

" Or else to have the spleen, and cry,

" Because you have no reason why. 1800

" Now for your talk — Come, let me see :

" Here lose your *H*, here drop your *T* ;

" Despise that *R* : your speech is better

" Much for destroying of one letter.

" Now

" Now lisp, and have a sort of pride 1805

" To seem as if your tongue were tied :

" This is such a becoming fault,

" Rather than want, it should be taught.

" And now that you have learnt to talk,

" Pray let me see if you can walk. 1810

" There 's many dancing-masters treat

" Of management of ladies' feet.

" There 's some their mincing gait have chose,

" Treading without their heel or toes.

" She that reads Tasso, or Malherbe *, 1815

" Chuses a step that is *superbe*.

" Some giddy creatures, as if shunning

" Something dislik'd, are always running.

" Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride

" As our Life-guard-men, all astride. 1820

" But each of these have decoration

" According to their affectation.

" That dance is graceful, and will please,

" Where all the motions glide with ease.

" We to the skilful theatre 1825

" This seeming want of art prefer.

" 'Tis no small art to give direction

" How to suit knots to each complexion,

* By the manner in which Tasso and Malherbe are mentioned by Dr. King, they seem not to have been the most fashionable authors of that age. Our Author has translated what he calls " *an admirable Ode of Malherbe.*" N.

" How

- "How to adorn the breast and head,
 "With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red. 1830
 "As the morn rises, so that day
 "Wear purple, sky-colour, or grey:
 "Your black at Lent, your green in May;
 "Your filamot when leaves decay.
 "All colours in the summer shine: 1835
 "The nymphs should be like gardens fine.
 "It is the fashion now-a-days,
 "That almost every Lady plays.
 "Basset and Piquet grow to be
 "The subject of our Comedy: 1840
 "But whether we diversion seek
 "In these, in Comet, or in Gleek,
 "Or Ombre, where true judgement can
 "Disclose the sentiments of man;
 "Let 's have a care how we discover, 1845
 "Especially before a Lover,
 "Some passions which we should conceal,
 "But heats of play too oft' reveal;
 "For, be the matter small or great,
 "There 's like abhorrence for a cheat. 1850
 "There 's nothing spoils a Woman's graces
 "Like peevishness and making faces:
 "Then angry words and rude discourse,
 "You may be sure, become them worse.
 "With hopes of gain when we 're beset, 1855
 "We do too commonly forget
 "Such guards as screen us from those eyes
 "Which may observe us, and despise.

- " I'd burn the cards, rather than know
 " Of any of my friends did so: 1860
 " I've heard of some such things; but I,
 " Thanks to my stars, was never by.
 " Thus we may pass our time: the men
 " A thousand ways divert their spleen,
 " Whilst we sit peevishly within; 1865 }
 " Hunting, cocking, racing, joking,
 " Fuddling, swimming, fencing, smoking;
 " And little thinking how poor we
 " Must vent our scandal o'er our tea.
 " I see no reason but we may 1870
 " Be brisk, and equally as gay.
 " Whene'er our Gentlemen would range,
 " We'll take our chariot for the 'Change:
 " If they're disposing for the Play,
 " We'll hasten to the Opera: 1875
 " Or when they'll lustily carouse,
 " We'll surely to the Indian House:
 " And at such cost whilst thus we roam,
 " For cheapness sake they'll stay at home.
 " Few wise men's thoughts e'er yet pursued 1880
 " That which their eyes had never view'd:
 " And so our never being seen
 " Is the same thing as not t' have been.
 " Grandeur itself and Poverty
 " Were equal if no witness by: 1885
 " And they who always sing alone
 " Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.

- " Had Danaë been shut up still,
 " She 'd been a Maid against her will,
 " And might have grown prodigious old, 1890
 " And never had her story told.
 " 'Tis fit fair Maids should run a-gadding,
 " To set the amorous Beaux a-madding.
 " To many a Sheep the Wolf has gone
 " Ere it can neatly seize on one; 1895
 " And many a Partridge scapes away
 " Before the Hawk can pounce its prey :
 " And so, if pretty Damsels rove,
 " They'll find out *one* perhaps may love ;
 " If they no diligence will spare, 1900
 " And in their dressing still take care.
 " The Fisher baits his hook all night,
 " In hopes by chance some Eel may bite.
 " Each with their different grace appears,
 " Virgins with blush, Widows with tears, 1905
 " Which gain new Husbands tender-hearted,
 " To think how such a couple parted.
 " But then there are some foppish Beaux
 " Like us in all things but their cloaths;
 " That we may seem the more robust, 1910
 " And fittest to accost them first :
 " With powder, paint, false locks, and hair,
 " They give themselves a female air ;
 " Who, having all their tale by rote,
 " And harping still on the same note, 1915
 " Will tell us that, and nothing more
 " Than what a-thousand heard before.
 " Though

" Though they all marks of Love pretend,

" There's nothing which they less intend :

" And, 'midst a thousand hideous oaths, 1920

" With jewels false and borrow'd cloaths,

" Our easiness may give belief

" To one that is an errant thief."

The spark was coming; she, undrest,

Scuttles away as if posselt. 1925

The Governess cries, " Where d'ye run?"

" Why, Madam, I've but just begun."

She bawls; the other nothing hears,

But leaves her prattling to the chairs.

Virtue, without these little arts, 1930

At first subdues, then keeps, our hearts :

And though more gracefully it shows

When it from lovely persons flows;

Yet often Goodness most prevails

When Beauty in perfection fails. 1935

Though every feature mayn't be well,

Yet all together may excel.

There's nothing but will easy prove,

When all the rest's made up by Love.

P A R T XIII.

VIRGINS should not unskill'd in Music be; 1940
 For what 's more like themselves than Harmony?

Let not Vice use it only to betray,

As Syrens by their Songs entice their prey.

Let it with sense, with voice, and beauty join,

Grateful to eyes and ear, and to the Mind Divine: 1945

For there's a double grace when pleasing strings

Are touch'd by her that more delightful sings.

Thus Orpheus did the rage of deserts quell,

And charm'd the monstrous instruments of Hell.

New walls to Thebes Amphion thus began, 1950

Whilst to the work officious marble ran.

Thus with his harp and voice Arion rode

On the mute Fish safe through the rolling flood.

Nor are the essays of the Female wit

Less charming in the verses they have writ. 1955

From ancient ages, Love has found the way

Its bashful thoughts by Letters to convey;

Which sometimes run in such engaging strain,

That pity makes the Fair write back again.

What's thus intended, some small time delay: 1960

His passion strengthens rather by our stay.

Then with a cautious wit your pen with-hold,

Left a too free expression make him bold.

Create a mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,

And in reproof let tenderness appear. 1965

As he deserves it, give him hopes of life :
 A cruel Mistress makes a froward Wife.
 Affect not foreign words : Love will impart
 A gentle style more excellent than art.
 Astrea's * lines flow on with so much ease, 1970
 That she who writes like them must surely please.
 Orinda's † works, with courtly graces stor'd,
 True sense in nice expressions will afford :
 Whilst Chudleigh's ‡ words seraphic thoughts express.
 In lofty grandeur, but without excess. 1975
 Oh,

* A name assumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a lady well known in the gay and poetical world in the licentious reign of King Charles II. She was Authoress of seventeen Plays, two volumes of Novels, several Translations, and many Poems. N.

† The poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. She was the daughter of John Fowler, merchant, and born in London 1631; was married to James Philips, of the Priory of Cardigan, esq. about the year 1647; and died in Fleet-street, in the month of June, 1664. Her poems have been several times printed. She was also the writer of a volume of Letters, published many years after her death, to Sir Charles Cotterel, intituled, "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus;" which have been admired.—Mrs. Philips was as much famed for her friendship, as for her poetry; and had the good fortune to be equally esteemed by the best poet and the best divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor addressed his discourse "on the nature and effects of friendship" to this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory, in an elegant Ode preserved amongst his Works. N.

‡ This lady was daughter to Richard Lee, of Winslade, in the county of Devon, esq. She was born in the
 Y 2

Oh, had not Beauty parts enough to wound,
 But it must pierce us with Poetic sound ;
 Whilst Phœbus suffers female powers to tear
 Wreaths from his Daphne, which they justly wear !

If greater things to lesser we compare, 1980

The skill of Love is like the art of War.

The General says, " Let him the Horse command :

" You by that Ensign, you that Cannon stand :

" Where danger calls, let t' other bring supplies."

With pleasure all obey, in hopes to rise. 1985

So, if you have a servant skill'd in Laws,

Send him with moving speech to plead your cause.

He that has native unaffected voice,

In singing what you bid him, will rejoice.

And wealth, as beauty orders it bestow'd, 1990

Would make ev'n Misers in expences proud.

But they, o'er whom Apollo rules, have hearts

The most susceptible of Lovers' smarts,

And, like their God, so they feel Cupid's darts :

The Gods and Kings are by their labours prais'd ; 1995

And they again by them to honour rais'd :

For none to Heaven or Majesty exprest

Their duty well, but in return were blest.

Nor did the mighty Scipio think it scorn,

That Ennius, in Calabrian mountains born, 2000

year 1656 ; became the wife of Sir George Chudleigh,
 of Ashton, in the same county, bart. ; and died Dec.
 15, 1710. Her Poems were twice printed in her life-
 time in one volume, 8vo. the second edition in 1709.
 She also published a volume of Essays upon several
 subjects in Prose and Verse, 1710" N.

His

His wars, retirements, councils, should attend,
 In all distinguish'd by the name of Friend.
 He that, for want of worlds to conquer, wept,
 Without consulting Homer never slept.
 The Poet's cares all terminate in fame; 2005
 As they obtain, they give, a lasting name.
 Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia rise,
 And Berenice's hair adorns the skies.
 The sacred Bard no treacherous craft displays,
 But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays. 2010
 Far from Ambition and Wealth's sordid care,
 In him good-nature and content appear:
 And far from Courts, from studious parties free,
 He sighs forth Laura's charms beneath some tree;
 Despairing of the valued prize he loves, 2015
 Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.

Poets have quick desire and passion strong;
 Where once it lights, there it continues long.
 They know that Truth is the perpetual band,
 By which the world and heaven of Love must stand.
 The Poet's art softens their tempers so,
 That manners easy as their verses flow.
 Oh could they but just retribution find,
 And as themselves what they adore be kind!
 In vain they boast of their celestial fire, 2025
 Whilst there remains a Heaven to which they can't
 aspire!

Apelles first brought Venus to our view,
 With blooming charms and graces ever new,

Who else unknown to mortals might remain,
 Hid in the caverns of her native main : 2030
 And with the Painter now the Poets join
 To make the Mother and her Boy divine.
 Therefore attend, and from their musick learn
 That which their minds inspir'd could best discern.

First see how Sidney, then how Cowley mov'd, 2035
 And with what art it was that Waller lov'd.
 Forget not Dorset, in whose generous mind
 Love, sense, wit, honour, every grace, combin'd;
 And if for me you one kind wish would spare,
 Answer a Poet to his friendly prayer. 2040
 Take Stepney's verse, with candour ever blest;
 For Love will there still with his ashes rest.
 There let warm spice and fragrant odours burn,
 And everlasting sweets perfume his urn.

Not that the living Muse is to be scorn'd : 2045
 Britain with equal worth is still adorn'd.
 See Halifax, where sense and honour mixt
 Upon the merits just reward have fixt :
 And read their works, who, writing in his praise,
 To their own verse immortal laurels raise. 2050
 Learn Prior's lines ; for they can teach you more
 Than sacred Ben, or Spenser, did before :
 And mark him well that uncouth Physick's art
 Can in the softest tune of Wit impart.
 See Pastorella o'er Florello's grave, 2055
 See Tamerlane make Bajazet his slave;
 And Phædra with her ancient vigour rave.

Through

Through Rapin's nurseries and gardens walk,
And find how Nymphs transform'd by amorous colours
talk.

Pomona see with Milton's grandeur rise, 2060
The most delicious fruit of Paradise,
With Apples might the first-born man deceive;
And more persuasive voice than tempting Eve,
Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has still in store, 2065
Whom would I number up, I must outrun
The longest course of the laborious sun.

P A R T XIV.

OUR manners like our countenance should be;
They always candid, and the other free:
But, when our mind by anger is possess'd, 2070
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beast:
No feature then its wonted grace retains,
When the blood blackens in the swelling veins:
The eye-balls shoot out fiery darts, would kill
Th' opposer, if the Gorgon had its will. 2075
When Pallas in a river saw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks, she let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face,
Which in that passion once consults her glass.

Let Beauty ne'er be with this torment seiz'd, 2086
 But ever rest serene, and ever pleas'd.
 A dark and sullen brow seems to reprove
 The first advances that are made to Love,
 To which there's nothing more averse than pride.
 Men without speaking often are denied: 2085
 And a disdainful look too oft' reveals
 Those seeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.
 When eyes meet eyes, and smiles to smiles return,
 'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,
 And by their mutual passion soon will know 2090
 That all are darts, and shot from Cupid's bow.
 But, when some lovely form does strike your eyes,
 Be cautious still how you admit surprize.
 What you would love, with quick discretion view:
 The object may deceive by being new. 2095
 You may submit to a too hasty fate,
 And would shake off the yoke when 'tis too late:
 We often into our destruction sink,
 By not allowing time enough to think.
 Resist at first: for help in vain we pray, 2100
 When ills have gain'd full strength by long delay.
 Be speedy; lest perhaps the growing hour
 Put what is now within, beyond our power.
 Love, as a fire in cities finds increase,
 Proceeds, and till the whole's destroy'd won't cease.
 It with allurements does, like rivers, rise
 From little springs, enlarg'd by vast supplies.
 Had Mirrha kept this guard, she had not stood
 A monumental crime in weeping wood.

Because that Love is pleasing in its pain, 2110
We not without reluctance health obtain.

Physick may tarry till to-morrow's sun,
Whilst the curs'd poisons through the vitals run.

The tree not to be shook has pierc'd the ground;

And death must follow the neglected wound. 2115

O'er different ages Love bears different sway,
Takes various turns to make all sorts obey.

The Colt unback'd we sooth with gentle trace;

We feed the Runner destin'd for the race;

And 'tis with time and masters we prepare 2120

The manag'd Coursers rushing to the war.

Ambitious Youth will have some sparks of pride,

And not without impatience be denied.

If to his Love a Rival you afford,

You then present a trial for his sword: 2125

His eager warmth disdains to be perplex'd,

And rambles to the beauty that is next.

Maturer years proceed with care and sense,

And, as they seldom give, so seldom take offence:

For he that knows resistance is in vain, 2130

Knows likewise struggling will increase his pain.

Like wood that's lately cut in Paphian Grove,

Time makes him a fit sacrifice for Love.

By slow degrees he fans the gentle fire,

Till perseverance makes the flame aspire. 2135

This Love's more sure, the other is more gay;

But then he roves, whilst this is forc'd to stay.

There are some tempers which you must oblige,

Not by a quick surrender, but a siege;

That

That most are pleas'd, when driven to despair! 2140
 By what they're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
 They think, unless their usage has been hard,
 Their conquest loses part of its reward.
 Thus some raise spleen from their abounding wealth,
 And, clog'd with sweets, from acids seek their health.
 And many a boat does its destruction find
 By having scanty sails, too full of wind.

Is it not treachery to declare

The feeble parts we have in war?

Is it not folly to afford

Our enemy a naked sword?

Yet 'tis my weakness to confess

What puts men often in distress:

But then it is such Beaux * as be

Possess with so much vanity,

To think that wheresoe'er they turn,

Whoever looks on them must burn.

* It is obvious that this word conveys at present a very different idea from its original signification; which was plainly that of *an accomplished gentleman*:—How different are the manly Beaux of Farquhar from the present Macaronies! and how many intermediate gradations have arisen between them! The genuine Beau appears to have been corrupted by a servile imitation of that ludicrous character the *petit-maitre* of our neighbourhood; a title affected by such of that vain people as had no other, in humble emulation of their *grand-maitre*, Louis the Fourteenth. From these came the Lord Foppingtons and Sir Harry Wildairs; and from them degenerated by degrees the Fribble and the Macarony! N.

What

What they desire they think is true,
 With small encouragement from you.
 They will a single look improve, 2160
 And take civilities for love.

"We all expected you at play :

"Was 't not a Mistress made you stay?"

The Beau is fir'd, cries, "Now I find

"I out of pity must be kind : 2165

"She sigh'd, impatient till I came."

Thus, soaring to the lively flame,

We see the vain ambitious Fly

Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die.

Both sexes have their jealousy, 2170

And ways to gain their ends thereby,

But oftentimes too quick belief

Has given a sudden vent to grief,

Occasion'd by some persons lying,

To set an easy wife a-crying : 2175

And Procris long ago, alas !

Experienc'd this unhappy case.

There is a Mount, Hymettus styl'd,

Where Pinks and Rosemary are wild,

Where Strawberries and Myrtles grow, 2180

And Violets make a purple show ;

Where the sweet Bays and Laurel shine,

All shaded by the lofty Pine ;

Where Zephyrs, with their wanton motion,

Have all the leaves at their devotion. 2185

Here Cephalus, who Hunting lov'd,

When dogs and men were both remov'd,

And

And all his dusty labour done,
 In the meridian of the sun,
 Into some secret hedge would creep, 2190
 And sing, and hum himself asleep.
 But commonly being hot and dry,
 He thus would for some cooler cry :

“ O now, if some

“ Cooler would come ! 2195

“ Dearest, rarest,

“ Loveliest, fairest,

“ Cooler, come !

“ Oh, Air,

“ Fresh and rare ; 2200

“ Dearest, rarest,

“ Loveliest, fairest,

“ Cooler, come ; Cooler, come ; Cooler, come !”

A Woman, that had heard him sing,

Soon had her malice on the wing : 2205

For Females usually don't want

A Fellow-gossip that will cant ;

Who still is pleas'd with others ails,

And therefore carries spiteful tales.

She thought that she might raise some strife 2210

By telling something to his Wife :

That once upon a time she stood

In such a place, in such a wood,

On such a day, and such a year,

There did, at least there did appear 2215

('Cause for the world she would not lye,

As she must tell her by the bye)

Her,

Her Husband; first more loudly bauling,
 And afterwards more softly calling
 A person not of the best fame, 2220
 And Mistress Cooler was her name.

"Now, Gossip, why should she come thither?"

"But that they might be naught together?"

When Cris heard all, her colour turn'd,
 And though her heart within her burn'd, 2225
 And eyeballs sent forth sudden flashes,
 Her cheeks and lips were pale as ashes.

Then, "Woe the day that she was born!"

The nightrail innocent was torn:
 Many a thump was given the breast, 2230

"And she, oh, she should never rest!"

"She strait would heigh her to the wood,

"And he'd repent it—that he should."

With eager haste away she moves,
 Never regarding scarf or gloves: 2235

Into the grotto soon she creeps,

And into every thicket peeps,

And to her eyes there did appear

Two prints of bodies—that was clear:

"And now (she cries) I plainly see 2240

"How time and place, and all agree:

"But here's a covert, where I'll lie,

"And I shall have them by and by."

'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as last time,
 Heated and ruffled with his pastime, 2245

Came to the very self-same place

Where he was us'd to wash his face;

And

And then he fung, and then he hum'd,
 And on his knee with fingers thrum'd.
 When Crissy found all matters fair, 2250
 And that he only wanted Air,
 Saw what device was took to fool her,
 And no such one as Mistress Cooler;
 Mistrusting then no future harms,
 She would have rush'd into his arms; 2255
 But, as the leaves began to rustle,
 He thought some beast had made the bustle.
 He shot, then cried, "I've kill'd my Deer."—
 "Ay, so you have," (says Cris) "I fear."—
 "Why, Crissy, pray what made you here?" }
 "By Gossip Trot, I understood
 "You kept a small Girl in this wood."
 Quoth Ceph, "'Tis pity thou should'st die
 "For this thy foolish jealousy:
 "For 'tis a passion that does move 2265
 "Too often from excess of love."
 But, when they fought for wound full fore,
 The petticoat was only tore,
 And she had got a lusty thump,
 Which in some measure bruis'd her rump. 2270
 Then home most lovingly they went:
 Neither had reason to repent.
 Their following years pass'd in content;
 And Crissy made him the best wife }
 For the remainder of his life. 2275
 The Muse has done, nor will more laws obtrude,
 Lest she, by being tedious, should be rude.
 Unbrace

Unbrace Love's swans, let them unharnes'd stray,
 And eat Ambrosia through the milky way.
 Give liberty to every Paphian Dove, 2280
 And let them freely with the Cupids rove.
 But, when the Amazonian trophies rise
 With monuments of their past victories;
 With what discretion and what art they fought;
 Let them record, "They were by OVID taught." 2285

An incomparable Ode of MALHERBE's *, written by him when the Marriage was on foot between the King of FRANCE † and ANNE of AUSTRIA.

Translated by a great Admirer of the Easiness of French Poetry.

*Cette Anne si belle,
Qu'on vante si fort,
Pourquoy ne vient elle?
Vrayment, elle a tort!
Son Louïs soupire
Après ses appas:
Que veut elle dire,
Que elle ne vient pas?
Si il ne la possède,
Il s'en va mourir;
Donnons y remède,
Allons la querir.*

This Anna so fair,
So talk'd of by fame,
Why don't she appear?
Indeed, she's to blame!
Lewis sighs for the sake
Of her charms, as they say;
What excuse can she make
For not coming away?
If he does not possess,
He dies with despair;
Let's give him redress,
And go find out the Fair.

* The Translator proposed to turn this Ode with all imaginable exactness; and he hopes he has been pretty just to Malherbe: only in the sixth line he has made a small addition of these three words, "as they say;" which he thinks is excusable, if we consider the French Poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's passion, as if the king himself had owned it to him. The Translator thinks it more mannerly and respectful in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearsay. KING.

† Lewis the Fourteenth.

THE

THE FURMETARY;
 A VERY INNOCENT AND HARMLESS POEM*,
 IN THREE CANTO'S.

First printed in 1699.

P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following Poem may be thought to write for fame, and the applause of the town: but he wholly disowns it; for he writes only for the public good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well known, that *grave Senators* have often, at the Palace-yard, refreshed themselves with Barley-broth in a morning, which has had a very solid influence on their counsels; it is therefore hoped that other persons may use it with the like success. No man can be ignorant, how of late years Coffee and Tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, Cold

* Written to please a Gentleman, who thought nothing smooth or lofty could be written upon a mean subject; but had no intent of making any reflection upon "The Dispensary," which has deservedly gained a lasting reputation. KING.

Z

Waters

Waters have obtained their commendation; and Wells are sprung up from Acton to Islington, and cross the water to Lambeth. These liquors have several eminent champions of all professions. But there have not been wanting persons, in all ages, that have shewn a true love for their country, and the proper diet of it, as Water-gruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, and especially Furmetry both with Plums and without. To this end, several worthy persons have encouraged the eating such wholesome diet in a morning; and, that the poor may be provided, they have desired several Matrons to stand at Smithfield-bars, Leaden-hall-market, Stocks-market, and divers other noted places in the City, especially at Fleet-ditch; there to *dispense* Furmetry to labouring people, and the poor, at reasonable rates, at three-half-pence and two-pence a dish, which is not dear, the Plums being considered.

The places are generally stiled Furmetaries, because that food has got the general esteem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the most remarkable, and therefore I have stiled it, "The Furmetary;" and could easily have had a certificate of the usefulness of this Furmetary, signed by several eminent Carmen, Gardeners, Journeymen-tailors, and Basket-women, who have promised to contribute to the maintenance of the same, in case the Coffee-houses should proceed to oppose it.

I have thought this a very proper subject for an Heroic Poem; and endeavoured to be as smooth in my verse, and as inoffensive in my characters, as was possible.

fible. It is my case with Lucretius, that I write upon a subject not treated of by the Ancients. But, "the greater labour, the greater glory."

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I stand upon my own legs, without any support from abroad. I therefore shall have more occasion for the Reader's favour, who, from the kind acceptance of this, may expect the description of other Furmetaries about this City, from his most humble servant,

AND PER SE AND.

C A N T O I.

NO sooner did the grey-ey'd Morning peep,
 And yawning mortals stretch themselves from sleep;
 Finders of gold were now but newly past,
 And basket-women did to Market haste;
 The Watchmen were but just returning home, 5
 To give the Thieves more liberty to roam;
 When from a hill, by growing beams of light,
 A stately pile was offer'd to the sight;
 Three spacious doors let passengers go through,
 And distant stones did terminate their view: 10
 Just here, as ancient Poets sing, there stood
 The noble palace of the valiant Lud;
 His image now appears in Portland stone,
 Each side supported by a god-like son*:

But,

* As Dr. King's description of Ludgate, though familiar to the present age, will be less intelligible to the
 Z 2 rising

But, underneath, all the three heroes shine,
 In living colours, drawn upon a sign,
 Which shews the way to Ale, but not to Wine.

15 }
 }

Near is a place enclos'd with iron-bars,
 Where many mortals curse their cruel stars,
 When brought by Usurers into distress,
 For having little, still must live on less :
 Stern Avarice there keeps the relentless door,
 And bids each wretch eternally be poor.
 Hence Hunger rises, dismally he stalks,
 And takes each single prisoner in his walks :

20

25

This duty done, the meagre monster stares,
 Holds up his bones, and thus begins his prayers :

“ Thou, Goddess Famine, that canst send us blights,
 “ With parching heat by day, and storm by nights,

rising generation, it may not be improper to observe, that its name, which Geoffry of Monmouth has ascribed to King Lud, was with greater propriety derived from its situation near the rivulet Flud, or Fleet, which ran near it.—So early as 1373, Ludgate was constituted a prison for poor debtors who were free of the city; and was greatly enlarged in 1454, by Sir Stephen Forster, who, after having been himself confined there, became lord mayor of London, and established several benevolent regulations for its government.—The old gate becoming ruinous, an elegant building, as above described by Dr. King, was erected in 1586, with the statue of Queen Elizabeth on the West front, and those of the pretended King Lud and his two sons on the East. This was pulled down in 1760, and the statue of Elizabeth placed against the church of St. Dunstan in the West. Since that time, the city debtors have been confined in a part of the London workhouse in Bishopsgate-street. N.

“ Assist

THE FURMETARY.

341

" Assist me now: so may all lands be thine, 30

" And shoals of orphans at thy altars pine!

" Long may thy reign continue on each shore,

" Where-ever Peace and Plenty reign'd before!

" I must confess, that to thy gracious hand'

" I widows owe, that are at my command; 35

" I joy to hear their numerous children's cries;

" And bless thy power, to find they've no supplies.

" I thank thee for those Martyrs, who would flee

" From superstitious rites and tyranny, }
" And find their fullness of reward in me. 40

" But 'tis with much humility I own,

" That generous favour you have lately shown,

" When men, that bravely have their country serv'd, }

" Receiv'd the just reward that they deserv'd,

" And are preferr'd to me, and shall be starv'd. }

" I can, but with regret, I can despise

" Innumerable of the London cries,

" When Pease, and Mackarel, with their harsher sound,

" The tender organs of my ears confound;

" But that which makes my projects all miscarry, 50

" Is this inhuman, fatal FURMETARY.

" Not far from hence, just by the Bridge of Fleet,

" With Spoons and Porringers, and Napkin neat,

" A faithless Syren does entice the sense,

" By fumes of viands, which she does dispense 55 }

" To mortal stomachs, for rewarding pence;

" Whilst each man's earliest thoughts would banish me,

" Who have no other oracle but thee."

C A N T O II.

WHILST such-like prayers keen Hunger would
advance,

Fainting and weakness threw him in a trance : 60

Famine took pity on her careful slave,

And kindly to him this assistance gave.

She took the figure of a thin parch'd Maid,

Who many years had for a Husband staid ;

And, coming near to Hunger, thus she said : 65 }

“ My darling son, whilst Peace and Plenty smile,

“ And Happiness would over-run this isle,

“ I joy to see, by this thy present care,

“ I’ve still some friends remaining since the war :

“ In spite of us, A does on Venison feed, 70

“ And Bread and Butter is for B decreed ;

“ C D combines with E F’s generous soul,

“ To pass their minutes with the sparkling bowl ;

“ H I’s good-nature, from his endless store,

“ Is still conferring blessings on the poor, 75 }

“ For none, except ’tis K, regards them more.

“ L, M, N, O, P, Q, is vainly great,

“ And squanders half his substance in a treat.

“ Nice eating by R, S, is understood ;

“ T’s supper, though but little, yet is good ; 80

“ U’s conversation ’s equal to his wine,

“ You sup with W, whene’er you dine :

“ X,

- " X, Y, and Z, hating to be confin'd,
 " Ramble to the next Eating-house they find;
 " Pleasant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay,
 " Sometimes with musick, and sometimes with play, }
 " Prolong their pleasures till th' approaching day. }
 " AND PER SE AND alone, as Poets use,
 " The starving dictates of my rules pursues;
 " No swinging coachman does afore him shine, 90 }
 " Nor has he any constant place to dine, }
 " But all his notions of a meal are mine.
 " Haste, haste, to him, a blessing give from me,
 " And bid him write sharp things on FURMETRY.
 " But I would have thee to Coffedro go, 95
 " And let Tobacco too thy business know;
 " With famous Teedrums in this case advise,
 " Rely on Sagoe, who is always wise.
 Amidst such counsel, banish all despair;
 " Trust me, you shall succeed in this affair: 100
 " That project which they FURMETARY call,
 " Before next Breakfast-time shall surely fall!"
 This said, she quickly vanish'd in a wind
 Had long within her body been confin'd.
 Thus Hercules, when he his mistress found, 105
 Soon knew her by her scent, and by her sound.

C A N T O III.

HUNGER rejoic'd to hear the blest command,
That FURMETARY should no longer stand;

With speed he to Coffedro's mansion flies,
And bids the pale-fac'd mortal quickly rise. 110

" Arise, my friend; for upon thee do wait

" Dismal events and prodigies of Fate!

" 'Tis break of day, thy sooty broth prepare,

" And all thy other liquors for a war :

" Rouse up Tobacco, whose delicious sight, 115

" Illuminated round with beams of light,

" To my impatient mind will cause delight. }

" How will he conquer nostrils that presume

" To stand th' attack of his impetuous fume !

" Let handsome Teedrums too be call'd to arms, 120

" For he has courage in the midst of charms :

" Sagoe with counsel fills his wakeful brains,

" But then his wisdom countervails his pains ;

" 'Tis he shall be your guide, he shall effect

" That glorious conquest which we all expect : 125

" The brave Hectorvus shall command this force ;

" He 'll meet Tubcarrio's Foot, or, which is worse, }

" Oppose the fury of Carmanniel's Horse.

" For his reward, this he shall have each day,

" *Drink Coffee, then strut out, and never pay.*" 130

It was not long ere the Grandees were met,
And round *news-papers* in full order set.

Then

Then Sagoe, rising, said, " I hope you hear
 " Hunger's advice with an obedient ear ;
 " Our great design admits of no delay, 135
 " Famine commands, and we must all obey :
 " That Syren which does FURMETARY keep
 " Long since is risen from the bands of sleep ;
 " Her Spoons and Porringers, with art display'd,
 " Many of Hunger's subjects have betray'd." 140
 " To arms," Hectorvus cried : " Coffedro stout,
 " Issue forth liquor from thy scalding spout !"

Great One-and-all-i gives the first alarms ;
 Then each man snatches up offensive arms.
 To Ditch of Fleet courageously they run, 145
 Quicker than thought ; the battle is begun :
 Hectorvus first Tubcarrio does attack,
 And by surprize soon lays him on his back ;
 Thirsto and Drowtho then, approaching near,
 Soon overthrow two magazines of Beer. 150

The innocent Syrena little thought
 That all these arms against herself were brought ;
 Nor that in her defence the drink was spilt :
 How could she fear, that never yet knew guilt ?
 Her fragrant Juice, and her delicious Plums, 155
 She does *dispense* (with gold upon her thumbs) :
 Virgins and Youths around her stood ; she fate,
 Environ'd with a Wooden-chair of state.

In the mean time, Tobacco strives to vex
 A numerous Squadron of the tender sex ; 160
 What with strong smoak, and with his stronger breath,
 He funks Basketia and her son to death.

Coffedro

Coffedro then, with Teeddrums and the band
 Who carried scalding liquors in their hand,
 Throw watery ammunition in their eyes ; 165
 On which Syrena's party frighten'd flies :
 Carmannio straight drives up a bulwark strong,
 And horse opposes to Coffedro's throng.
 Coledrivio stands for bright Syrena's guard,
 And all her rallied Forces are prepar'd ; 170
 Carmannio then to Teeddrums' squadron makes,
 And the lean mortal by the buttons takes ;
 Not Teeddrums' arts Carmannio could beseech,
 But his rough valour throws him in the ditch.
 Syrena, though surpriz'd, resolv'd to be 175
 'The great Bonduca of her FURMETRY :
 Before her throne courageously she stands,
 Managing ladles-full with both her hands.
 The numerous Plums like hail-shot flew about,
 And Plenty soon dispers'd the *meagre* rout. 180

So have I seen, at Fair that 's nam'd from Horn,
 Many a Ladle's blow by Prentice borne ;
 In vain he strives their passions to assuage,
 With threats would frighten, with soft words engage ;
 Until, through Milky gauntlet soundly beat, 185
 His prudent heels secure a quick retreat.

" Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
 " Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas !"

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN*.

First printed by the Author in 1704.

I.

MOUNTOWN † ! thou sweet retreat from Dublin
cares,

Be famous for thy Apples and thy Pears ;
For Turnips, Carrots, Lettuce, Beans, and Pease ;
For Peggy's Butter, and for Peggy's Cheese.
May clouds of Pigeons round about thee fly ! 5
But condescend sometimes to make a Pye.
May fat Geese gaggle with melodious voice,
And ne'er want Gooseberries or Apple-sauce !
Ducks in thy Ponds, and Chicken in thy Pens,
And be thy Turkeys numerous as thy Hens ! 10
May thy black Pigs lie warm in little sty, e,
And have no thought to grieve them till they die !
Mountown ! the Muses' most delicious theme ;
Oh ! may thy Codlins ever swim in Cream !
Thy Rasp- and Straw-berries in Bourdeaux drown, 15
To add a redder tincture to their own !

* It was taken for a State Poem, and to have many
mysteries in it ; though it was only made, as well as
" Orpheus and Eurydice," for country diversion. KING.

† A pleasant villa to the South of Dublin, near the
sea.

Thy

Thy White-wine, Sugar, Milk, together club,
 To make that gentle viand Syllabub *.
 Thy Tarts to Tarts, Cheese-cakes to Cheese-cakes join,
 To spoil the relish of the flowing Wine. 20
 But to the fading palate bring relief,
 By thy Westphalian Ham, or Belgic Beef;
 And, to complete thy blessings, in a word,
 May still thy soil be generous as its Lord †!

II.

Oh! Peggy, Peggy, when thou goest to brew, 25
 Consider well what you 're about to do;
 Be very wise, very sedately think
 That what you 're going now to make is *drink*;
 Consider who must drink that drink; and then,
 What 'tis to have the praise of *bonest* men: 30

* "Peace to thy gentle shade, sweet-smiling Henni-
 "ver!" — would have been our Author's ejaculation,
 if he had lived in 1775; when the admirers of this
 "gentle viand" lamented the irreparable loss of the
 foundress of the Lactarium.

"Lac mihi non æstate novum, non frigore desit;"

"My milk in summer's drought, nor winter fails;"
 was the Matron's invitation to the publick; whilst her
 happy cottage presented the liveliest reflection of its
 benignant owner:

"Quam dives pecoris nivei, quam lactis abundans!"

"What luscious milk, what rural stores are mine!" N.

† Judge Upton.

For

For surely, Peggy, while that drink does last,
'Tis Peggy will be *toasted* or *disgrac'd*.

Then, if thy Ale in *glass* thou would'st confine,
To make its sparkling rays in beauty shine,

Let thy clean Bottle be entirely dry,

35

Lest a white substance to the surface fly,

And, floating there, disturb the curious eye.

But this great maxim must be understood,

"Be sure, nay very sure, thy *cork* be good!"

Then future ages shall of Peggy tell,

40

That Nymph that *brew'd* and *bottled* Ale so well.

III.

How fleet is air! how many things have breath,
Which in a moment they resign to death;

Depriv'd of light, and all their happiest state,

Not by their fault, but some o'er-ruling Fate!

45

Although fair flowers, that justly might invite,

Are cropt, nay torn away, for man's delight;

Yet still those flowers, alas! can make no moan,

Nor has Narcissus now a power to groan!

But all those things which breathe in different frame,

By tie of common breath, man's pity claim.

A gentle Lamb has rhetoric to plead,

And, when she sees the Butcher's knife decreed,

Her voice intreats him not to make her bleed:

But cruel gain, and luxury of taste,

55

With pride, still lays man's *fellow-mortals* waste:

What earth and waters breed, or air inspires,

Man for his palate fits by torturing fires.

MULLY,

MULLY, a Cow, sprung from a beauteous race,
 With spreading front, did Mountown's pastures grace.
 Gentle she was, and, with a gentle stream,
 Each morn and night gave Milk that equal'd Cream.
 Offending none, of none she stood in dread,
 Much less of persons which she daily fed:

"But Innocence cannot itself defend, 65
 "Gainst treacherous arts, veil'd with the name of
 "Friend."

ROBIN of Derby-shire, whose romper shocks
 The constitution of his native rocks;
 Born in a place *, which, if it once be nam'd,
 Would make a blushing modesty asham'd: 70

He with indulgence kindly did appear
 To make poor Mully his peculiar care;
 But inwardly this sullen churlish thief
 Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's Beef;
 His fancy fed on her; and thus he'd cry, 75

"Mully, as sure as I'm alive, you die!
 "'Tis a brave Cow. O, Sirs, when Christmas comes,
 "These Shins shall make the Porridge grac'd with Plums;
 "Then, 'midst our cups, whilst we profusely dine,
 "This blade shall enter deep in Mully's Chine. 80
 "What Ribs, what Rumps, what bak'd, boil'd, stew'd,
 "and roast!

"There shan't one single Tripe of her be lost!"

* The Devil's Arse of Peak; described by Hobbes
 in a Poem "De Mirabilibus Pecti," the best of his
 poetical performances. N.

When

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN. 351

When Peggy, Nymph of Mountown, heard these
sounds,

She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds.

"What crime," said she, "has gentle Mully done? 85

"Witness the rising and the setting Sun,

"That knows what Milk she constantly would give!

"Let that quench Robin's rage, and Mully live."

Daniel, a sprightly Swain, that us'd to slash
The vigorous Steeds that drew his Lord's calash, 90
To Peggy's side inclin'd; for 'twas well known
How well he lov'd those Cattle of his own.

Then Terence spoke, oraculous and sly,
He'd neither grant the question nor deny;
Pleading for Milk, his thoughts were on Mince-pye: }
But all his arguments so dubious were,
That Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.

"You've spoke," says Robin; "but now, let me
"tell ye,

"'Tis not fair spoken *words* that fill the *belly*:

"Pudding and Beef I love; and cannot stoop 100

"To recommend your bonny-clapper Soup.

"You say she's innocent: but what of that?

"'Tis more than crime sufficient that she's *fat*!

"And that which is prevailing in this case

"Is, there's another Cow to fill her place. 105

"And, granting Mully to have Milk in store,

"Yet still this other Cow will give us more.

"She dies." — Stop here, my Muse: forbear the rest:
And veil that grief which cannot be express'd!

ORPHEUS

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

First printed by the Author in 1704.

AS Poets say, one Orpheus went
To Hell upon an odd intent.

First tell the story, then let 's know,
If any one will do so now.

This Orpheus was a jolly boy, 5
Born long before the Siege of Troy;
His parents found the lad was sharp,
And taught him on the Irish Harp;
And, when grown fit for marriage-life,
Gave him Eurydice for wife; 10
And they, as soon as match was made,
Set up the Ballad-singing trade.

The cunning varlet could devise,
For country folks, ten thousand lyes;
Affirming all those monstrous things 15
Were done by force of *harp* and *strings*;
Could make a Tiger in a trice
Tame as a Cat, and catch your Mice;
Could make a Lion's courage flag,
And straight could animate a Stag, 20
And, by the help of pleasing ditties,
Make Mill-stones run, and build up Cities;
Each had the use of fluent tongue,
If Dicé scolded, Orpheus sung.

And

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. 353

And so, by discord without strife, 25
 Compos'd one harmony of life;
 And thus, as all their matters stood,
 They got an honest livelihood.

Happy were mortals, could they be
 From any sudden danger free! 30
 Happy were Poets, could their song
 The feeble thread of life prolong!

But, as these two went strolling on,
 Poor Dicé's scene of life was done:
 Away her fleeting breath must fly, 35
 Yet no one knows wherefore, or why.

This caus'd the general lamentation,
 To all that knew her in her station;
 How brisk she was still to advance
 The Harper's gain, and lead the dance, 40
 In every tune observe her thrill,
 Sing on, yet change the money still.

Orpheus best knew what loss he had,
 And, thinking on't, fell almost mad,
 And in despair to Linus ran, 45
 Who was esteem'd a Cunning-man;
 Cried, "He again must Dicé have,
 "Or else be buried in her grave."

Quoth Linus, "Soft, refrain your sorrow:
 "What fails to-day, may speed to-morrow. 50
 "Thank you the Gods for whate'er happens,
 "But don't fall out with your fat capons.
 "'Tis many an honest man's petition,
 "That he may be in your condition.

A a

"If

" If such a blessing might be had, 53
 " To change a living wife for dead,
 " I 'd be your chapman; nay, I 'd do 't,
 " Though I gave forty pounds to boot.
 " Consider first, you save her diet;
 " Consider next, you keep her quiet: 60
 " For, pray, what was she all along,
 " Except the burthen of your song?
 " What, though your Dicé 's under ground;
 " Yet many a woman may be found,
 " Who, in your gains if she may part take, 65
 " Trust me, will quickly make your heart ach:
 " Then rest content, as widowers should —
 " The Gods best know what 's for our good!"

Orpheus no longer could endure
 Such wounds where he expected cure. 70

" Is 't possible!" cried he; " and can
 " That noble creature, married man,
 " In such a cause be so profane?
 " I 'll fly thee far as I would Death,
 " Who from my Dicé took her breath." 75

Which said, he soon outstript the wind,
 Whilst puffing Boreas lagg'd behind;
 And to Urganda's cave he came,
 A lady of prodigious fame,
 Whose hollow eyes and hopper breech 80
 Made common people call her Witch;
 Down at her feet he prostrate lies,
 With trembling heart and blubber'd eyes.

" Tell

- " Tell me," said he, " for sure you know
 " The Powers above, and those below, 85
 " Where does Eurydice remain ?
 " How shall I fetch her back again ?"
 She smilingly replied, " I 'll tell
 " This easily without a spell :
 " The wife you look for 's gone to Hell — 90
 " Nay, never start, man, for 'tis so ;
 " Except one ill-bred wife or two,
 " The fashion is, for all to go.
 " Not that she will be damn'd ; ne'er fear
 " But she may get preferment there. 95
 " Indeed, she might be fried in pitch,
 " If she had been a bitter bitch ;
 " If she had leapt athwart a sword,
 " And afterwards had broke her word:
 " But your Eurydice, poor soul ! 100
 " Was a good-natur'd harmless fool ;
 " Except a little cattervawling,
 " Was always painful in her calling ;
 " And, I dare trust old Pluto for 't,
 " She will find favour in his Court : 105
 " But then to fetch her back, that still
 " Remains, and may be past my skill ;
 " For, 'tis too sad a thing to jest on,
 " You 're the first man e'er ask'd the question ;
 " For husbands are such selfish elves, 110
 " They care for little but themselves.
 " And then one rogue cries to another,
 " Since this wife 's gone, e'en get another :

" Though most men let such thoughts alone,
 " And swear they 've had enough of *one*. 115
 " But, since you are so kind to Dicé,
 " Follow the course which I advise ye;
 " E'en go to Hell yourself, and try
 " Th' effect of Musick's harmony;
 " For you will hardly find a friend, 120
 " Whom you in such a case might send:
 " Besides, their Proserpine has been
 " The briskest dancer on the green,
 " Before old Pluto ravish'd her,
 " Took her to Hell — and you may swear 125 }
 " She had but little Musick there;
 " For, since she last beheld the sun,
 " Her merry dancing-days are done;
 " She has a colt's-tooth still, I warrant,
 " And will not disapprove your errand. 130
 " Then your request does reason seem,
 " For what 's one single ghost to them?
 " Though thousand *phantoms* should invade ye,
 " Pass on — Faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady!
 " The bold a way will find, or make; 135
 " Remember, 'tis for Dicé's sake."

Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half so well,
 As news that he must go to Hell.
 Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
 As most folk seek their own undoing; 140
 Ne'er thought of what he left behind;
 Never consider'd he should find

Scarce

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. 337

Scarce any passenger beside
Himself, nor could he hire a guide.
"Will Musick do't?" cried he. "Ne'er heed:
"My harp shall make the marble bleed;
"My harp all dangers shall remove,
"And dare all flames, but those of Love."

Then kneeling begs, in terms most civil,
Urganda's passport to the Devil. 150
Her pass she kindly to him gave,
Then bade him 'noint himself with salve;
Such as those hardy people use,
Who walk on fire without their shoes,
Who, on occasion, in a dark hole, 155
Can gormondize on lighted Charcoal,
And drink eight quarts of flaming Fuel,
As men in flux do Water-gruel.
She bade him then go to those caves,
Where Conjurers keep Fairy slaves, 160
Such sort of creatures as will baste ye
A Kitchen-wench, for being nasty,
But, if she neatly scour her pewter,
Give her the money that is due t'her.

Orpheus went down a narrow hole, 165
That was as dark as any coal;
He did at length some glimmering spy,
By which, at least, he might descry
Ten thousand little Fairy elves,
Who there were solacing themselves. 170

All ran about him, cried, "Oh, dear t'
"Who thought to have seen Orpheus here?"

" 'Tis that Queen's birth-day which you see,
 " And you are come as luckily :
 " You had no Ballad but we bought it, 175
 " Paid Dicé when she little thought it;
 " When you beneath the yew-tree far,
 " We 've come, and all danc'd round your Har;
 " But whereabouts did Dicé leave ye?
 " She had been welcome, Sir, believe me." 180

" These little chits would make one swear,"
 Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt disdain and fear.
 " And dare these Urchins jeer my crosses,
 " And laugh at mine and Dicé's losses?
 " Hands off — the monkeys hold the faster; 185
 " Sirrahs, I am going to your Master!"
 " Good words," quoth Oberon: " don't flinch;
 " For, every time you stir, I'll pinch;
 " But, if you decently sit down,
 " I'll first equip you with a crown; 190
 " Then for each dance, and for each song,
 " Our pence apiece the whole night long."

Orpheus, who found no remedy,
 Made virtue of necessity;
 Though all was out of tune, their dance 195
 Would only hinder his advance.
 Each note that from his fingers fell
 Seem'd to be Dicé's passing-bell;
 At last, night let him ease his crupper,
 Get on his legs, to go to supper. 200

Quoth Nab, " We here have strangers seldom,
 " But, Sir, to what we have you 're welcome."

" Madam,

"Madam, they seem of light digestion.

"Is it not rude to ask a question,

"What they may be, fish, flesh, or fruit?" 205

"For I ne'er saw things so minute."

"SIR,

"A roasted ant, that's nicely done,

"By one small atom of the sun.

"These are flies' eggs, in moon-shine poach'd;

"This a flea's thigh in collops scotch'd," 210

"'Twas hunted yesterday i' th' Park,

"And like t' have 'scap'd us in the dark.

"This is a dish entirely new,

"Butterflies' brains dissolv'd in dew;

"These lovers' vows, these courtiers' hopes,

"Things to be eat by microscopes;" 215

"These sucking mites, a glow-worm's heart,

"This a delicious rainbow-tart!"

"Madam, I find, they're very nice,

"And will digest within a trice;

"I see there's nothing you esteem," 220

"That's half so gross as our whipt-cream;

"And I infer, from all these meats,

"That such light suppers keep clean sheets."

"But, Sir," said she, "perhaps you're dry!"

Then, speaking to a Fairy by,

"You've taken care, my dear Endia,

"All's ready for my Ratifia."

"SIR,

"A drop of water, newly torn
 "Fresh from the rosy-finger'd Morn;
 "A pearl of milk, that 's gently prest 230
 "From blooming Hebe's early breast;
 "With half a one of Cupid's tears,
 "When he in embryo first appears;
 "And honey from an infant bee;
 "Makes liquor for the Gods and Me!" 235
 "Madam," says he, "an't please your Grace,
 "I'm going to a drougthy place;
 "And, if I an't too bold, pray charge her,
 "The draught I have be somewhat larger."
 "Fetch me," said she, "a mighty bowl, 240
 "Like Oberon's capacious soul,
 "And then fill up the burnish'd gold
 "With juice that makes the Britons bold.
 "This from seven barley-corns I drew,
 "Its years are seven, and to the view 245
 "'Tis clear, and sparkles fit for you."
 "But stay —
 "When I by Fate was last time hurl'd,
 "To act my pranks in t'other world,
 "I saw some sparks as they were drinking, 250
 "With mighty mirth and little thinking,
 "Their jests were *supernaculum*,
 "I snatch'd the rubies from each thumb,
 "And in this crystal have them here,
 "Perhaps you 'll like it more than Beer." 255

Wine

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. 361

Wine and late hours dissolv'd the feast,
And Men and Fairies went to rest.

The bed where Orpheus was to lie
Was all stuff'd full of Harmony :
Purling streams and amorous rills, 260
Dying sound that never kills,
Zephyrus breathing, Love delighting,
Joy to slumber soft inviting,
Trembling sounds that make no noise,
And songs to please without a voice, 265
Were mixt with down that fell from Jove,
When he became a Swan for love.

'Twas night, and Nature's self lay dead,
Nodding upon a feather-bed ;
The mountains seem'd to bend their tops, 270
And shutters clos'd the milleners' shops,
Excluding both the punks and fops ;
No ruffled streams to mill do come,
The silent fish were still more dumb ;
Look in the chimney, not a spark there, 275
And darkness did itself grow darker.

But Orpheus could not sleep a wink,
He had too many things to think :
But, in the dark, his harp he strung,
And to the listening Fairies sung. 280

Prince Prim, who pitied so much youth
Join'd with such constancy and truth,
Soon gave him thus to understand ;

" Sir, I last night receiv'd command
" To see you out of Fairy Land, 285
" Into

" Into the Realm of Nofnotbocai ;
 " But let not fear or fulphur choak ye ;
 " For he 's a Fiend of fenfe and wit,
 " And has got many rooms to lett."

As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpe, 290
 Out walk the Fidler and the Prince.
 They soon arrive ; find Bocai brewing
 Of Claret for a Vintner's stewing.

" I come from Oberon," quoth Prince Prim.

" 'Tis well," quoth Bocai : " what from him ?"

" Why, something strange ; this honest man
 " Had his wife died ; now, if he can,
 " He says, he 'd have her back again." }

Then Bocai, fmiling, cried, " You fee,

" Orpheus, you 'd better ftay with me. 300

" For, let me tell you, Sir, this place,

" Although it has an ugly face,

" If to its value it were fold,

" Is worth ten thousand ton of gold ;

" And very famous in all ftory, 305

" Call'd by the name of Purgatory.

" For, when fome ages fhall have run,

" And Truth by Falfehood be undone,

" Shall rife the Whore of Babylon ; }

" And this fame Whore fhall be a Man, 310

" Who, by his lyes and cheating, can

" Be fuch a trader in all evil,

" As to outdo our friend the Devil :

" He and his pimps fhall fay, that when

" A man is dying, thither then

315

" The

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. 363

" The Devil comes to take the soul,
 " And carry him down to this hole;
 " But, if a man have store of wealth,
 " To get some prayers for his soul's health,

" The Devil has then no more to do, 320

" But must be forc'd to let him go.

" But we are no more fools than they,

" Thus to be bubbled of our prey.

" By these same pious Frauds and Lyes,

" Shall many Monasteries rise : 325

" Friars shall get good meat and beer,

" To pray folks out that ne'er came here;

" Pans, pots, and kettles, shall be given;

" To fetch a man from hence to Heaven.

" Suppose a man has taken purses, 330

" Or stolen sheep, or cows, or horses,

" And chances to be hang'd; you'd cry,

" Let him be hang'd, and so good-by.

" Hold, says the Friar; let me alone,

" He's but to Purgatory gone; 335

" And, if you'll let our Convent keep

" Those purses, cows, horses, and sheep,

" The fellow shall find no more pain,

" Than if he were alive again."

Here Orpheus sigh'd, began to take on,

Cried, " Could I find the Whore you spake on, }

" L'd give him my best fitch of bacon : }

" I'd give him cake and sugar'd sack,

" If he would bring my Dicé back:

" Rather

"Rather than she should longer stay," 345

"I 'd find some lusty man to pray.

"And then poor Dicé, let him try her,

"I dare say, would requite the Friar."

Great Nosnotbocai smil'd to see

Such goodness and simplicity. 350

Then kindly led them to a cell,

An outward granary of Hell;

A filthy place, that 's seldom swept,

Where seeds of villainy are kept.

"Orpheus," said he, "I 'd have you take 355

"Some of these seeds here, for my sake;

"Which, if they are discreetly hurl'd

"Throughout the parts of t'other world,

"They may oblige the Fiend you sue to,

"And fill the palace of old Pluto. 360

"Sow *pride*-seed uppermost; then above

"*Envy* and *scandal* plant *self-love*.

"Here take *revenge*, and *malice* without cause,

"And here *contempt* of *honesty* and *laws*;

"This hot seed 's *anger*, and this hotter *lust*, 365

"Best sown with *breach* of *friendship*, and of *trust*;

"These *storm*, *bail*, *plague*, and *tempest* seeds;

"And this a quintessence of weeds;

"This the worst sort of artichoke,

"A plant that Pluto has himself bespoken, 370

"Nourish it well, 'tis useful *treachery*;

"This is a choice though little seed, a *lye*;

"Here take some now from these prodigious loads

"Of tender things that look like Toads:

"In

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. 365

" In future times, these, finely drest, 375

" Shall each invade a Prince's breast ;

" 'Tis *flattery* seed; though thinly sown,

" It is a mighty plant when grown,

" When rooted deep, and fully blown ;

" Now see these things like bubbles fly ; 380

" These are the seeds of *vanity*.

" Take *tyrant acorns*, which will best advance,

" If sown in Eastern climates, or in France;

" But these are things of most prodigious hopes,

" They 're *Jesuit bulbs* tied up with ropes ;

" And these the Devil's grafts for future popes,

" Which with Fanaticism are join'd so clean,

" You 'd scarce believe a knife had pass'd between.

" *False-witness* seed had almost been forgot,

" 'Twill be your making, should there be a plot. 390

" And now, dear Orpheus, scatter these but well ;

" And you 'll deserve the gratitude of Hell."

Quoth Orpheus, " You shall be obey'd

" In every thing that you have said,

" For mischief is the Poet's trade :

" And whatsoever they shall bring,

" You may assure yourself, I 'll sing.

" But pray what Poets shall we have,

" At my returning from the grave ?"

" Sad dogs !" quoth Bocai,— " let me see— 400

" But, since what I say cannot shame them,

" I 'll e'en resolve to never name them."

" But now," says Bocai, " Sir, you may

" Long to be going on your way,

" Unless

" Unless you 'll drink some Arsenick Claret: 405

" 'Tis burnt, you see: but Sam can spare it."

Orpheus replied, " Kind Sir, 'tis neither

" Brandy nor whets that brought me hither;

" But Love, and I an instance can be,

" Love is as hot as pepper'd brandy;

410

" Yet, gentle Sir, you may command

" A tune from a departing hand;

" The style and passion both are good,

" 'Tis *The Three Children in the Wood*."

He sang; and pains themselves found ease; 415

For griefs, when well express'd, can please.

When he describ'd the children's loss,

And how the Robins cover'd them with moss;

To hear the pity of those birds,

Ev'n Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus' words. 420

&c.

RUFINUS;

R U F I N U S;
 OR,
 T H E F A V O U R I T E*.
 IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

OFT, as I wondering stand, a secret doubt
 Puzzles my reason, and disturbs my thought,
 Whether this lower world by Chance does move,
 Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.
 When I survey the world's harmonious frame, 5
 How Nature lives immutably the same;
 How stated bounds and ambient shores restrain
 The rolling surges of the briny main;
 How constant Time revolves the circling year;
 How Day and Night alternately appear; 10
 Then am I well convinc'd some secret soul,
 Some First Informing Power directs the whole;
 Some Great Intelligence, who turns the Spheres,
 Who rules the steady motion of the Stars,
 Who decks with *borrow'd light* the waning Moon, 15
 And fills with *native light* th' unchanging Sun,

* The Essay, to which this Poem was originally annexed, was written in 1711, as a harsh satire on the duke of Marlborough, dictated perhaps rather by party rage than truth. It is printed in Dr. King's Works, vol. II. p. 28c. N.

Who hangs the Earth amidst surrounding skies,
And bids her various Fruits in various Seasons rise.

But, soon as I reflect on human state,
How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate; 20
How *ill men*, crown'd with blessings, smoothly pass
A golden circle of delightful days;
How *good men* bear the rugged paths of life,
Condemn'd to endless cares, to endless strife;
Then am I lost again; Religion fails; 25
Then Epicurus' bolder *scheme* prevails,
Which through the void makes wandering *atoms* dance,
And calls the medley world the work of Chance,
Which God's eternal Providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the distant skies. 30

At length *RUFINUS*' fate my doubt removes,
And God's *existence* and his *justice* proves.
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain,
The Wicked flourish, and triumphant reign;
Since they to Fortune's heights are rais'd alone, 35
To rush with greater ruin headlong down.

But here instruct thy Bard, Pierian Dame,
Whence, and of whom, the dire contagion came.

Alecto's breast with rage and envy glows,
To see the world possess'd of sweet repose. 40
Down to the dreary realms below she bends,
There summons a *cabal* of Sister Fiends;
Thither unnumber'd Plagues direct their flight,
The cursed progeny of Hell and Night.
First, Discord rears her head, the nurse of War; 45
Next, Famine fiercely stalks with haughty air;

Then

Then Age scarce drags her limbs, scarce draws her
breath,

But, tottering on, approaches neighbouring Death;
Here grows Disease, with inbred tortures worn;
There Envy snarls, and others' good does mourn;
There Sorrow sighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear skulks behind, and trembling hides her face,
But Rashness headlong thrusts her front of brass;
Then Luxury, wealth's bane, profusely shines,
Whilst Want, attending in a *cloud*, repines. 55

A train of sleepless self-tormenting cares,
Daughters of meagre Avarice, appears*;
Who, as around her wither'd *neck* they cling,
Confess the parent *bag* from whence they spring.
Here ills of each malignant kind resort, 60
A thousand monsters guard the dreadful court.

Amidst th' *infernal crowd*, Alecto stands,
And a deep silence awfully commands;
Then, in tumultuous terms like these, express'd
A passion long had swell'd within her breast: 65

" Shall we supine permit these *peaceful days*,
" So smooth, so gay, so undisturb'd, to pass?
" Shall Pity melt, shall Clemency control,
" A Fury's fierce and unrelenting *soul*?
" What do our iron whips, our brands, avail; 70
" What all the horrid implements of Hell;

* This is an instance in which Dr. King, in common
with some greater Poets, has sacrificed Grammar to (even
a very indifferent) Rhyme. N.

B b " Since

- " Since mighty Jove debars us of his *skies*,
 " Since Theodosius too his *earth* denies ?
 " Such were the days, and so their tenor ran,
 " When the first happy Golden Age began : 75
 " Virtue and Concord, with their heavenly train,
 " With Piety and Faith, securely reign ;
 " Nay, Justice, in imperial pomp array'd,
 " Boldly explores this everlasting shade ;
 " Me she, insulting, menaces and awes ; 80
 " Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws.
 " And shall we then, neglected and forlorn,
 " From every region banish'd, idly mourn ?
 " Assert yourselves ; know what, and whence, you are :
 " Attempt some glorious mischief worth your care ;
 " Involve the Universe in endless war. }
 " Oh ! that I could in Stygian vapours rise,
 " Darken the *sun*, pollute the balmy *skies* ;
 " Let loose the *rivers*, deluge every plain,
 " Break down the *barriers* of the roaring main, 90 }
 " And shatter Nature into Chaos once again ! "

So rag'd the Fiend, and toss'd her *vipers* round,
 Which hissing pour'd their poison on the ground.
 A murmur through the jarring audience rung,
 Different resolves from different reasons sprung. 95
 So when the fury of the storm is past,
 When the rough winds in softer murmurs waste ;
 So sounds, so fluctuates, the troubled sea,
 As the expiring *tempest* plows its way.

Megæra, rising then, address'd the throng, 100
 To whom Sedition, Tumult, Rage, belong :

Whose

Whose food is entrails of the guiltless dead,
Whose drink is children's blood by parents shed.

She scorch'd Alcides with a frantic flame, 105

She broke the bow, the savage world did tame ;

She nerv'd the arm, she flung the deadly dart,

When Athamas transfix'd Learchus' heart :

She prompted Agamemnon's monstrous Wife

To take her injur'd Lord's devoted life : 110

She breath'd revenge and rage into the Son,

So did the Mother's blood the Sire's atone :

She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,

Forc'd him incestuous to a Mother's arms :

She stung Thyestes, and his fury fed ; 115

She taught him to pollute a Daughter's bed.

Such was her dreadful speech :

“ Your *schemes* not practical nor lawful are,

“ With Heaven and Jove to wage unequal war :

“ But, if the peace of Man you would invade, 120

“ If o'er the ravag'd Earth *destruction* spread ;

“ Then shall RUFINUS, fram'd for every *ill*,

“ With your own vengeance execute your will ;

“ A prodigy from savage parents sprung,

“ Impetuous as a Tigress new with young ; 125

“ Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the Flood,

“ And keen as meagre Harpies for their food.

“ Soon as the infant drew the vital air,

“ I first receiv'd him to my nursing care ;

“ And often he, when tender yet and young, 130

“ Cried for the teat, and on my bosom hung :

Bb 2

“ Whilst

" Whilst my *horn'd serpents* round his *visage* play'd,
 " His features form'd, and there their *venom* shed;
 " Whilst I, infusing, breath'd into his heart
 " *Deceit* and *craft*, and every hurtful art; 133
 " Taught him t' involve his soul in secret clouds,
 " With false dissembling smiles to veil his frauds.
 " Not dying patriots' tortures can assuage
 " His inborn cruelty, his native rage:
 " Not *Tagus*' yellow torrent can suffice 140
 " His boundless and unsated *avarice*:
 " Nor all the metal of *Pactolus*' streams,
 " Nor *Hermus* glittering as the solar beams.
 " If you the stratagem propos'd approve,
 " Let us to Court this *bane* of *crowns* remove. 145
 " There shall he soon, with his intriguing art,
 " Guide uncontrol'd the willing Prince's *heart*.
 " Not *Numa*'s wisdom shall that *heart* defend,
 " When the false *Favourite* acts the faithful *Friend*."

Soon as she ended, the surrounding crowd 150
 With peals of joy the black design applaud.

Now with an *adamant* her hair she bound,
 With a blue *serpent* girt her vest around;
 Then hastes to *Phlegethon*'s impetuous stream,
 Whose pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame; 155
 There lights a torch, and straight, with wings display'd,
 Shoots swiftly through the *dun* Tartarian glade.

A place on *Gallia*'s utmost verge there lies,
 Extended to the sea and Southern skies;
 Where once *Ulysses*, as old Fables tell, 160
 Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of Hell;

Where

Where oft', with staring eyes, the trembling *bind*
Sees airy *phantoms* skim before the wind :
Hence springs the Fury into upper skies,
Infecting all the region as she flies : 165

She roars, and shakes the atmosphere around,
And Earth and Sea rebellow to the sound.

Then straight transform'd her snakes to silver hairs,
And like an old decrepid *sage* appears ;
Slowly she creeps along with trembling gait, 170
Scarce can her languid limbs sustain her weight.

At length, arriving at RUFINUS' cell,
Which, from his monstrous birth, she knew so well,
She mildly thus Hell's *darling hope* address'd,
Sooth'd his ambition, and inflam'd his breast : 175

“ Can Sloth dissolve RUFINUS ; canst thou pass
“ Thy sprightly youth in soft inglorious ease ?
“ Know, that thy better Fate, thy kinder Star,
“ Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.

“ If thou an *old* man's counsel canst obey, 180
“ The subject world shall own thy sovereign sway :

“ For my enlighten'd soul, my conscious breast,
“ Of Magic's *secret science* is possess'd.

“ Oft' have I forc'd, with *mystic midnight* spells,
“ Pale *spectres* from their subterranean cells : 185

“ Old Hecaté attends my powerful song,
“ Powerful to hasten fate, or to prolong ;

“ Powerful the rooted stubborn oak to move,
“ To stop the thunder bursting from above,

“ To make the rapid flood's descending stream 190
“ Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.

"Nor doubt my truth—behold, with just surprize,
 "An effort of my art—a *palace* rise."

She said; and, lo! a *palace* towering seems,
 With Parian pillars and metallic beams. 195

RUFINUS, ravish'd with the vast delight,
 Gorges his *avarice*, and gluts his sight.

Such was his transport, such his sudden pride,
 When Midas first his *golden wish* enjoy'd:
 But, as his stiffening food to metal turn'd,
 He found his rashness, and his ruin mourn'd.

"Be thou or Man or God," Rufinus said,
 "I follow wheresoe'er thy dictates lead."

Then from his *but* he flies, assumes the state
 Propounded by the Fiend, prepar'd by Fate. 205

Ambition soon began to lift her head,
 Soaring, she mounts with restless pinions spread;
 But Justice, conscious, shuns the poison'd air,
 Where only *prostituted* tools repair;

Where STILICO and Virtue not avail; 210
 Where *royal favours* stand expos'd to sale;

Where now RUFINUS, scandalously great,
 Loads labouring nations with oppressive weight;
 Keeps the obsequious world depending still
 On the proud dictates of his lawless will; 215

Advances those, whose fierce and factious zeal
 Prompts ever to *resist*, and to *rebel*;

But those *impeaches*, who their Prince commend,
 Who, dauntless, dare his *sacred rights* defend;
 Expounds small *riots* into *highest crimes*, 220
 Brands *loyalty* as *treason* to the times.

An

An *haughty Minion*, mad with *empire* grown,
Enslaves the *subjects*, and insults the *Throne*.

A thousand disemboгуing *rivers* pay
Their everlasting homage to the *sea*; 225
The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
Pour constant down their tributary streams :
But yet the *sea* confesses no increase,
For all is swallow'd in the deep abyfs.

In craving, still RUFINUS' soul remains, 230
Though fed with showers of gold, and floods of gains;
For he despoils and ravages the land,
No state is free from his rapacious hand ;
Treasures immense he hoards; erects a tower,
To lodge the plunder'd world's collected store :
Unmeasur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his power. }

Oh ! whither would'st thou rove, *mistaken man*?
Vain are thy hopes, thy acquisitions vain :
For now, suppose thy *avarice* possess'd 240
Of all the splendour of the glittering East,
Of CROESUS' mass of wealth, of CYRUS' crown,
Suppose the ocean's treasure all thy own ;
Still would thy soul repine, still ask for more,
Unblest with plenty, with abundance poor. 245

FABRICIUS, in himself, in virtue great,
Disdain'd a monarch's bribe, despis'd his state.
SERRANUS, as he grac'd the Consul's chair,
So could he guide the plough's laborious share.
The fam'd, the warlike, CURII deign'd to dwell 250
In a poor lonely cot and humble cell.

Such a retreat to me 's more glorious far,
 Than all thy pomp, than all thy triumphs are :
 Give me my solitary native home,
 Take thou thy rising tower, thy lofty *dome* ; 255
 Though there thy furniture of radiant dye
 Abstracts and ravishes the curious eye ;
 Though each apartment, every spacious room,
 Shines with the glories of the Tyrian *loom* ;
 Yet here I view a more delightful scene, 260
 Where Nature's freshest bloom and beauties *reign* ;
 Where the warm Zephyr's genial balmy wing,
 Playing, diffuses an eternal spring :
 Though there thy lewd lascivious limbs are laid
 On a rich downy couch, or *golden bed* ; 265
 Yet here, extended on the flowery grass,
 More free from care, my guiltless hours I pass :
 Though there thy *sycephants*, a servile race,
 Cringe at thy levees, and resound thy praise ;
 Yet here a murmuring stream, or warbling bird, 270
 To me does sweeter harmony afford.

NATURE on all the power of bliss bestows,
 Which from her bounteous source perpetual flows.
 But he alone with happiness is blest,
 Who knows to use it rightly when possess : 275
 A doctrine, if well poiz'd in Reason's scale,
 Nor Luxury nor Want would thus prevail ;
 Nor would our fleets so frequent plow the main,
 Nor our embattled *armies* strew the plain.

But, oh ! RUFINUS is to reason blind ! 280
 A strange hydropic thirst inflames his mind.

No *bribes* his growing appetite can sate;
 For new possessions new desires create.
 No sense of shame, no modesty, restrains,
 Where Avarice or where Ambition reigns. 285
 When with strict *oaths* his profer'd faith he binds,
 False are his vows, and treacherous his designs.

Now, should a Patriot rise, his power oppose,
 Should he assert a sinking *nation's* cause,
 He stirs a vengeance nothing can control, 290
 Such is the rancour of his haughty soul;
 Fell as a lioness in Libya's plain,
 When tortur'd with the javelin's pointed pain;
 Or a spurn'd serpent, as she shoots along,
 With lightning in her eyes, and poison in her tongue.
 Nor will those families craz'd suffice;
 But provinces and cities he destroys:
 Urg'd on with blind revenge and settled hate,
 He labours the confusion of the *state*;
 Subverts the nation's old-establish'd frame, 300
 Explodes her laws, and tramples on her fame.

If e'er in *mercy* he pretends to save
 A man, pursu'd by *faction*, from the *grave*;
 Then he invents new punishments, *new pains*,
 Condemns to *silence*, and from *truth* restrains *; 305
 Then *racks* and *pillories*, and *bonds* and *bars*,
 Then *ruin* and *impeachments* he prepares.

* Alluding to the sentence then recently passed on
 Dr. Sacheverell, for whom our Author was a profess'd
 Advocate. N.

O dreadful

O dreadful mercy! more than death severe!
That doubly tortures whom it seems to spare!

All seem enslav'd, all bow to him alone; 310
Nor dare their hate their just resentments own;
But inward grieve, their sighs and pangs confin'd,
Which with *convulsive sorrow* tear the *mind*.
Envy is mute—'tis treason to disclose
The baneful source of their eternal woes. 315

But STILICO's superior soul appears
Unshock'd, unmov'd, by base ignoble fears:
He is the Polar Star, directs the *state*,
When *parties* rage, and *public tempests* beat;
He is the safe *retreat*, the sweet repose, 320
Can sooth and calm afflicted Virtue's *woes*;
He is the solid, firm, unshaken force,
That only knows to stem th' invader's course.

So when a river, swell'd with Winter's rains,
The limits of its wonted shore disdains; 325
Bridges, and stones, and trees, in vain oppose;
With unresisted rage the torrent flows:
But as it, rolling, meets a mighty rock,
Whose fix'd foundations can repel the shock,
Elided *surges* roar in *eddies* round, 330
The rock, *unmov'd*, reverberates the sound,

BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM;

O R,

Lord BOLINGBROKE'S Welcome from FRANCE*.

" Et thure, et fidibus juvat

" Placare, et vituli sanguine debito

" Custodes Numidæ Deos."

HOR. lib. I. Od. xxxvi. ad Pomponium

Numidam, ob cujus ex Hispaniâ red-
ditum gaudio exultat.**W**HAT noise is this, that interrupts my sleep?

What echoing shouts rise from the briny deep?

Neptune a solemn festival prepares,

And Peace through all his flowing orb declares:

That dreadful trident, which he us'd to shake,

Make Earth's foundations and Jove's palace quake,

Now, by his side, on ouzy couch reclin'd,

Gives a smooth surface and a gentle wind:

Innumerable Tritons lead the way,

And crouds of Nereids round his chariot play.

The ancient Sea-gods with attention wait,

To learn what's now the last result of Fate;

* Lord Bolingbroke set out for France (accompanied by Mr. Hare one of his under-secretaries, Mr. Prior, and the Abbé Gualtier) Aug. 2; and arrived again in London, Aug. 21, 1712. N.

What

What earthly Monarch Neptune now decrees
Alone his great vicegerent of the seas.

By an auspicious gale, Britannia's fleet 15
On Gallia's coast this shining triumph meet ;
These pomps divine their mortal sense surprize,
Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes :
Whilst scaly Tritons, with their shells, proclaim
The names that must survive to future fame ; 20
And Nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare
For monarchs who, to purchase peace, make war :
Then Neptune his majestic silence broke,
And to the trembling sailors mildly spoke :
" Throughout the world Britannia's flag display ; 25
" 'Tis my command, that all the globe obey :
" Let British streamers wave their heads on high,
" And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure sky ;
" The rest let Nereus tell"—

" If I have truth," says Nereus, " and foresee 30
" The intricate designs of Destiny ;
" I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
" With sharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood ;
" I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and Rome,
" Phoenician wealth, and Carthaginian doom ;
" Must surely know what, in the womb of time, 35
" Was fore-ordain'd for Britain's happy clime ;
" How wars upon the watery realms shall cease,
" And Anna give the world a glorious peace ;
" Restore the spicy traffick of the East,
" And stretch her empire to the distant West : 40

" Her

BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM. 381

" Her fleets descry Aurora's purple bed,
 " And Phœbus' steeds after their labours fed.
 " The Southern coasts, to Britain scarcely known,
 " Shall grow as hospitable as their own :
 " No monsters shall be feign'd, to guard their store, 45
 " When British trade secures their golden ore :
 " The fleecy product of the Cotswold field
 " Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield :
 " Iron shall there intrinsic value show,
 " And by Vulcanian art more precious grow. 50
 " Britannia's royal fishery shall be
 " Improv'd by a kind guardian deity ;
 " That mighty task to Glaucus we assign,
 " Of more importance than the richest mine ;
 " He shall direct them how to strike the Whale, 55
 " How to avoid the danger, when prevail ;
 " What treasure lies upon the frozen coast
 " Not yet explor'd, nor negligently lost.
 " In vast Acadia's plains, new theme for fame,
 " Towns shall be built, sacred to Anna's * name ; 60
 " The silver fir and lofty pine shall rise
 " From Britain's own united Colonies ;
 " Which to the mast shall canvass-wings afford,
 " And pitch, to strengthen the unfaithful board ;
 " Norway may then her naval stores with-hold, 65
 " And proudly starve for want of British gold.
 " O happy Isle ! to such advantage plac'd,
 " That all the world is by thy counsels grac'd ;

* Annapolis, the capital of Nova Scotia.

" Thy

- " Thy nation's genius, with industrious arts,
 " Renders thee lovely to remotest parts. 70
 " Eliza first the sable scene withdrew,
 " And to the ancient world display'd the new;
 " When Burleigh at the helm of state was seen,
 " The truest subject to the greatest Queen;
 " The Indians, from the Spanish yoke made free, 75
 " Bless'd the effects of English liberty;
 " Drake round the world his Sovereign's honour spread,
 " Through straights and gulphs immense her fame
 " convey'd;
 " Nor rests enquiry here; his curious eye
 " Descries new constellations in the sky, 80
 " In which vast space, ambitious mariners
 " Might place their names on high, and chuse their stars.
 " Raleigh, with hopes of new discoveries fir'd,
 " And all the depths of human wit inspir'd,
 " Rov'd o'er the Western world, in search of fame, 85
 " Adding fresh glory to Eliza's name;
 " Subdued new empires, that will records be
 " Immortal of a Queen's virginity *.
 " But think not, Albion, that thy sons decay,
 " Or that thy princes have less power to sway; 90
 " Whatever in Eliza's reign was seen,
 " With a re-doubled vigour springs again:
 " Imperial Anna shall the seas control,
 " And spread her naval laws from Pole to Pole:
 " Nor think her conduct or her counsels less, 95
 " In arts of war, or treaties for a peace;
 " Alluding to the first settlement of Virginia. " In

" In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
 " Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by stealth.
 " No nation can fear want, or dread surprize,
 " Where Oxford's prudence Burleigh's loss supplies; 100
 " On him the publick most securely leans,
 " To ease the burthen of the best of Queens :
 " On him the merchants fix their longing eyes,
 " When war shall cease, and British commerce rise.

" Alcides' strength and Atlas' firmer mind 105
 " To narrow streights of Europe were confin'd.
 " The British Sailors, from their Royal Change,
 " May find a nobler liberty to range.
 " Oxford shall be their Pole-star to the South,
 " And there reward the efforts of their youth : 110
 " Whence, through his conduct, traffick shall increase,
 " Ev'n to those Seas which take their name from peace*.

" Peace is the sound must glad the Britons' ears :
 " But see ! the noble Bolingbroke appears ;
 " Gesture compos'd and looks serene declare 115
 " Th' approaching issue of a doubtful war.
 " Now my cœrulean race, safe in the deep,
 " Shall hear no cannons' roar disturb their sleep ;
 " But smoothest tides and the most halcyon gales
 " Shall to their port direct Britannia's sails.

" Ye Tritons, sons of Gods ! 'tis my command, 120
 " That you see Bolingbroke in safety land ;
 " Your concave shells for softest notes prepare,
 " Whilst Echo shall repeat the gentlest air ;

* The Pacific Ocean.

" The

" The River-gods shall there your triumphs meet,
 " And, in old Ocean mix'd, your hero greet ;
 " Thames shall stand wondering, Isis shall rejoice, 125
 " And both in tuneful numbers raise their voice.
 " The rapid Medway, and the fertile Trent,
 " In swiftest streams, confess their true content.
 " Avon and Severn shall in raptures join,
 " And Fame convey them to the Northern Tine. 130
 " Tweed then no more the Britons shall divide,
 " But Peace and Plenty flow on either side ;
 " Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feasts,
 " And all the world invite for welcome guests."

Faction, that through the land so fatal spread, 135
 No more shall dare to raise her Hydra's head ;
 But all her votaries in silence mourn
 The happiness of Bolingbroke's return ;
 Far from the common pitch, he shall arise,
 With great designs, to dazzle Envy's eyes ; 140
 Search deep, to know of Whiggish plots the source,
 Their ever-turning schemes, and restless course.

Who shall hereafter British annals read,
 But will reflect with wonder on this deed ?
 How artfully his conduct overcame 145
 A stubborn race, and quench'd a raging flame ;
 Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate,
 And overthrew the Phaëtons of state !
 These wise exploits through Gallia's nation ran,
 And fir'd their souls, to see the wondrous man : 150
 The aged counsellors, without surprize,
 Found wit and prudence sparkling in his eyes ;

Wisdom that was not gain'd in course of years,
 Or reverence owing to his hoary hairs,
 But struck by force of genius ; such as drove 155
 The Goddess Pallas from the brain of Jove.
 The youth of France, with pleasure, look'd to see
 His graceful mien and beauteous symmetry :
 The virgins ran, as to unusual show,
 When he to Paris came, and Fontainbleau ; 160
 Viewing the blooming minister desir'd,
 And still, the more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.
 Nor did the Court, that best true grandeur knows,
 Their sentiments by lesser facts disclose,
 By common pomp, or ceremonious train, 165
 Seen heretofore, or to be seen again ;
 But they devis'd new honours, yet unknown,
 Or paid to any subject of a crown.

The Gallic King, in age and counsels wise,
 Sated with war, and weary of disguise, 170
 With open arms salutes the British Peer,
 And gladly owns his Prince and character.
 As Hermes from the throne of Jove descends,
 With grateful errand, to Heaven's choicest friends ;
 As Iris from the bed of Juno flies, 175
 To bear her Queen's commands through yielding skies,
 Whilst o'er her wings fresh beams of glory flow,
 And blended colours paint her wondrous bow ;
 So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' sight,
 With message heavenly ; and, with equal light, 180
 Disperses all clouds of doubt, and fear of wars,
 And in his Mistress' name for Peace declares :

Accents divine ! which the great King receives
With the same grace that mighty Anna gives.

Let others boast of blood, the spoil of foes, 185
Rapine and murder, and of endless woes,

Detested pomp ! and trophies gain'd from far,
With spangled ensigns, streaming in the air ;
Count how they made Bavarian subjects feel
The rage of fire, and edge of harden'd steel ; 190
Fatal effects of foul insatiate pride ;

That deal their wounds alike on either side,
No limits set to their ambitious ends ;
For who bounds them, no longer can be friends.

By different methods Bolingbroke shall raise 195
His growing honours and immortal praise.

He, fir'd with glory and the public good,
Betwixt the people and their danger stood :
Arm'd with convincing truths, he did appear ;
And all he said was sparkling, bright, and clear. 200

The listening Senate with attention heard,
And some admir'd, while others trembling fear'd ;
Not from the tropes of formal eloquence,
But Demosthenic strength, and weight of sense,
Such as fond Oxford to her Son supplied, 205

Design'd her own, as well as Britain's pride ;
Who, less beholden to the ancient strains,
Might shew a nobler blood in English veins ;
Out-do whatever Homer sweetly sung
Of Nestor's counsels, or Ulysses' tongue. 210

Oh ! all ye Nymphs, whilst time and youth allow,
Prepare the Rose and Lily for his brow.

Much he has done, but still has more in view ;
 To Anna's interest and his country true.
 More I could prophesy ; but must refrain : 215
 Such truths would make another mortal vain !

TO THE
 DUKE OF BEAUFORT*.

A Paraphrase on Naudæus's Address to Cardinal
 de Bagni.

THE time will come (if Fate shall please to give
 This feeble thread of mine more space to live)
 When I shall you and all your acts rehearse,
 In a much loftier and more fluent verse ;
 To Ganges' banks, and China farther East,
 To Carolina, and the distant West,
 Your name shall fly, and every where be blest ;
 Through Spain and tracts of Libyan sands shall go
 To Russian limits, and to Zembla's snow.
 Then shall my eager Muse expand her wing,
 Your love of justice and your goodness sing ;
 Your greatness, equal to the state you hold ;
 In counsel wise, in execution bold ;
 How there appears, in all that you dispense,
 Beauty, good-nature, and the strength of sense.
 These let the world admire. — From you a smile
 Is more than a reward of all my toil.

* Dr. King dedicated his English version of that
 work to the duke of Beaufort.

MISCELLANY POEMS.

SONG.

YOU say you love ; repeat again,
 Repeat th' amazing sound,
 Repeat the ease of all my pain,
 The cure of every wound.

What you to thousands have denied,
 To me you freely give ;
 Whilst I in humble silence died,
 Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night,
 Endymion sighing lay ;
 Gaz'd on the Moon's transcendent light,
 Despair'd, and durst not pray.

But divine Cynthia saw his grief,
 Th' effect of conquering charms :
 Unask'd the Goddess brings relief,
 And falls into his arms.

SONG.

S O N G.
T O C Æ L I A.

THE cruel Cælia loves, and burns
In flames she cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyrsis, cold returns,
Treat her with scorn and pride.

You know the captives she has made,
The torment of her chain:
Let her, let her be once betray'd,
Or rack her with disdain!

See tears flow from her piercing eyes,
She bends her knee divine;
Her tears, for Damon's sake, despise;
Let her kneel still, for mine.

Pursue thy conquest, charming youth,
Her haughty beauty vex,
Till trembling virgins learn this truth —
Men can revenge their sex!

THE LAST BILLET.

SEPTEMBER and November now were past,
When men in bonfires did their firing waste;
Yet still my monumental log did last:
To begging boys it was not made a prey
On the King's birth or coronation day.

}

Why with those oaks, under whose sacred shade
 Charles was preserv'd, should any fire be made ?
 At last a frost, a dismal frost, there came,
 Like that which made a market upon Thame :
 Unruly company would then have made
 Fire with this log, whilst thus its owner pray'd :
 " Thou that art worship'd in Dodona's grove,
 " From all thy sacred trees fierce flames remove :
 " Preserve this groaning branch, O hear my prayer,
 " Spare me this one, this one poor Billet spare ;
 " That, having many fires and flames withstood,
 " Its ancient testimonial may last good,
 " In future times to prove, I once had Wood ! "

TO LAURA.

In Imitation of P E T R A R C H.

AT sight of murder'd Pompey's head
 Cæsar forgets his sex and state,
 And, whilst his generous tears are shed,
 Wishes he had at least a milder fate.
 At Abfalom's untimely fall,
 David with grief his conquest views ;
 Nay, weeps for unrelenting Saul,
 And in soft verse the mournful theme pursues.

The mightier Laura, from Love's darts secure,
 Beholds the thousand deaths that I endure,
 Each death made horrid with most cruel pain ;
 Yet no frail pity in her looks appears ;
 Her eyes betray no careless tears,
 But persecute me still with anger and disdain.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 THE LATE EARL OF ———*,
 Upon his disputing publicly at Christ Church,
 Oxford.

MUSE, to thy master's lodgings quickly fly,
 Entrance to thee his goodness won't deny:
 With due submission, tell him you are mine,
 And that you trouble him with this design,
 Exactly to inform his noble youth
 Of what you heard just now from vanquish'd Truth:
 "Conquer'd, undone! 'Tis strange that there should be
 "In this confession pleasure ev'n to me.
 "With well-wrought terms my hold I strongly barr'd,
 "And rough distinctions were my surly guard.
 "Whilst I, sure of my cause, this strength possess;
 "A noble youth, advancing with address,
 "Led glittering Falsehood on with so much art,
 "That I soon felt sad omens in my heart.
 "Words with that grace," said I, "must needs persuade;
 "I find myself insensibly betray'd.
 "Whilst he pursues his conquest, I retreat,
 "And by that name would palliate my defeat.
 "But here methinks I do the prospect see
 "Of all those triumphs he prepares for me,
 "When Virtue or when Innocence oppress
 "Fly for sure refuge to his generous breast;

* Probably James the third earl of Anglesea. N.

"When with a noble mien his youth appears,
 "And gentle voice persuades the listening peers.
 "Judges shall wonder when he clears the laws,
 "Dispelling mists, which long have hid their cause :
 "Then, by his aid, aid that can never fail,
 "Ev'n I, though conquer'd now, shall sure prevail :
 "Thousands of wreaths to me he shall repay,
 "For that one laurel Error wears to-day."

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN your kind wishes first I sought,
 'Twas in the dawn of youth :

I toasted you, for you I fought,
 But never thought of truth.

You saw how still my fire increas'd ;
 I griev'd to be denied :

You said, "till I to wander ceas'd,
 "You 'd guard your heart with pride."

I, that once feign'd too many lies,
 In height of passion swore,

By you and other deities,
 That I would range no more.

I've sworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
 No longer false and vain :

My passion is with honour mix'd,
 And both shall ever reign.

THE MAD LOVER.

I 'LL from my breast tear fond desire,

Since Laura is not mine:

I 'll strive to cure the amorous fire,

And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling shade

Soft slumbers I may find:

There all the vows to Laura made

Shall vanish with the wind.

The speaking strings and charming song

My passion may remove:

Oh, Musick will the pain prolong,

And is the food of Love.

I 'll search heaven, earth, hell, seas, and air,

And that shall set me free:

Oh, Laura's image will be there

Where Laura will not be.

My soul must still endure the pain,

And with fresh torment rave:

For none can ever break the chain

That once was Laura's slave.

THE

THE SOLDIER'S WEDDING.

A SOLILOQUY by NAN THRASHERWELL.

Being Part of a Play called "The New Troop."

O MY dear Thrasherwell, you 're gone to sea,
 And happiness must ever banish'd be }
 From our flock-bed, our garret, and from me!
 Perhaps he is on land at Portsmouth now
 In the embraces of some Hampshire Sow,
 Who, with a wanton pat, cries, "Now, my Dear,
 "You 're wishing for some Wapping doxy here." —
 "Pox on them all! but most on bouncing Nan,
 "With whom the torments of my life began:
 "She is a bitter one!" — You lye, you Rogue;
 You are a treacherous, false, ungrateful dog.
 Did not I take you up without a shirt?
 Woe worth the hand that scrubb'd off all your dirt!
 Did not my interest list you in the Guard?
 And had not you ten shillings, my reward?
 Did I not then, before the Serjeant's face,
 Treat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with disgrace?
 And Thrasherwell before all others chuse,
 When I had the whole Regiment to louse.
 Curs'd be the day when you produc'd your sword,
 The just revenger of your injur'd word!
 The martial Youth round in a circle stood,
 With envious looks of love, and itching blood:
 You,

THE SOLDIER'S WEDDING. 395

You, with some oaths that signified consent,
Cried "Tom is Nan's!" and o'er the sword you went.
Then I with some more modesty would step:
The Ensign thumb'd my bum, and made me leap.
I leap'd indeed; and you prevailing men
Leave us no power of leaping back again.

THE OLD CHEESE.

YOUNG Slouch the Farmer had a jolly Wife,
That knew all the conveniencies of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afraid.
This made censorious persons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own:
For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted:
Yet still into his story she would break
With, "'Tis not so — pray give me leave to speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him fool;
Told him, he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.

He said, "That the next Tuesday noon would show
Whether he were the lord at home, or no;

"When

"When their good company he would intreat
 "To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."

With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
 And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
 And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
 He might appear as master of the feast.

"I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you may see
 "'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."

The guests upon the day appointed came,
 Each bowsy Farmer with his simpering dame.

"Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, "why dost not thou appear!"

"Are these thy manners when Aunt Snap is here?"

"I pardon ask," says Sue; "I'd not offend

"Any my dear invites, much less his friend."

Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
 To entertain his friends with finding fault,
 And make the main ingredient of his treat
 His saying, "There was nothing fit to eat :

"The boil'd Pork stinks, the roast Beef 's not enough,

"The Bacon 's rusty, and the Hens are tough ;

"The Veal 's all rags, the Butter 's turn'd to Oil ;

"And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.

"'Tis we are the first Slouches ever fate

"Down to a Pudding without Plumbs or Fat.

"What Teeth or Stomach 's strong enough to feed

"Upon a Goose my Grannum kept to breed ?

"Why must old Pidgeons, and they stale, be drest,

"When there 's so many squab ones in the nest ?

"This Beer is sour ; this musty, thick, and stale,

"And worse than any thing, except the Ale."

Sue

Sue all this while many excuses made :
 Some things she own'd; at other times she laid
 The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.

Then Cheese was brought. Says Slouch, "This e'en
 "shall roll :

"I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a Bowl :

"This is Skim-milk, and therefore it shall go ;

"And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."

But now Sue's patience did begin to waste ;

Nor longer could dissimulation last.

"Pray let me rise," says Sue, "my dear: I'll find

"A Cheese perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."

Then in an entry, standing close, where he

Alone, and none of all his friends, might see ;

And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,

And far enough on this occasion smelt ;

"I'll try, my joy!" she cried, "if I can please

"My Dearest with a taste of his Old Cheese!"

Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand

Wielding her oaken sapling of command,

Knew well the twang: "Is't the Old Cheese, my Dear?"

"No need, no need of Cheese," cries Slouch: "I'll swear,

"I think I've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"

THE SKILLET.

TWO neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would married be;

But did not in their choice of Wives agree.

Clod thought a Cuckold was a monstrous beast,

With two huge glaring eyes and spreading crest:

There~

Therefore, resolving never to be such,
 Married a Wife none but himself could touch.
 Jolt, thinking marriage was decreed by Fate,
 Which shews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
 To a young, handsome, jolly lass, made court,
 And gave his friends convincing reasons for 't,
 That, since in life such mischief must be had,
 Beauty had something still that was not bad.
 Within two months, Fortune was pleas'd to send
 A Tinker to Clod's house, with "Brass to mend."
 The good old wife survey'd the brawny spark,
 And found his chine was large, though countenance dark.
 First she appears in all her airs, then tries
 The squinting efforts of her amorous eyes.
 Much time was spent, and much desire express'd:
 At last the Tinker cried, "Few words are best;
 "Give me that Skillet then; and, if I'm true,
 "I dearly earn it for the work I do."
 They 'greed; they parted. On the Tinker goes,
 With the same stroke of pan, and twang of nose,
 Till he at Jolt's beheld a sprightly dame
 That set his native vigour all on flame.
 He looks, sighs, faints, at last begins to cry,
 ♦ And can you then let a young Tinker die?" }
 Says she, "Give me your Skillet then, and try."
 "My Skillet! Both my heart and Skillet take;
 "I wish it were a Copper for your sake."

After all this, not many days did pass,
 Clod, sitting at Jolt's house, survey'd the Brass

And

And glittering Pewter standing on the shelf;
 Then, after some gruff muttering with himself,
 Cried, "Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that Skillet thine?"
 "You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; "t'en't mine;
 "But I'll ask Nan." 'Twas done; Nan told the matter
 In truth as 'twas; then cried, "You've got the better:
 "For tell me, Dearest, whether you would chuse
 "To be a gainer by me, or to lose.
 "As for our Neighbour Clod, this I dare say,
 "We've Beauty and a Skillet more than they."

THE FISHERMAN.

TOM Banks by native industry was taught
 The various arts how Fishes might be caught,
 Sometimes with trembling reed and single hair,
 And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
 With melancholy thoughts and downcast eyes,
 Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
 Sometimes in rivulet quick, and water clear,
 They'd meet a fate more generous from his spear.
 To basket oft' he'd pliant oziers turn,
 Where they might entrance find, but no return.
 His net well pois'd with lead he'd sometimes throw,
 Encircling thus his captives all below.
 But, when he would a quick destruction make,
 And from afar much larger booty take,
 He'd through the stream, where most descending, set
 From side to side his strong capacious net;

And

And then his rustic crew with mighty poles
 Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,
 And so pursue them down the rolling flood,
 Gasping for breath, and almost choak'd with mud,
 Till they, of farther passage quite bereft,
 Were in the mash with gills entangled left.

Trot, who liv'd down the stream, ne'er thought his beer
 Was good, unless he had his water clear.

He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale :

" Lord ! if you knew but how the people rail !
 " They cannot boil, nor wash, nor rinse, they say,
 " With water sometimes ink, and sometimes whey, }
 " According as you meet with mud or clay.
 " Besides, my wife these six months could not brew,
 " And now the blame of this all 's laid on you ;
 " For it will be a dismal thing to think
 " How we old Trots must live, and have no drink :
 " Therefore, I pray, some other method take
 " Of fishing, were it only for our sake."

Says Banks, " I 'm sorry it should be my lot
 " Ever to disoblige my gossip Trot :
 " Yet 't'en't my fault ; but so 'tis Fortune tries one,
 " To make his meat become his neighbour's poison ;
 " And so we pray for winds upon this coast,
 " By which on t'other navies may be lost.
 " Therefore in patience rest, though I proceed :
 " There 's no ill-nature in the case, but need.
 " Though for your use this water will not serve,
 " I 'd rather you should choak, than I should starve."

A CASE

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

OLD Paddy Scot, with none of the best faces,
Had a most knotty pate at solving cases ;

In any point could tell you, to a hair,
When was a grain of honesty to spare.

It happen'd, after prayers, one certain night,

At home he had occasion for a light

To turn Socinus, Lessius, Escobar,

Fam'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre :

And therefore, as he from the chapel came,

Extinguishing a yellow taper's flame,

By which just now he had devoutly pray'd,

The useful remnant to his sleeve convey'd.

There happen'd a Physician to be by,

Who thither came but only as a spy,

To find out others' faults, but let alone

Repentance for the crimes that were his own.

This Doctor follow'd Paddy ; said, " He lack'd

" To know what made a sacrilegious fact."

Paddy with studious gravity replies,

" That 's as the place or as the matter lies :

" If from a place unsacred you should take

" A sacred thing, this sacrilege would make ;

" Or an unsacred thing from sacred place,

" There would be nothing different in the case ;

" But, if both thing and place should sacred be,

" 'Twere height of sacrilege, as Doctors all agree."

D d

" Then,

"Then," says the Doctor, "for more light in this,
 "To put a special case, were not amiss.
 "Suppose a man should take a Common Prayer
 "Out of a Chapel where there's some to spare?"
 "A Common Prayer!" says Paddy, "that would be
 "A sacrilege of an intense degree."
 "Suppose that one should in these holidays
 "Take thence a bunch of Rosemary or Bays?"
 "I'd not be too censorious in that case,
 "But 'twould be sacrilege still from the place."
 "What if a man should from the chapel take
 "A taper's end: should he a scruple make,
 "If homeward to his chambers he should go,
 "Whether 'twere theft, or sacrilege, or no?"
 The sly insinuation was perceiv'd:
 Says Paddy, "Doctor, you may be deceiv'd,
 "Unless in cases you distinguish right;
 "But this may be resolv'd at the first sight.
 "As to the taper, it could be no theft,
 "For it had done its duty, and was left:
 "And sacrilege in having it is none,
 "Because that in my sleeve I now have one."

THE CONSTABLE.

ONE night a fellow wandering without fear,
 As void of money as he was of care,
 Considering both were wash'd away with beer,
 With Strap the Constable by Fortune meets,
 Whose lanterns glare in the most silent streets.

Resty, impatient any one should be
So bold as to be drunk that night but he :

"Stand; who goes there," cries Strap, "at hours so late?"

"Answer. Your name; or else have at your pate." —

"I wo'nt stand, 'cause I can't. Why must you know

"From whence it is I come, or where I go?"

"See here my staff," cries Strap; "trembling behold —

"Its radiant paint, and ornamental gold;

"Wooden authority when thus I wield,

"Persons of all degrees obedience yield.

"Then, be you the best man in all the city,

"Mark me! I to the Counter will commit ye."

"You! kifs, and so forth. For that never spare :

"If that be all, commit me if you dare ;

"No person yet, either through fear or shame,

"Durst commit me, that once had heard my name." —

"Pray then, what is 't?" — "My name's ADUL-

"TERY;

"And, faith, your future life would pleasant be,

"Did your wife know you once committed *me*."

LITTLE MOUTHS.

FROM London Paul the Carrier coming down,

To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town ;

They both accost with salutation pretty,

As, "How do'st, Paul?" — "Thank you : and how

"do'st, Betty?"

D d 2

"Didst

"Didst see our Jack, nor Sister? No, you've seen,

"I warrant, none but those who saw the Queen."

"Many words spoke in jest," says Paul, "are true,

"I came from Windsor* ; and, if some folks knew }

"As much as I, it might be well for you."

"Lord, Paul! what is 't?" — "Why give me some-

"thing for 't,

"This kiss; and this. The matter then is short:

"The Parliament have made a proclamation,

"Which will this week be sent all round the nation;

"That Maids with *little mouths* do all prepare }

"On Sunday next to come before the Mayor,

"And that all Batchelors be likewise there: }

"For Maids with little mouths shall, if they please,

"From out of these young men choose two apiece."

Betty, with bridled chin, extends her face,

And then contracts her lips with simpering grace,

Cries, "Hem! pray what must all the huge ones do

"For husbands, when we little mouths have two?"

"Hold, not so fast," cries he; "pray pardon me:

"Maids with huge, gaping, *wide mouths*, must have three."

Betty distorts her face with hideous squall,

And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl, }

"Oh! ho! is 't so? The case is alter'd, Paul.

"Is that the point? I wish the three were ten;

"I warrant I'd find *mouth*, if they'll find *men*."

* Where queen Anne and her court frequently resided.

[403]
HOLD FAST BELOW.

THERE was a lad, th' unluckiest of his crew,
Was still contriving something bad, but new.
His comrades all obedience to him paid,
In executing what designs he laid:
'Twas they should rob the orchard, he 'd retire,
His foot was safe whilst theirs was in the fire.
He kept them in the dark to that degree,
None should presume to be so wise as he,
But, being at the top of all affairs,
The profit was his own, the mischief theirs.
There fell some words made him begin to doubt,
The rogues would grow so wise to find him out;
He was not pleas'd with this, and so next day
He cries to them, as going just to play,
"What a rare Jack-daw's nest is there! look up,
"You see 'tis almost at the steeple's top."
"Ah," says another, "we can have no hope
"Of getting thither to 't without a rope."
Says then the fleering spark, with courteous grin,
By which he drew his infant cullies in;
"Nothing more easy; did you never see
"How, in a swarm, bees, hanging bee by bee,
"Make a long sort of rope below the tree."
"Why mayn't we do the same, good Mr. John?
"For that contrivance pray let me alone.
"Tom shall hold Will, you Will, and I'll hold you;
"And then I warrant you the thing will do.

"But, if there's any does not care to try,

"Let us have no Jack-daws, and what care I!"

That touch'd the quick, and so they soon complied,

No argument like that was e'er denied,

And therefore instantly the thing was tried.

They hanging down on strength above depend:

Then to himself mutters their trusty friend,

"The dogs are almost useless grown to me,

"I ne'er shall have such opportunity

"To part with them; and so e'en let them go."

Then cries aloud, "So ho! my lads! so ho!"

"You're gone, unless ye all hold fast below:

"They've serv'd my turn, so 'tis fit time to drop them;

"The Devil, if he wants them, let him stop them."

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode altray,

More out of choice, than that he lost his way:

He let his company the Hare pursue,

For he himself had other game in view:

A Beggar by her trade; yet not so mean,

But that her cheeks were fresh, and linen clean.

"Mistress," quoth he, "and what if we two shou'd

"Retire a little way into the wood?"

She needed not much courtship to be kind,

He ambles on before, she trots behind;

For little Bobby, to her shoulders bound,

Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.

He

He often ask'd her to expose; but she
Still fear'd the coming of his company.

Says she, "I know an unfrequented place,
"To this left hand, where we our time may pass,
"And the mean while your horse may find some grass." }

Thither they come, and both the horse secure;
Then thinks the Squire, I have the matter sure.

She's ask'd to sit: but then excuse is made,

"Sitting," says she, "'s not usual in my trade:
"Should you be rude, and then should throw me down,
"I might perhaps break more backs than my own."

He smiling cries, "Come, I'll the knot untie," }

"And, if you mean the Child's, we'll lay it by."
Says she, "That can't be done, for then 'twill cry."

"I'd not have us, but chiefly for your sake,
"Discover'd by the hideous noise 'twould make.

"Use is another nature, and 'twould lack,
"More than the breast, its custom to the back."

"Then," says the Gentleman, "I should be loth
"To come so far and disoblige you both:

"Were the child tied to me, d'ye think 'twould do?"

"Mighty well, Sir! Oh, Lord! if tied to you!"

With speed incredible to work she goes,
And from her shoulders soon the burthen throws;
Then mounts the infant with a gentle tois
Upon her generous friend, and, like a cross,
The sheet she with a dextrous motion winds,
Till a firm knot the wandering fabrick binds.

The Gentleman had scarce got time to know
What she was doing; she, about to go,

Cries, "Sir, good b'ye; ben't angry that we part,
 " I trust the child to you with all my heart:
 " But, ere you get another, 'ten't amiss
 " To try a year or two how you 'll keep this."

THE VESTRY.

WITHIN the Shire of Nottingham there lies
 A parish fam'd, because the men were wise:
 Of their own strain they had a teacher sought,
 Who all his life was better fed than taught.
 It was about a quarter of a year
 Since he had snor'd, and eat, and fatten'd there;
 When he the house-keepers, their wives, and all,
 Did to a sort of Parish-meeting call;
 Promising something, which, well understood,
 In little time would turn to all their good.

When met, he thus harangues: "Neighbours, I find,
 " That in your principles you 're well inclin'd:
 " But then you 're all solicitous for Sunday;
 " None seem to have a due regard for Monday,
 " Most people then their dinners have to seek,
 " As if 'twere not the first day of the week;
 " But, when you have hash'd meat and nothing more,
 " You only curse the day that went before.
 " On Tuesday all folks dine by one consent:
 " And Wednesdays only fast by Parliament,
 " But Fasting sure by Nature ne'er was meant.

}
 "The

- " The Market will for Thursday find a dish,
" And Friday is a proper day for fish;
" After fish, Saturday requires some Meat;
" On Sunday you 're oblig'd by law to treat;
" And the same law ordains a Pudding then,
" To children grateful, nor unfit for men.
" Take Hens, Geese, Turkies, then, or something light,
" Because their legs, if broil'd, will serve at night,
" And, since I find that roast Beef makes you sleep,
" Corn it a little more, and so 'twill keep.
" Roast it on Monday, pity it should be spoil'd;
" On Tuesday Mutton either roast or boil'd.
" On Wednesday should be some variety,
" A Loin or Breast of Veal, and Pigeon-pye.
" On Thursday each man of his dish make choice,
" 'Tis fit on Market-days we all rejoice.
" And then on Friday, as I said before,
" We 'll have a dish of Fish, and one dish more.
" On Saturday stew'd Beef, with something nice,
" Provided quick, and tofs'd up in a trice,
" Because that in the afternoon, you know,
" By custom, we must to the Ale-house go;
" For else how should our houses e'er be clean,
" Except we gave some time to do it then?
" From whence, unless we value not our lives,
" None part without remembering first our Wives.
" But these are standing rules for every day,
" And very good ones, as I so may say:
" After each meal, let 's take a hearty cup;
" And where we dine, 'tis fitting that we sup.

" Now

" Now for the application, and the use:
 " I found your care for Sunday an abuse:
 " All would be asking, Pray, Sir, where d'you dine?
 " I have roast Beef, choice Venison, Turkey, Chine:
 " Every one 's hawling me. Then say poor I,
 " It is a bitter business to deny;
 " But, who is 't cares for fourteen meals a day,
 " As for my own part, I had rather stay,
 " And take them now and then,—and here and there,—
 " According to my present bill of fare.
 " You know I'm single: if you all agree
 " To treat by turns, each will be sure of me.
 The Vestry all applauded with a hum,
 And the seven wisest of them bid him come.

THE MONARCH.

WHEN the young people ride the Skimmington,
 There is a general trembling in a town:
 Not only he for whom the person rides
 Suffers, but they sweep other doors besides;
 And by that hieroglyphic does appear
 That the good woman is the master there.
 At Jenny's door the barbarous Heathens swept,
 And his poor wife scolded until she wept;
 The mob swept on, whilst she sent forth in vain
 Her vocal thunder and her briny rain.
 Some few days after, two young sparks came there,
 And whilst she does her Coffee fresh prepare,

One

THE MONARCH.

413

One for discourse of news the master calls,

T'other on this ungrateful subject falls.

"Pray, Mrs. Jenny, whence came this report,

"For I believe there's no great reason for 't,

"As if the folks t'other day swept your door,

"And half a dozen of your neighbours more?"

"There's nothing in 't," says Jenny; "that is done

"Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone,

"And, gentlemen, you'd much mistaken be,

"If any one should not think that of me.

"Within these walls, my suppliant vassals know

"What due obedience to their prince they owe,

"And kiss the shadow of my papal toe.

"My word's a law; when I my power advance,

"There's not a greater Monarch ev'n in France.

"Not the Mogul or Czar of Muscovy,

"Not Prester John, or Cham of Tartary,

"Are in their houses Monarch more than I.

"My House my Castle is, and here I'm King,

"I'm Pope, I'm Emperor, Monarch, every thing.

"What though my wife be partner of my bed,

"The Monarch's Crown sits only on this head."

His wife had plaguy ears, as well as tongue,
And, hearing all, thought his discourse too long:

Her conscience said, he should not tell such lyes,

And to her knowledge such; she therefore cries,

"D'ye hear — you — Sirrah — Monarch — there? —

"Come down.

"And grind the Coffee — or I'll crack your Crown."

JUST

JUST AS YOU PLEASE;

OR,

THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to see
One that would never discontented be,
But in a careless way to all agree.
He had a Servant, much of Æsop's kind,
Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind:
"Humpus," says he, "I order that you find
"Out such a man, with such a character,
"As in this paper now I give you here;
"Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
"Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
"For I will break your back, and set you strait.
"Bring him to dinner." Humpus soon withdrew,
Was safe, as having such a one in view
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtless air and look profound,
Who, solitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to say, "Who is 't? wilt go any where?"

Says Humpus, "Sir, my Master bade me pray
"Your company to dine with him to-day."
He snuffs; then follows; up the stairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
But, looking round him, saw a handsome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Close to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And, lolling easy, doth for sleep prepare.

In

In comes the family, but he sits still,
Thinks, "Let them take the other chairs that will!"

The Master thus accosts him, "Sir, you're wet,
"Pray have a cushion underneath your feet."

Thinks he, "If I do spoil it, need I care?"

"I see he has eleven more to spare."

Dinner's brought up; the Wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end must be his seat.

"This is not very usual," thinks the Clown:

"But is not all the family his own?"

"And why should I, for contradiction's sake,

"Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take?"

"If from his table she discarded be,

"What need I care! there is the more for me."

After a while, the Daughter's bid to stand,
And bring him whatsoever he'll command.

Thinks he, "The better from the fairer hand!"

Young Master next must rise, to fill him wine,

And starve himself, to see the booby dine:

He does. The Father asks, "What have you there?"

"How dare you give a stranger Vinegar?"

"Sir, 'twas Champagne I gave him."—"Sir, indeed!"

"Take him and scourge him till the rascal bleed;

"Don't spare him for his tears or age: I'll try

"If Cat-of-nine-tails can excuse a lye."

Thinks the Clown, "That 'twas wine, I do believe;

"But such young rogues are aptest to deceive:

"He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,

"And how know I but 't may be for his good?"

When the dessert came on, and jellies brought,

Then was the dismal scene of finding fault:

They

They were such hideous, filthy, poisonous stuff,
 Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
 Humpus was ask'd who made them. Trembling he
 Said, "Sir, it was my Lady gave them me." —
 "No more such Poison shall she ever give,
 "I'll burn the witch; 't'ent fitting she should live:
 "Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry;
 "And pray, good Sir, may't please you to be by?"
 Then, smiling, says the Clown, "Upon my life,
 "A pretty fancy this, to burn one's Wife!
 "And, since I find 'tis really your design,
 "Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine."

OF DREAMS.

"For a Dream cometh through the multitude of Busi-
 "ness." ECCLES. v. 4
 "Somnia, quæ ludunt mente volitantibus umbris,
 "Non delubra deûm nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
 "Sed sibi quisque facit," &c. PETRONIUS.

THE sitting Dreams, that play before the wind,
 Are not by Heaven for Prophecies design'd;
 Nor by æthereal Beings sent us down,
 But each man is creator of his *own*:
 For, when their weary limbs are sunk in ease,
 The souls essay to wander where they please;
 The scatter'd images have space to play,
 And Night repeats the labours of the Day.

THE

ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

I. HASTY PUDDING.

I SING of **FOOD**, by British Nurse design'd,
To make the Stripling brave, and Maiden kind.

Delay not, Muse, in numbers to rehearse

The pleasures of our life, and finews of our verse.

Let **PUDDING**'s dish, most wholesome, be thy theme, 3

And dip thy swelling plumes in fragrant Cream.

Sing then that Dish so fitting to improve

A tender modesty and trembling love;

Swimming in Butter of a golden hue,

Garnish'd with drops of Rose's spicy dew. 10

Sometimes the frugal Matron seems in haste,

Nor cares to beat her Pudding into Paste:

Yet Milk in proper Skillet she will place,

And gently spice it with a blade of Mace;

Then set some careful Damsel to look to't, 15

And still to stir away the Bishop's-foot;

For, if burnt Milk should to the bottom stick,

Like over-heated zeal, 'twould make folks sick.

Into the Milk her Flour she gently throws,

As Valets now would powder tender Beaux: 20

The liquid forms in **HASTY MASS** unite

Forms equally delicious, as they're white.

In shining dish the **HASTY MASS** is thrown,

And seems to want no graces but its own.

Yet

Yet still the Housewife brings in fresh supplies, 25
 To gratify the taste, and please the eyes.
 She on the surface lumps of Butter lays,
 Which, melting with the heat, its beams displays;
 From whence it causes, wondrous to behold,
 A Silver soil bedeck'd with streams of Gold! 30

II. A HEDGE-HOG after a QUAKING-PUDDING.

AS Neptune, when the three-tongued fork he takes,
 With strength divine the globe terrestrial shakes,
 The highest Hills, Nature's stupendous Piles,
 Break with the force, and quiver into Isles;
 Yet on the ruins grow the lofty Pines, 35
 And Snow unmelted in the vallies shines:

Thus when the Dame her HEDGE-HOG-PUDDING
 breaks,

Her Fork indents irreparable streaks,
 The trembling lump, with Butter all around,
 Seems to perceive its fall, and then be drown'd; 40
 And yet the tops appear, whilst Almonds thick
 With bright Loaf-sugar on the surface stick.

III. PUDDINGS of VARIOUS COLOURS in a Dish.

YOU, Painter-like, now variegate the shade,
 And thus from PUDDINGS there's a Landscape made.
 And Wife and London *, when they would dispose 45
 Their Ever-greens into well-order'd rows,
 So mix their colours, that each different plant
 Gives light and shadow as the others want.

* The two royal gardeners. KING.

IV. Making of a GOOD PUDDING gets a GOOD HUSBAND.

YE Virgins, as these lines you kindly take,
So may you still such glorious Pudding make, 50
That crouds of Youth may ever be at strife,
To gain the sweet composer for his wife !

V. SACK and SUGAR to QUAKING-PUDDING.

“ Oh, Delicious ! ”

BUT where must our Confession first begin,
If Sack and Sugar once be thought a Sin ?

VI. BROILED PUDDING.

HID in the dark, we mortals seldom know 55
From whence the source of happiness may flow :
Who to Broil'd Pudding would their thoughts have bent
From bright PEWTERIA's love-sick discontent ?
Yet so it was, PEWTERIA felt Love's heat
In fiercer flames than those which roast her meat. 60
No Pudding's lost, but may with fresh delight
Be either *fried* next day, or *broil'd* at night.

VII. MUTTON PUDDING.

BUT Mutton, thou most nourishing of meat,
Whose single joint * may constitute a treat ;
When made a Pudding, you excel the rest. 65
As much as That of other Food is best !

* A Loïn. KING.

E c

ADVICE

ADVICE TO HORACE,
To take his Leave of TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool:
Take back your criticizing stuff
To Epicurus' School.

But, in excuse of this, you 'll say,
You're so unwieldy grown,
That, if amongst that herd you lay,
You scarcely should be known.

How many butter'd crusts you've tost
Into your weem so big,
That you're more like (at College cost)
A *porpoise* than a *pig*.

But you from head to foot are *brawn*,
And so from side to side:
You measure (were a circle drawn)
No longer than you're wide.

Then bless me, Sir, how many craggs
You've drunk of potent ale!
No wonder if the belly swaggs,
That's rival to a *whale*.

E'en let the Fellows take the rest,
They've had a jolly taster:
But no great likelihood to feast,
'Twixt Horace and the Master!

INDIAN

I N D I A N O D E.

DARCO.

CÆSAR, possess'd of Ægypt's Queen,
 And Conqueror of her charms,
 Would envy, had he Darco seen
 When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

ZABRA.

Should Memnon that fam'd Black revive,
 Aurora's darling Son,
 For Zabra's heart in vain he'd strive,
 Where Darco reigns alone.

DARCO.

Fresh Mulberries new-press'd disclose
 A blood of purple hue ;
 And Zabra's lips, like crimson Rose,
 Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA.

The amorous Sun has kiss'd his face ;
 And, now those beams are set,
 A lovely night assumes the place,
 And tinges all with jet.

DARCO.

Darkness is mystic priest to Love,
 And does its rites conceal,
 O'erspread with clouds, such joys we'll prove
 As day shall ne'er reveal.

E e 2

ZABRA.

ZABRA.

In gloom of night, when Darco's eyes
 Are guides, what heart can stray?
 Whoever views his teeth, descries
 The bright and milky way.

DARCO.

Though born to rule fierce Libya's sands,
 That with gold's lustre shine,
 With ease I quit those high commands
 Whilst Zabra thus is mine.

ZABRA.

Should I to that blest world repair,
 Where Whites no portion have;
 I'd soon, if Darco were not there,
 Fly back, and be a Slave.

E P I G R A M.

WHO could believe that a fine needle's smart
 Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart;
 That, from an orifice so very small
 The spirits and the vital blood should fall?
 Strephon and Phaon, I'll be judg'd by you,
 If more than this has not been found too true.
 From smaller darts, much greater wounds arise,
 When shot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

SAM Wills had view'd Kate Bets, a smiling lass;
 And for her pretty Mouth admir'd her face.
 Kate had lik'd Sam, for Nose of Roman size,
 Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
 They met — says Sam, Alas, to say the truth,
 I find myself deceiv'd by that small Mouth!
 Alas, cries Kate, could any one suppose,
 I could be so deceiv'd by such a Nose!
 But I henceforth shall hold this maxim just,
 To have experience first, and then to trust!

TO MR. CARTER,

STEWARD TO THE LORD CARTERET.

A CCEPT of health from one who, writing this,
 Wishes you in the same that now he is;
 Though to your person he may be unknown,
 His wishes are as hearty as your own.
 For Carter's drink, when in his Master's hand,
 Has pleasure and good-nature at command.
 What though his Lordship's lands are in your trust,
 'Tis greater to his Brewing to be just.
 As to that matter, no one can find fault,
 If you supply him still with well-dried Malt.
 Still be a servant constant to afford
 A liquor fitting for your generous Lord;
 Liquor, like him, from seeds of worth in light,
 With sparkling atoms still ascending bright.

May your accompts so with your Lord stand clear,
 And have your reputation like your Beer;
 The main perfection of your life pursue,
 In March, October, every month, still brew,
 And get the character of "Who but You?"

N E R O.
 A S A T I R E.

WE know how ruin once did reign,
 When Rome was fir'd, and Senate slain;
 The Prince, with Brother's gore imbrued,
 His tender Mother's life pursued;
 How he the carcase, as it lay,
 Did without tear or blush survey,
 And censure each majestic grace
 That still adorn'd that breathless face:
 Yet he with sword could domineer
 Where dawning light does first appear
 From rays of Phœbus; and command
 Through his whole course, ev'n to that strand
 Where he, abhorring such a sight,
 Sinks in the watery gloom of night:
 Yet he could death and terror throw,
 Where Thulé starves in Northern snow;
 Where Southern heats do fiercely pass
 O'er burning sands that melt to glass.
 Fond hopes! Could height of Power assuage
 The mad excess of Nero's rage?
 Hard is the fate, when subjects find
 The Sword unjust to Poison join'd!

A D

A D A M I C U M.

PRIMUS ab Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus * in oras;
 Palladias artes secum, cytharamque sonantem
 Attulit; ast illi comites Parnassido una
 Adveniunt, autorque viæ consultus Apollo:
 Ille idem sparsos longè latèque colonos
 Legibus in cœtus æquis, atque oppida cogit;
 Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
 Crescere divitias et surgere tecta deorum.
 Talibus auspiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
 Sic byrsa ingentem Didonis crevit in urbem
 Carthago regum domitrix; sic aurea Roma
 Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit astris.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

TYNTE was the man who first, from British shore,
 Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
 His tuneful harp attending Muses strung,
 And Phœbus' skill inspir'd the lays he sung.
 Strong towers and palaces their rise began,
 And listening stones to sacred fabricks ran.
 Just laws were taught, and curious arts of peace,
 And trade's brisk current flow'd with wealth's increase.
 On such foundations learned Athens rose;
 So Dido's thong did Carthage first inclose:
 So Rome was taught *old* Empires to subdue,
 As Tynte creates and governs, now, the *new*.

* Major Tynte, Governor of Carolina.

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

TELL me, old Prophet, tell me how,
Estate when sunk, and pocket low,
What subtle arts, what secret ways,
May the desponding fortune raise?
You laugh: thus Misery is scorn'd!

TIRESIAS.

Sure 'tis enough, you are return'd
Home by your Wit, and view again
Your Farm of Ithac, and Wife Pen.

ULYSSES.

Sage friend, whose word 's a law to me,
My want and nakedness you see:
The sparks, who made my wife such offers,
Have left me nothing in my coffers;
They 've kill'd my oxen, sheep, and geese,
Eat up my bacon and my cheese.
Lineage and virtue, at this push,
Without the *gelt*, 's not worth a rush.

TIRESIAS.

Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averse to being poor;
Therefore find out some rich old cuff,
That never thinks he has enough:
Have you a Swan, a Turkey-pye,
With Woodcocks, thither let them fly.

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS. 425

The First-fruits of your early Spring;
Not to the Gods, but to Him bring.
Though he a foundling Bastard be,
Convict of frequent perjury;
His hands with brother's blood imbrued,
By justice for that crime pursued;
Never the wall, when ask'd, refuse,
Nor lose your friend, to save your shoes.

ULYSSES.

'Twixt Damas and the kennel go?
Which is the filthiest of the two?
Before Troy-town it was not so.
There with the best I us'd to strive,

TIRESIAS.

Why, by that means you'll never thrive.

ULYSSES.

It will be very hard, that 's true:
Yet I'll my generous mind subdue.

Translation from TASSO, CANTO III. ST. 35-

SO when bold Mariners, whom hopes of ore
Have urg'd to seek some unfrequented shore:
The sea grown high, and pole unknown, do find
How false is every wave, and treacherous every wind!
If wish'd-for land some happier sight descries,
Distant huzzas, saluting clamours, rise:
Each strives to shew his mate th' approaching bay,
Forgets past danger, and the tedious way.

From

From HESIOD.

WHEN Saturn reign'd in Heaven, his subjects here
 Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
 Care, Pain, Old Age, and Grief, were banish'd far,
 With all the dread of Laws and doubtful War :
 But chearful Friendship, mix'd with Innocence,
 Feasted their understanding and their sense ;
 Nature abounded with unenvied store,
 Till their discreetest wits could ask no more ;
 And when, by fate, they came to breathe their last,
 Dissolv'd in sleep their flitting vitals pass'd.
 Then to much happier mansions they remov'd,
 There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd.

THAME AND ISIS.

SO the God Thame, as through some pond he glides,
 Into the arms of wandering Isis slides :
 His strength, her softness, in one bed combine,
 And both with bands inextricable join.
 Now no ærulean Nymph, or Sea God, knows,
 Where Isis, or where Thame, distinctly flows ;
 But with a lasting charm they blend their stream,
 Producing one imperial River — THAME.

I waked, speaking these out of a Dream in the
 Morning.

NATURE a thousand ways complains,
 A thousand words express her pains :
 But for her Laughter has but three,
 And very small ones, HA, HA, HE !

THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

FROM CLAUDIAN'S RUFINUS*.

TWENTY conundrums have of late
 Been buzzing in my addle pate.
 If earthly things are rul'd by Heaven,
 Or matters go at six and seven,
 The coach without a coachman driven?
 A pilot at the helm to guide,
 Or the ship left to wind and tide?
 A great First Cause to be ador'd,
 Or whether all 's a lottery-board?
 For when, in viewing Nature's face,
 I spy so regular a grace!
 So just a symmetry of features,
 From stern to stern, in all her creatures!
 When on the boistrous sea I think,
 How 'tis confin'd like any fink!
 How summer, winter, spring, and fall,
 Dance round in so exact a hawl!
 How, like a chequer, day and night,
 One 's mark'd with black, and one with white!
 Quoth I, I ken it well from hence,
 There 's a presiding influence!
 Which won't permit the rambling stars
 To fall together by the ears:
 Which orders still the proper season
 For hay and oats, and beans and peasen:

* See a serious translation, above, p. 367.

Which

Which trims the sun with its own beams ;
 Whilst the moon ticks for hers, it seems,
 And, as ashamed of the disgrace,
 Unmasks but seldom all her face :
 Which bounds the ocean within banks,
 To hinder all its mad-cap pranks :
 Which does the globe to an axle fit,
 Like wheel to nave, or joint to spit ?

But then again ! How can it be,
 Whilst such vast tracks of earth we see
 O'er-run by barbarous tyranny !
 Vile sycophants in clover blest'd ;
 Whilst patriots with Duke Humphry feast,
 Brow-beaten, bullied, and oppress'd !
 Pimps rais'd to honour, riches, rule ;
 Whilst he, who seems to be a tool,
 Is the priest's knave, the placeman's fool !

This whimsical phenomenon,
 Confounding all my *pro* and *con*,
 Bamboozles the account again,
 And draws me *volens volens* in,
 Like a press'd soldier, to espouse
 The sceptic's hypothetic cause :
 Who Kent will to a colling lay us,
 That cross-or-pile refin'd the chaos ;
 That jovial atoms once did dance,
 And form'd this merry orb by chance,
 No art or skill were taken up,
 But all fell out as round as hoop !

THE STUMBLING BLOCK. 429

A *vacuum* 's another maxim ;
Where, he brags, experience backs him :
Denying that all space is full,
From inside of a Tory's skull.

As to a Deity ; his tenet
Swears by It, there is nothing in it ;
Else 'tis too busy or too idle,
With our poor bagatelles to meddle.

Anna 's a curb to lawless Louis,
Which as illustrious as true is ;
Her victories o'er despotic-right,
That passive non-resisting bite,
Have brought this mystery to light ;
Have fairly made the riddle out,
And answer'd all the squeamish doubt ;
Have clear'd the regency on-high,
From every presumptuous Why.

No more I boggle as before,
But with full confidence adore ;
Plain, as nose on face, expounding,
All this intricate dumb-founding ;
Which to the mean'st conception is,
As followeth hereunder, *viz.*

*Tyrants mount but like a meteor,
To make their headlong fall the greater.*

THE

THE GARDEN PLOT. 1709.

WHEN Naboth's vineyard look'd so fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"

And yet no reason could prevail,
To bring the owners to a sale;
Jezabel saw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab griev'd to be denied:
And thus accosted him with scorn,

"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?"

A king, and weep! The ground's your own:
I'll vest the garden in the crown.

With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head.

And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became the forfeit of his guilt.

Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands perhaps were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezabel as near. 4 AP 54 }

Hall, of small Scripture-conversation,
Yet howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By some strange accident had got
The story of this Garden Plot;

Wisely foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezabel should please to want

His small addition to her grant;
Therefore resolv'd in humble sort
To begin first, and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave a third part, to save the other two.

CON-

C O N T E N T S

O F

K I N G ' S P O E M S.

L ETTERS to Dr. Lister and others.	p. 169—196
The Art of Cookery.	203
The Art of Love.	247
An incomparable Ode of Malherbe's, written by him when the Marriage was on foot between the King of France and Anne of Austria.	336
The Furmetary, a very innocent and harmless Poem.	337
Mully of Mountown.	347
Orpheus and Eurydice.	352
Rufinus; or the Favourite. Imitated from Claudian.	367
Britain's Palladium; or Lord Bolingbroke's Welcome from France.	379
To the Duke of Beaufort.	387

MISCELLANY POEMS.

Song.	388
Song to Cælia.	389
The Last Billet.	ibid.
To Laura. In imitation of Petrarch.	390
To the Right Hon. the late Earl of ———, upon his disputing publicly at Christ Church, Oxford.	391
A Gentleman to his Wife.	392
The Mad Lover.	393
The Soldier's Wedding. A Soliloquy, by Nath. Thrasherwell.	394
The	

The Old Cheese.	395
The Skiller.	397
The Fisherman.	399
A Case of Conscience.	401
The Constable.	402
Little Mouths.	403
Hold Fast below.	405
The Beggar Woman.	406
The Vestry.	408
The Monach.	410
Just as you Please; or, The Incurious.	412
Of Dreams.	414
The Art of making Puddings.	415—417
Advice to Horace, to take his Leave of Trinity College, in Cambridge.	418
Ode.	419
Epigrams.	420, 421
To Mr. Carter, Steward to the Lord Carteret.	421
Nero. A Satire.	422
Ad Amicum.	423
Attempted in English.	ibid.
Ulysses and Tiresias.	424
Translation from Tasso, Canto III. St. 3.	425
From Hesiod.	426
Thame and Isis.	ibid.
I waked, speaking these out of a Dream in the Morning.	ibid.
The Stumbling Block.	427
The Garden Plot.	430

4 AP 54
END OF KING'S POEMS.

